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The Western Home Monthly

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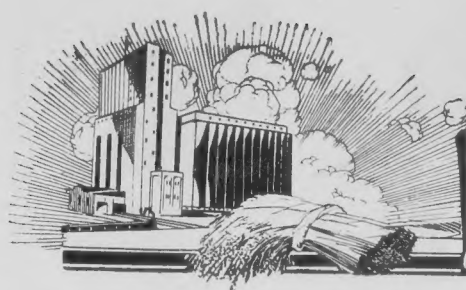


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EDITORIAL



Christmas

CHRISTMAS knows no class distinctions, nor is its spirit marred by poverty or wealth. Love, kindness, remembrance, are within the reach of everybody, therefore Christmas is a day for all.

It is a day for the little child. Let him get and receive not only toys and trinkets, but affection and sympathy. Tell him of the Christ Child and all that His coming means in life. Let His spirit dominate the home and home activities.

It is a day for the adolescent. As he begins to appreciate the ceaseless world struggle for possession and power, teach him to carry the spirit of the Master into his thinking and acting. The best ideals are set forth in the matchless Sermon on the Mount; the best business practice is founded in the love to God and Man which he urged and illustrated in His life.

It is a day for the older people—a day in which they can forget differences and cement friendships, a day in which rivalry may be forgotten and co-operation emphasized, a day for unselfish worship and for consideration of needs of others.

It is such a pleasant day that the very best custom for all of us is to make it last throughout the year. Never was a Christmas year more needed than just now. The children have found the secret of its observance—you in your small corner and I in mine.

Locarno

FOR seven years the light of the sun has been obscured—for four years by the dark clouds of war, and for three years by the mists of distrust and intrigue. Now, at last, there has been a small rift in the clouds. The first shafts of light have broken through at Locarno.

A beautiful little place is this Locarno on Lake Maggiore in Switzerland. One cannot live there and be unhappy. When all nature smiles; when scenery, climate and people join in a conspiracy to foster content and harmony, it is difficult for even austere diplomats to maintain their reserve and dignity, and for nationalists of every type to hold themselves in isolation. So it came about that last month, representatives of the warring nations of Europe met in a friendly spirit at this quiet little beauty spot and entered into a compact, which, if it does not ensure peace, at least shows that Western Europe is earnestly wearied with war and anxious for a settlement of all troubles.

The first move in negotiations came from Germany. It may have been that she was afraid of her neighbour, it may have been that she desired to see the troops withdrawn from the occupied territory, it may have been that she recognized the impossibility of meeting her obligations under present conditions, it may have been that she was tired of war and anxious for a settlement of some kind—whatever the reason, she made a proposal which Britain accepted as genuine, and which France, on wise second thought, was willing to consider. So representatives met at Locarno and entered into an agreement which, it is hoped, the Parliaments of all the countries represented will ratify.

According to the compact there are four treaties in which Germany appears as the party of the first part and in which France, Belgium, Poland and Czechoslovakia are parties of the second part. They agree to settle disputes without recourse to arms, that is, by arbitration under the Hague Convention or the Court of International Justice. Then, there are two treaties between France on the one hand and Poland, Czechoslovakia on the other. They undertake to help each other in case of attack by a third party. More important than any of these treaties is an agreement which guarantees the inviolability of the frontier between France and Germany and between Belgium and Germany. Germany undertakes that she will never trespass on the soil of France and Belgium, and they promise not to violate Germany's frontier. Should there be any violation, Britain undertakes to aid the nation that has a grievance, but it is stipulated that any dispute must first be submitted for arbitration to the League of Nations Council.

It is a matter of congratulation that the representative of Great Britain—Austin Chamberlain—should have taken the leading part in the negotiations. No country is more anxious for peace than the British Empire, and now that fears are allayed we may all look for a speedy return of better times. The war left behind many bitter memories and a legacy of misfortune and misery. Conditions were imposed on the vanquished that were impossible of fulfillment. The well merited punishment could not be inflicted. The Allies now realize that Norman Angell was not far astray in saying that war is just about as hard on the victors as upon the vanquished. It may be that the signing of the compact at Locarno is the beginning of better days.

The Gospel of Joy

IN a world which, when it is in earnest, has the custom of mournfulness, and when it is joyous has the custom of frivolity, it is the gracious duty of the Christian man to be serious without dark sorrow, to be joyous without losing earnestness. The groaning prophet, the grim-visaged Puritan, the creatures who think that repentance means the torture of remorse, and who menace those they preach to with eternal woe, as if that were glad tidings of peace—are not wearing the sandals Saint Paul puts upon the feet of the Christian warrior, for these are winged with glad tidings, and the joy of faith and love smiles upon the face of their wearer.

And, in truth, the message of God's love and man's redemption, of conquest of life and of immortal life, is so glorious that he who believes it cannot but think of the message more than of himself. And to lose himself is joy. In the pleasure of what he tells his own pain is forgotten; and far beyond the troubles of men he sees the eternal rapture they shall have in likeness of God. Rejoicing himself, he makes others rejoice. Ardent himself, he brings ardor to a languid world. It is part of his battle with evil. Of all the weapons we wield against wrong there is none more effective than peace and burning joy.

The Preachers

THE Nation makes this comment on English Preachers and it is right to the point in Canada.

It is always true that if a man has a real message which he can deliver in an interesting and attractive way he will always have hearers. If, on the contrary, he is only able to indulge in platitudes, or to repeat second-hand impressions, or to anathematize those who have courage to think for themselves—well, it is no wonder they preach to empty pews. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." Nor can they be fed on chaff.

"The Church Congress opened at Eastbourne on Tuesday and the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a notable sermon as an introduction to the discussion of the main subject before the Congress, which is 'World Problems and Christianity.' In examining the causes of our half-empty churches the Primate laid particular emphasis on the need for a higher intellectual standard among the clergy. He singled out for condemnation the poor quality of most sermons. His strictures are no doubt justified; when full allowance has been made for the other causes which divert men and women from church—the need for more time in the open air under the pressing conditions of modern life, the attractions of motoring and golf and the greater number of Sunday amusements provided—it remains true that a man who can talk in an able and interesting way will always have his audience. We have not the heart greatly to blame the clergy, for they are grossly ill-paid, and in contrast with other occupations in life the clerical standard of intelligence has been falling instead of rising. The days are past, even in villages, when the parson was 'the person'—the man who counted, who could put everybody in his place and could instruct everybody. If the clergy of today are to help in solving the real intellectual difficulties of their congregations, they must study more."

The Individual and Peace

THE ratification of the terms agreed upon at Locarno will not end war, for war is but the expression of the warlike spirit, and this unfortunately still exists in many lands. It is strange that nations stand so much upon their dignity and are so jealous of their rights, when individuals composing these nations are so ready to settle these difficulties without punctilious ceremony, and without insistence upon minor details. Yet, in the long run, the nation expresses the feeling of the men and women who compose it. If they are peacefully inclined, if they have international as well as national feeling, there is usually ensured peace. The relationship between Canada and the United States is an illustration of this. It is the good will of the individual citizens rather than the relationships between the countries as such that keeps them at peace. Indeed the industrial and economic relations tend rather towards antagonism than good will, but citizens on both sides of the boundary feel there is a stronger bond than that which is indicated on the trade and commerce register. To keep alive in the hearts of young and old the feeling of Good-Will is the first duty of any state. For this reason we should welcome Christmas and its message. Every home, every church, every organization should cultivate in its members the giving, co-operating spirit so that each would feel kindly disposed to all. Nor should this be limited to lesser groups—"The whole round earth should be linked by golden chains about the feet of God."

The Barbarians

CHESTERTON in one of his latest issues pays his respects to big business, to those mammoth concerns that delight to spread their virtues on bill-boards, and who offer cheap advice to the common people on all matters from teeth-preservation to love-making. Of this class the gifted writer has no love.

"Now if anybody wonders why we resist Big Business as much as Bolshevism, we answer that it is for the same reason for which we resist Bolshevism; and for the same reason that in the immediate past we resisted Germans. We resist it because it is an invasion of the barbarians. In other words, it is the imposition of an inferior culture on top of a superior culture. In short, we object to being conquered by cads; just as we should object to being conquered by savages. Current criticism treats existing capitalism merely as something existing. It represents it, if not as satisfactory, at least as static. It assumes that, whether or not it is bad, it will not grow any worse. We say that capitalism is every day and every hour growing worse. For it is growing nearer to monopoly. The vulgar advertiser is not only putting larger and larger posters on the walls, but he is buying a larger and larger number of walls to put them on. The barbarian is not only talking more and more of his barbarous jargon through a megaphone from the housetops, but he is purchasing more and more housetops from which to sound his barbaric yelp over the roofs of the world. If this tendency remains unresisted only a little longer, the barbarians will conquer and the barbarians will rule. And of the three great barbarian invasions, the Germans and the Bolsheviks and the American type of Trusts, we have perhaps least respect for the sort of barbarians who conquer without even fighting."

A World Change

IN the Spectator is an article which is worth reproducing. Only the general drift of it can be given. If the thought be grasped by people generally, it will probably give them a new attitude to trade—may even modify their views on the tariff and international exchange. Here is the closing paragraph:

"If the American steel trusts wanted to do so, they could buy up four of the seven great German steel works, and thus gain control of prices in Europe. By selling cheaply enough for a time, even if it meant a loss on their European business, the American trusts in Europe could shut up all the rest. This possibility is the cause of great uneasiness in Germany. The dangers are no less grave for Great Britain."

It is well that the Financial Times lends its columns to an exhibition of this impasse. It shows the consequence of allowing credit policy in general to be imposed by any nation on the rest simply because she happens to qualify for the control under a set of arbitrary rules laid down by professional financiers. If nations could subsist at all under them no doubt they would try, and certainly Britain would, for she exploited the rules for her own benefit as long as she was the centre of the financial world, and it would only be "cricket" to put up with them now that America has come in to commence her innings. But the fact has to be faced that the war has stopped play, and the game has to be abandoned never to be resumed. It is rough luck on Uncle Sam, but it is of no use for him to insist on going in; there is nothing for him to go in to; the ground is under water; all that can be done is to start a different kind of game—say water polo. All of which is to say that the pre-war system of financing, domestic and international trade is on the point of being condemned as obsolete. Everybody outside America knows it. The American citizens are doing pretty well, even though they do have "all this money out on loan," and they quite naturally think how much better they will do when the payments come in; they also believe, no doubt, that their comparative prosperity is the result of hard work and so on, and that European countries can catch up to their level by the same process. They have yet to learn that their condition is a transient one, that it is only because the stream of immigrants into the United States has been drastically reduced that the jobs go round further and at a higher wage. But wait until the engineers have speeded up the displacement of labour, and within a short time the old conditions of unemployment, unrest and violence will reappear there as here, and the scramble for overseas trade will set in worse than ever. Then will come the end. For when every nation realises that its survival depends upon a favourable balance of trade, then the world itself will realise that it must devise a method of extra-cosmic trading as the only means of exporting more than it imports. That suggests the idea of financing the moon—which sounds very much like crying for it—which, still again, is just what the financiers of the world are doing now, if they knew it.

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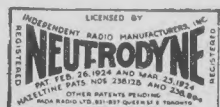
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What Does It Matter?

By May Edginton

Illustrations by Frank Street

SADIE had chosen her Christmas present.

When Owen had asked her, as usual, about the fifteenth of December, what she wanted, she hadn't been able to think just at first what to say. It was not that she wanted everything because she had, practically nothing.

Besides, it was already the fifteenth of December when Owen had asked, during one of their quiet—not to say silent—evenings:

"Well, old girl, what shall I give you this year?"

The fifteenth—she thought to herself: "He hasn't begun to save for his presents yet, then: he doesn't know what he's going to give. He can't save much between now and the twenty-fifth."

She herself had, naturally, been saving pence out of the housekeeping money for months, and knew what she was going to give Owen, also Henry and Dot. She had also allowed for Christmas cards to aunts and such persons, and the postman's tip. She had it all mapped out neatly to the last cent.

But what should Owen give her?

A woman could not be married to a man for eight years and have planned and budgeted and house-kept diligently for him and for two children all that time without knowing his resources. She knew perfectly well that her husband must have little to spare. Soon the rent was due, and it had been the life-insurance quarter and the fire insurance, and the children had let him in for a doctor's bill.

Owen chinked a coin against a coin in his pocket as he asked her. He looked at her indulgently, kindly. She had, indeed, fed him rather well that evening. And having finished his paper, he rose, and stood on the hearth-rug, looking down upon her with that good-humoured look.

And, pausing with a sock of Henry's drawn over one hand and a needle poised in the other, she looked up at him suddenly admiring, hoping all over again.

He was a fine-looking man! He looked splendid there, above her, on the hearth.

"Well?" he said.

So she answered, with a sudden intake of breath: "Oh, let me think, dear. I'll tell you to-morrow."

THE next morning she had gone from their suburb to a house-linen sale in the West End. She hadn't taken Henry and Dot; two children were a heavy responsibility to drag about—one's hands already parcel-laden—in the Christmas traffic. She had left the small servant to mind them. It was eleven o'clock when she left home, and twelve when she alighted from the omnibus in Piccadilly; and then she loitered.

For it was a fine day, a frosty day with a warm sun, and Christmas was so near. It was a day on which pretty women look prettier, on which even the dowdies felt hopes rise. Sadie looked at herself in all the shop windows, and was not disheartened. True, she knew she had aged and dulled the last eight years; so quietly, imperceptibly a wife of the housewifely kind ages and



The small servant came in to fit the frock. There was a better light in the dining-room than in any other room in the house; so all portable looking-glasses were carried down and arranged at different heights and angles on table and chairs

dulls that she was rather surprised to see the whole result of it all looking out at her from plate-glass windows as she dawdled by.

She looked like that, did she? A thick-set, little drab, she who had once been so slender and dainty. But then, for one thing, she had not had a new suit since Dot was born, and Dot was five; and for another thing she had not had a hair wave or a manicure since she married; and for another thing, to make up for what they said, all those shop windows were adding: "Ah, my dear, but if you had this hat for your head—these shoes for your feet—these furs for your shoulders—these flowers for your eye—these chocolates to make you feel a spoiled-girl again—this wine to put a kick into things—these theatre-tickets to enjoy to-night—we promise you we'd soon alter you!"

All the shop windows heartened Sadie in such manner. She walked along looking into them, pretending she was choosing herself her gift from Owen.

Since Owen had said: "What shall I give you for Christmas?" looking at her, the while, like that, as she sat darning Henry's sock, she had felt herself all suddenly surrounded by love again; the world was warm with love. There had been almost the old ring in his voice.

Of course she had the children's love; she knew that. Henry had been quite pale from the burden of a secret for some days. Two nights ago, unable to bear it any longer, he had sought her hand as she tucked

him up in bed and whispered it to her:

"Do you know, what I am going to give you for Christmas? Real pearls a real great long, pearl necklace. I have seen one in a window for a shilling and a ha'penny. I haven't got the shilling, but granny will sure give me one for Christmas, and I can scrape up the ha'penny somehow. For I want you to wear real pearls."

Henry's eyes had gazed at her, blind with love.

The darling! Beautiful! Beautiful! But she was a woman, only thirty-two as yet. She wanted to see the blind love in a man's eyes. She was a wife; she wanted to see it in Owen's.

Now she was in Bond Street, still looking at the chocolates, the frocks, the furs, the flowers. And then, turning up smaller streets, still playing that she was looking for that present, she came into Brook Street and saw the rich cars drawing up before Claridge's Hotel.

Women were stepping out of the cars to lunch. Men attended them.

In a flash Sadie knew what she would choose for a Christmas gift. It was wanton, extravagant; there would be nothing to show for it. But she would ask Owen for it all the same.

Sadie did not buy her house linen. After all she was a perfect and conscientious housewife, thrifty, saving. A short fall from grace—just once; the little, sweet, sinfulness of extravagance just once! Surely she could allow it to herself. A woman cannot always be strong. She bought a dress-length of gay blue

silk, ate a bun, drank a cup of tea like nectar, and went home.

A terrible discussion had been raging in the little house she had deserted all day; a discussion that was just dying of sheer exhaustion as she returned. Henry had imparted to Dot his plan to buy his mother her first real pearls. He had been obliged to tell her, because she expected him to put his weekly penny with hers—both being due to-morrow—and buy their mother a gift really worthy of her.

"I was finking an egg-cup," said Dot.

She had wept intermittently all day at the idea of Henry's magnificence, so far surpassing anything she could attain.

At last she overcame him with her female sanity: "It is dust like a silly boy," she hiccupped, "to fink he e-can buy a g'eat big necklace wiv a s'illing he hasn't got."

"Very well," said Henry, before whom indeed the financial uncertainties of the situation loomed very gravely, "let's get the egg-cup."

Sadie came in as the word was spoken, and the conspirators drew apart. "They are going to give me an egg-cup," she thought. Henry came and leaned against her in a silent passion of frustration, and stroked her neck and said:

"I wish you had all the pearls and diamonds in the world."

"Pearls and diamonds are lovely," said Sadie, her

arm round him. "But there are lots of more useful things."

And Dot, standing up, tear-stained, in the firelight, cried, "Egg-cups is useful."

"Ah, well," said Sadie, sighing. "I often wish I had a nicer one for myself, but I can't afford it; and I suppose it is not to be."

She saw their eyes looking at her, blind with ecstasy.

That night she said to Owen:

"I've decided, dear."

"Decided what?"

"My—my present. Will you take me out to—to—to dinner, and to—to—to d-d-d-dance?"

SADIE imagined herself dining with her husband, dancing with him; pretty, gay, spoiled-girl again. She imagined herself looking up as they danced so beautifully together, and seeing herself mirrored in his eyes as the most beautiful thing in the world.

The little house was full of Christmas secrets. Every one in it was preparing a gift for someone else. In that little house, so big with its secrets, Sadie, next morning, cut out her frock.

To lay that shining blue out upon the dining-room table, to lay the paper patterns upon the silk, to cut it tremblingly after the most exhaustive consideration, to feel its success—that was joy indeed. She sewed, watched by the entranced feminine eyes of little Dot, and the would-be critical, adoring masculine eyes of Henry.

Frocks nowadays were so straight, so easy to achieve, just slips more or less ornamented to taste; any home dressmaker could make them, and they would look like masterpieces from some French salon. The woman's fashion paper said so.

"I'm glad I haven't shingled my hair," said Sadie to herself—having never thought of such a thing—as she tried different hair-dressings before her rather small glass. "Men don't really like it."

Men didn't really like it. "Cousin Emma" in the women's fashion paper said so.

All that day she sewed and cooked and cleaned—asked at intervals by Dot or Henry for paper and string, and then for more, and then for more till it seemed as if they had enough to pack up a hundred parcels—Sadie shone, transfigured. Her eyes were bright and her lips smiled. Owen was not coming home till very late that night—some extra work at the office. Poor Owen! So that she had a lovely long evening to spend with the blue frock. She had not danced since some months before Henry came, nor dined out since Dot came. But she used to be the prettiest little dancer.

Every now and then she would interrupt her sewing to get up and do some of her old steps to the music of their old phonograph. The records were records of the tunes to which she and Owen used to dance in the dear old, long-ago, dreamful days of their engagement.

She would drop back into her chair, breathless, and sew again, and then dance again, and sew again. She had the happiest of evenings all by herself with the phonograph, the blue frock, and a forgotten tray of bread and margarine and cocoa.

The small servant came in to fit the frock.

There was a better light in the dining-room than in any other room in the house; so all the portable looking-glasses were carried down and arranged at different heights and angles on table and chairs. They fitted the frock earnestly, with scores of pins, for an hour.

"It'll be beautiful," said the servant.

"To-morrow night," said Sadie, "we shall be dining out."

The servant had gone to bed; the house was quiet. Sadie was still in the dining room, now wrapping the achievement away in tissue-paper, when Owen's latch key turned in the lock of the front door.

He entered with a fresh color from the cold; and in his eyes the far look of a man who had come, in some way, geographically or mentally, from strange exhilarating spaces.

She ran to get him the little meal that was keeping hot over a steaming saucepan in the kitchen; but he had dined.

She picked up her tissue-paper bundle to take it away and hide it.

How light her heart was! How gay her feet!

"What's that?" he asked kindly, pointing at the tissue-paper bundle.

She laughed.

"You'll know to-morrow."

She was triumphant, sly. To-morrow his eyes would not be so preoccupied when his woman in her glorious new gown—as good as any from a French salon—burst upon their view. She would reach up, and, looking into them, see in them—herself.

He would be startled—startled! Husbands needed to be startled sometimes. It did them all the good in the world.

NOW the time had come.

Sadie knew, and now could confess it to herself, how for months and years she had been aching for some such thing as this. Those women going into Claridge's,

furred, sleek, content, had suddenly brought it home to her. Not that she had ever entered Claridge's or its like, but there were other places, smaller, cheaper, more accessible, yet still gilded and glorious; the places that she and Owen used to know in the dreamful days before they married and woke up.

She had chosen for to-night the Royal Red; scene of old enchantment.

Of course it would be much altered now; Owen said there was a dancing-floor laid in the restaurant, and a jazz band.

How did he know? A fellow had told him.

She was in the spare bedroom dressing. Owen's things had been put out for him long ago on his bed in their mutual room. She had ironed his tie, and pressed



'Twas the Night Before Christmas

A Revised Version: By Alice Jaynes

'T'WAS the night before Christmas, when all in the shop,
Not a salesgirl nor wrapper but thought she would drop:
The cash children rushed with the money with care,
With wan faces strained, hither, thither they fled,
While visions of reprimands flashed through each head,
At an hour when rich children were tied in nightcaps,
And settling themselves for their long winter naps.
From tables and counters arose such a clatter
Some terrible tragedy must be the matter:
The lights from the shining bulbs, white in their glow,
Gave lustre of midday to objects below.
A salesgirl was selling small gifts. Like a flash
She tore open boxes and counted out cash,
When what to my wondering ears should resound,
But a shrewish abuse you could hear aisles around,
From a woman, well gown'd, who came just to kick,
I knew in a minute she was "the Old Nick."
She was dressed all in fur from her feet to her head,
And a comfortable feeling of opulence shed.
More rapid than reindeer, reproaches they came,
As she scolded and called the poor girl a harsh name.
"How stupid! You vixen! Don't dare answer back!
I'll report you at once for being so slack.
My gifts never came. Now where can they be?
How such things can happen I really can't see!"
And giving a nod, up the store aisle she sailed,
Full of wrath that her own "Merry Christmas" had failed.
The salesgirl so pale went straight to her work,
For dozens of buyers forbade her to shirk.
Hours and hours played the drama, long after she'd gone,
Delivery boys, women, cash girls struggled on.
In hundreds of stores, in many a city,
This spells "Merry Christmas." Oh! good people, pity!



his trousers, and sponged the silk facings of his coat, and put out one of his fine handkerchiefs, and washed his scarf. The children were in bed. Now the time was her own. Here she was, with the little servant helping her.

At first she had decided not to allow the little servant in, in case it might demoralize her to see the cami-knickers garment of Georgette and the stockings of sheer silk—that had been worn so few times since her wedding. But the humble child had been so disappointed! And so, now, with exclamations as worshipful as could be desired, here she was waiting, with first the stockings, then the eight-year-old bridal shoes, then the blue silk frock, in her hands. She kept her mouth full of hairpins, so that her exclamations came indistinctly.

Sadie felt herself not the same woman.

"What dress does for one!" she exclaimed over and over. And the little servant replied:

"Don't it?"

Sadie's heart was full of dreams of love as any bride's. For years she had accepted the fact that Spring was over, bloom was gone; that an impecunious housewife of thirty-two must think of higher, better things—if such existed—not to say solid things. She had told herself that romance dies young, that marriage is more fact than fancy, and that men were like that.

But—what dress does for one!

She had tried making up her face a little with stuff bought from the local chemist. But the little servant protested.

"What with your color, ma'am, you don't need no more."

The little servant was right.

Indeed, her color was now red, settled. As she had spread and settled a little in figure, so had the red of her cheeks spread a little and settled.

"There's a lot would be glad of your color," said the little servant, faithfully.

Bless her!

Sadie washed her face again, and powdered it.

Her hair was wonderful. It stood out in a shining, generous mass at the back of her head; not puffed out at all, but all solid hair. A woman's glory, as men said.

"The master's ready," said the little servant, peeping from the door, and down the stairs into the hall.

"The cloak then, quick!"

The cloak. The theatre cloak left "to my nieces" by a legendary aunt of legendary social splendor, and delegated unanimously on Sadie's marriage to her trousseau. The sisters—still unmarried and now working variously in the city—had been very kind about the cloak. Of cream cashmere, it was ample, and bountifully feathered. Even now it molted very little, considering its age.

"Gorgeousness," wrote "Cousin Emma" in the women's fashion paper, "is just now the thing to aim at in evening wraps. One may have complete liberty as to shape and cut."

Well, if this were not gorgeous, what was?

"The children should see me," she thought aloud, trilling the words like a bird.

She went softly into their room.

They were wide awake, in their two little beds, expecting this. In Dot's bed there was a slight scuffle, to hide something as she came in.

Ah! the Christmas secret!

She opened the cloak, pirouetted round. They were speechless at seeing her so gay, so grand. Pride stared from their round eyes. She made a sound for silence—for really, really they should be getting to sleep, only she hadn't been able to resist showing herself to them—and, smiling, ran out.

"They're always excited on Christmas eve," she whispered to the little servant.

"Go in on tiptoe about ten—but, mind you, listen first—and slip the box of tools under Henry's bed, and the doll's tea-set under Dot's. For I don't know what time we'll be home."

"Perhaps not till—till dawn," she thought to herself; for she had read of modern dancing habits if she had not participated in them.

And she knew, did she not, how children wake up in the dark of the early hours of Christmas morning, and feel in the dark for what the gods have sent them?

She ran down stairs.

Owen was settling his overcoat collar carefully over his white scarf.

He turned and saw her. For a moment—was it criticism in his eyes?

"You're as feathery as a hen," he said.

He was chaffing! Ah, but he didn't know what she had underneath the aunt's cloak!

"It doesn't run to a taxi, I'm afraid," he said good-humoredly.

"Of course not! Whatever next?" she cried. She put her white kid-gloved hand confidently in his arm, and they set out in the happy frosty evening for the Underground Station.

THEY walked into the vestibule of the Royal Red.

Scene of old enchantment, old romance, palace of laughing memories! Actually the same liveried servitor who had taken Owen's hat and coat eight years ago took then now. She passed into the ladies' dressing-room for a last powdering of her nose.

There were some very slim sylphs of women and girls there showing slim legs nearly up to the knees, taking up all the mirror space. She looked at them anxiously. Bangles clacked half-way up their arms, and perfume breathed from them. She gave her cloak to the attendant, and manoeuvred herself to a corner of a glass.

Heavens! She shone redly. No doubt all these delicate complexions had been protected in cars and taxicabs—those that weren't protected by a positive enameling of cosmetic. She dusted her face and neck all over with powder, and saw a very little ethereal thing in a wisp of a frock eyeing her with cold and critical detachment.

Sadie walked out to the foyer where Owen awaited her.

He looked splendid—more splendid than in the old days, because he was larger, more resolute. Marriage had given him an air of authority.

She was proud.

She thought: What a fine looking couple they must make as they walked in!

But, first, had he noticed the dress?

He had. She saw his eyes on it.

"I made it," she whispered, glowing, sure of his approbation.

Indeed, she glowed so, that two men waiting there for two of the fairies in the dressing-room looked at her kindly—as Owen was looking—and one said to the other: "Look at the little woman there having a treat."

"It's fine," said Owen.

It was fine. He thought so. They walked in.

As she sat down at their table in this heaven of the great red restaurant, she looked about her, and would have changed places with no woman there.

"You can't tell a bit nowadays," she said, "whether a frock has been made at home, or in Paris by a dressmaker. That is, if one has the knack—"



She looked up as they danced, just as she had planned. But it was not herself she saw; she saw all the shingled girls, all the short-frocked minxes, all the wispy, laughing fairies, in Owen's reluctant married eyes

While he ordered the meal she glanced around, nevertheless, anxiously, at the other women.

She thought to herself that there were undoubtedly some marvelous women there. How white their arms were, how well kept their hands, how thin they were, how flower-like, how supple! But, of course, we can't all be of one type, can we? she thought.

Owen was looking at the wine list, his hand moving restlessly in his pocket, brow furrowed a little. He gave his order. "Half a bottle of '88."

He smiled at her: "Afraid it can't be a bottle of the one and only these days, old girl."

She answered brightly: "Not now that we're family people."

Owen was a little tired and very, very hungry, sharp set for dinner after his long day. She knew with her wife's wisdom that you do not talk a great deal to a tired and hungry man; you wait till he is fed, revitalized. While he leaned back awaiting the arrival of soup, her eyes travelled down her own person happily, till suddenly they rested on her hands, clasped together on the table edge. And all at once, in this place of ease and grace, she saw that her hands were the hands of a hard houseworker; they were the hands of a scullery maid.

Surrounding her were women whose white hands were lovely as pale and delicate flowers.

What did it matter? Men—husbands—understood about such things; valued a woman for what she gave and not for what she took.

Did they not—?

The soup came; the fish, the cutlets, the peche melba; the golden wine ebbed low in the bottle. They talked rather fragmentarily, as husbands and wives do who have said all the things they have to say to each other in the course of years; but still it was talk on the plane of romance; lighter, tenderer, more laughing than the infrequent talks had become at home.

She longed for the time to come when they should stand up and dance. She had been the prettiest little dancer! All the while that they were eating, and the orchestra kept playing, and a few couples forsook their dinner to move out upon the dancing-floor, she had been aching to begin.

She eyed the dancing couples dispassionately, critically. Girls were very slim now. Ah! how slim they were!

She was not sure she liked such slimness, she remarked to Owen. It wasn't really healthy, was it?

"Oh, I don't know. Isn't it?" he said.

His eyes were shining.

The very etherealized wisp of a girl in the frock that was a mere rag of chiffon came drifting out on the floor as if she went on invisible wings instead of feet, and passed close to their table. She had a way of nestling in her partner's arms.

"I'm not sure that I altogether like her style, do you, dear?" Sadie asked, pointing her out to Owen.

But it was not necessary to point her out. He had seen her. His face had reddened a little. Sadie started, and the first agony of the first real alarm touched her heart. In his eyes was the male look that once he had looked for her.

"Do you know her, dear? She—she looked at you as she went by, I thought."

"Oh, she's—she's one of the typists in the office below ours."

"A typist! Well I wonder how she gets the money for those clothes—not that things need cost much nowadays; you can run them up from paper patterns in a day, at home."

"You couldn't run up that frock she has on in a day, or at home, either."

Every woman will understand why, when Sadie began: "Why, dear, I ran up this one at home—" she suddenly stopped. Every woman knows why she began to think; how she began to lose her faith in the blue-silk cut-out as advertised by "Cousin Emma."

"I wonder how she gets the money?"

Owen smiled.

"Let's dance," he said.

She forgot her vague jealousies of the other women, and her reddened cheeks, and her little feeling of belonging no more to places like this, and rose. She felt—elegant. That was the word for it. She felt sleek and suave and slim. Owen put his arm about her, and they glided on to the floor.

He danced differently!

That was her first feeling. His dancing was different. "You've changed," she murmured, as her feet bungled.

"Dancing style has changed," he admitted.

"But when did you learn—?" she began.

And again something stopped her. Women will know what it was.

They had circled the room, he danced well, light and strong. She corrected her errors, lengthened her steps, got her shoulders smooth like the other women's. She looked stealthily at them as they went by. He

adapted himself to her rougher steps. But adapt as they would, they could not find harmony.

"We don't dance often enough," he explained.

"No. I'm dancing so badly!" She was flushed, strained. Flushing was unbecoming to her now; she knew it. "I'm sorry. But, Owen, I do look nice, don't I?"

"You know I think so. Always."

"Ah, but you forgot to tell me."

"What?"

"All those—dear—little—things."

He laughed. "A woman's never tired of love-making."

"A married woman doesn't often get the chance."

"A married man doesn't often get the time."

Oh! her clumsy feet.

She found herself looking again, in passing, at the very etherealized little girl in the rag of chiffon. Such a girl, she suddenly knew, always made a man find time. How did she do it? The restaurant became suddenly to Sadie the tide of life on which the ethereal girl and her sisters sailed victoriously, but upon which Sadie, and wives like her, trained for the race only in the backwaters of their homes, embarked timidly to their disgrace and peril.

She turned her head to look in the long mirrors for comfort as they danced by. They were a good-looking couple, she and Owen. She looked. Who was that dumpy looking woman, very flushed and very motherly, in the too long, too solid dress of blue silk from beneath which showed ankles thickened, like the rest of her, since the babies came?

It was herself.

She made a little sound. "Owen. My frock's like a night-dress."

"It looks as if it would last a nice long time," he replied comfortably.

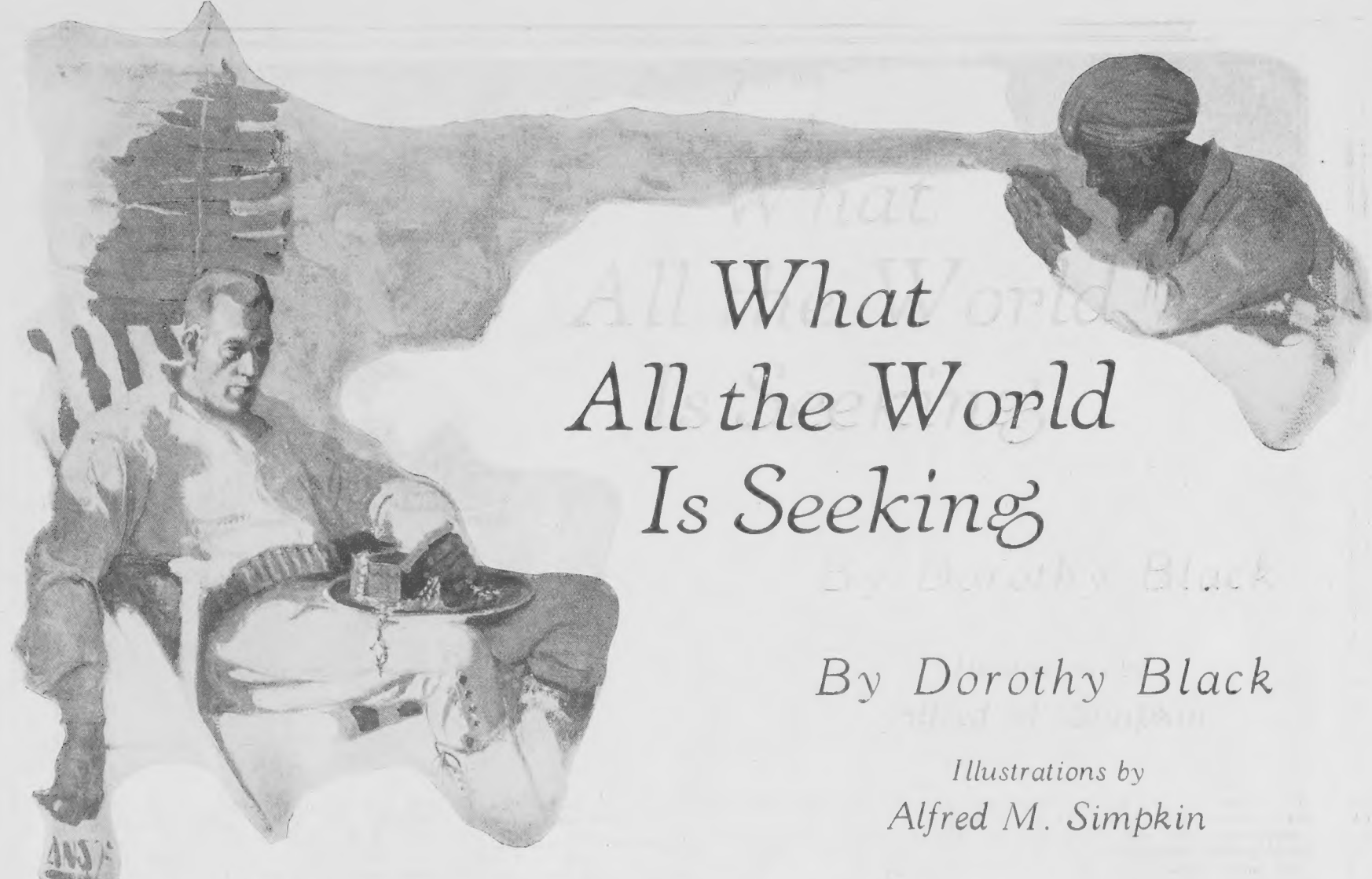
The girl was by them again, making her partner loiter. She looked at Owen; with the dearest little gesture she indicated that she was wearing a tiny wrist watch on a strip of black moire—a wrist-watch that somebody had given her for Christmas.

The dearest little gesture—it said "Thank you."

Owen said: "Round once more, shall we, old girl, and then sit down for a rest? You're quite breathless."

She looked up as they danced, just as she had planned. But it was not herself she saw; she saw all the shingled girls, all the short-frocked minxes, all the wispy, laughing fairies, in Owen's reluctant married eyes.

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What All the World Is Seeking

By Dorothy Black

Illustrations by
Alfred M. Simpkin

THEY were both extraordinary nice people. Men liked Denzil Martin. Even Mrs. Martin's enemies had to own she was good looking. Tall and fair she was. Of that type that is so rapidly dying out of old England. Her face would have made her a neat fortune on the Gaiety stage if she had not chosen to marry Denzil Martin, I.C.S., instead of going on it. She accompanied him into the wilds of Assam, which is one of the more messy provinces of India, hot and sparsely populated.

They had been happy for a time.

And then their matrimonial bark had wrecked, as such vessels are wont to do, on the littlest things. On an argument about dhobees, and the breakfast bacon, and inadequately cooked kippers. It had been swamped in tedious discussions about money, in that far-off sunny East where the best (and never was a truer word said) is like the worst.

It was the month of April, and Marie decided she could not bear it any more. Things have a way of coming to a crisis about April in the East. For then the thermometer stands at its highest, and the cholera breaks out in the ghats and in the villages. And the flowering trees flower in a riot of color and sickly scents, and everything is over-bright and overdone. In the compound the hot-weather bird cries incessantly, "Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?" Nor does the coppersmith-bird ever desist for one moment from beating away at his little pot up in the trees. "Ponk, ponk, ponk! Ponk, ponk, ponk! Ponk, ponk, ponk!" in a monotony that has been known to drive the steadiest to alcoholic beverages before sundown.

Marie Martin had decided she could not bear it any more. She had reviewed her life, while she tried to do her hair under the punka, and she found her life hateful. What was she but the domestic slave of a man whose temper, as the years went by, gradually became more ragged? What interests had she, now that Gerald was at home at school? What enjoyment did she get out of life?

What, I ask you?

The answer was a lemon, and Marie went downstairs, damp and disheveled as one always is in Assam in April. The bungalow stood on the edge of the great Brahmaputra river. The hot-weather sun, glaring down upon the water, made a sort of inferno all around them.

"This bacon," said Martin, "is, if possible, worse cooked than usual. I don't know why it should be so intensely difficult," he added, with that plaintiveness peculiar to strong men who complain about details, "to provide a decent breakfast."

He mopped his brow.

"I can't stand this sort of thing any longer," she said, surprised at her own calmness. "In future you can order your own breakfasts. I'm through, Denny."

He looked at her. He was used to her tantrums, as she was used to his. He mopped his brow and said:

"I was through some time ago, but I've got to plug

away. Cheer up. It won't be so bad when the rains break. Only wetter!"

She said: "When the rains break I sha'n't be here. I've had enough of it. Trailing on here day after day—the same old thing over and over again, till I'm nearly mad. Till all the wits I ever had are stagnant. Let's face this sensibly."

He looked at her over the table. What did she want to choose a morning like this for one of her strafes? he wondered. Tiresome creatures, women!

"I haven't been happy for some years. Neither have you," she said, still speaking in that queer calm voice. "What's the good of going on? Gerald's more or less on his own, and anyway, we aren't ever at home. We can make an arrangement to share his holidays. Why should we pretend all sorts of melodramatic feelings we have not got, and rend one another in pieces for things we don't really believe in? Why should we go on with this misery?"

He sat and looked at her. Between them the punka flapped limply, and did astonishingly little good.

"Don't talk rot, Marie," he said curtly. He had been up since five, listening to the long-winded grievance of a babu subordinate from a neighboring station. He was tired. Why couldn't she let him alone?

"It's not rot. It's the first sense I've talked at least for years. I'm going away to make my own life. I've been a prisoner here long enough. Now I want a little freedom and a little pleasure before I am too old to enjoy either. You don't know what it is to a woman to sit still and sit still and hear the precious years creep by, taking her youth and all the best years away, while she sits in a cage. And all you do is curse the weather, and the bacon."

"Wouldn't anyone curse this weather, and this bacon?" he queried, holding a piece of the latter up sadly on a fork.

"I'm tired of it, and I'm going away. I only have one life—" she choked a little. "I'm going to start anew. I want to be myself. I'm sick and tired of being nothing but a depository of your complaints. Presently Gerald will grow up, and then I shall be a depository for his complaints as well. Domesticated woman is nothing but a beast of burden. I can't go on."

"Well, don't go on," said Denzil, suddenly losing his temper. "I'm not trying to persuade you. All I want is peace. This talk about beast of burden—I've slaved away for the last sixteen years for the two of you and get precious little thanks for it. What do you want? You've got a home. You've got a son. You've got— If you don't like it go and look for something new. It's what all the world is looking for and who knows, you might be the lucky one, and find it. You haven't made things so pleasant here lately that I'm going to go down on my knees and beg you to stay. At the same time let me point out that this business of getting away and starting anew isn't as easy as you appear to think."

"Anything is easy if one has courage——"

"And what are you going to live on? You won't grow rich on the sale of your pictures, if that's what you are banking on. Nor, with your tastes, can I see a prospect of any satisfactory form of existence upon the ninety pounds your revered mother left you."

She said slowly: "I shall go with Ricky Crawford. He has been wanting me to for years."

He stiffened a little in his chair, and felt suddenly that he hated her.

"HE has been wanting me to for years," she said. "And I just can't see the sense of it—staying here with you who don't want me at all."

"And is life, do you think," he blurted, "simply a matter of what we want or don't want? Do you think I want to sit here myself, year after year, sweating into this confounded river and counting the porpoises?"

He laughed shortly. "Ricky! One of my best pals, too! One lives and learns."

"It appears to me he is doing you a rather good turn, removing something you no longer want," she said acidly. She went away. If there had been a door to bang she would have banged it. But east of Suez there are no more doors than there are Ten Commandments. A curtain of chintz that had once been gaily resplendent with love-birds and roses hung limply over the opening in the wall. It had now toned down to a drab brownish green. The roses had faded and the love-birds long since washed out.

Chintz goes like that, east of Suez. With other things.

Denzil went down to the court as usual. He tried to put the whole thing out of his head. They had had this sort of row before. It would all blow over. The news about Ricky rather disturbed him, but when he was honest with himself he had to own that it did not altogether surprise him. He had known for some time that things were going in that direction. Marie was one of those large blond women who have to have some one worshipping at their shrine. It kept her amused. And Marie amused in the home was infinitely preferable to Marie bored about the house.

So he had put his blind eye to the telescope like many another domestic Nelson. He hadn't cared. When the thermometer stands at 130 in the shade, and the native populace are dying in the ghats and villages without restraint or discretion, a man just doesn't care.

"It will blow over," he said. "It has always blown over before. This talk of something new! It's a modern madness that has got hold of people. As if there was anything new in all the world."

He tried to put his mind to the murder case in hand. Abdul Benir swore that Abdul Kir had murdered his mother-in-law and thrown the body in the Brahmaputra. Abdul Kir produced one perfectly good mother-in-law to prove that she had not been murdered. Under the spreading banyan trees in the courtyard sat a crowd of hired witnesses prepared to

swear to anything they were told. Seven of them swore that the lady was Abdul Kir's mother-in-law. Seven of them swore she wasn't.

In the court-house, heavy with the scent of cocoa-nut-oil, frangipani, betel-nut, and heat, they all sat, perspiring merrily together. The punka swayed over Denzil's chair, but did little good. Outside the copper-smith-bird went "Ponk, ponk, ponk! Ponk, ponk, ponk!" the whole long day. Nor did the hot-weather bird desist one moment from asking "Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?" which, in view of the case that Denzil was trying to try, was not as inappropriate as usual.

When he got home that night, she had gone. Gone on the mail-boat down the great Brahmaputra, round the corner and out of sight. Never a word did she leave him, but only her jewel-box, containing everything he had ever given her.

She had gone, and he was all alone east of Suez, where the best is so like the worst that half men's lives are spent trying to unravel t'other from which.

Denzil told the servants that the mem-sahib had gone home. The butler rejoiced greatly, and gave away the dusters to his female relatives to fashion head-dresses.

Late that night Denzil sat on the verandah, the little jewel-case on the table beside him. The fact that she had left that behind her had brought it home to him, as nothing else could have done, how she felt about it all. They had not, of course, got on very well together for some time, but it had never struck him she could feel as bad about it as all that. He had never thought of himself as the sort of man who could make a woman feel as bad as that about it.

He opened the leather case and looked at it. It was lined with satin that had once been violet-colored. Years of Assam had watered it down to a poor and moldy blue. Once, he remembered, that jewel-case had been a thing of beauty. He remembered the time they had bought it, at Asprey's. Marie had remonstrated with him for extravagance, and he had said....

Ye gods, the things a man says in his day!

On the top tray lay the diamond half hoop he had given her when they were first engaged. He had slipped it onto her finger under a big white moon in the vicarage garden, while a nightingale sang somewhere in the coppice. Funny the way things come back to one! Good days, those. When women wore their hair in masses of curls pinned like sausages onto their heads, and had something definite to put their belts around, and a proper shape in front. When six hundred pounds a year had seemed almost wealth. And Marie's mother had met them in the hall, against that ancient bat-stand upon which were parked in-

numerable ageless male hats—and she had said....

He put the ring down impatiently. Never mind what Marie's mother had said. This was no time to go digging up the sentimental remarks of old people who seemed to believe in life as we (said Denzil bitterly) have somehow never been able to believe in it.

He laid them out on the table—all the pretty things he had given the wife who had left him. He could trace his gradual rise in prosperity by them. The gold bracelet marked their first Christmas together, when finances, still staggering under the budget of the furnishing and their honeymoon, did not rise to much. The first diamond brooch, of simple design, that he had saved secretly for a year to get for her. The more elaborate diamond brooch he had given her when his father died and he came into money. He had given it to her to celebrate her efforts in the direction of Celestine.

That brought him up sharp. He closed his eyes, and saw Celestine, as she would be now, standing beside him. A blond girl, with a heavy plait of fair hair, nearly as tall as Marie. She would be nearly fifteen. Old enough to take an intelligent interest in her father. And then the picture faded, and he saw the little grass-covered grave in the jungle-station cemetery, which was all that was really left of Celestine.

He laid the brooch aside and sighed. She might have taken just one brooch with her, however much she hated him. In memory of Celestine.

"Whatever new things one finds," he said aloud "the old things remain."

A diamond ring celebrated the arrival of Gerald. But she had left that behind with everything else. The thermometer stood at 130 in the shade, and he told himself he did not much care. One just carried on from day to day, while outside the coppersmith-bird beat away at his little pot in a fever of industry. "Ponk, ponk, ponk! Ponk, ponk, ponk! Ponk, ponk, ponk!"

HE half expected to hear from Ricky. But there was nothing doing in that direction. Silence fell. Marie disappeared into space as completely as though the grave had swallowed her. Once he heard rumors of her having been seen in Calcutta, but he was too proud to make any inquiries. If she wanted to disappear she should disappear without let or hindrance from him. In due course he would do what she had done. Look for something new. Console himself with somebody else.

"There are lots of good fish in the sea," said Denzil to himself, "and the Brahmaputra, where porpoises tossed themselves up, black against the oily gray water."

He was due home the following year, and he would

arrange to divorce her, or let her divorce him.

"Thank goodness, in these enlightened days, it is no longer the devastating affair it once was," mused Denzil.

The rains broke, and washed the hot and dusty face of Assam until, like an over-assiduous nurse, they drowned it altogether. Denzil led an orderly life, wrote weekly to his son, and went about his own business. People who had heard rumors, sometimes tried to open the subject with him, but they never got far.

And then, quite unexpectedly, he met Dorothy Carver.

Jack Carver lived on a tea-garden seven miles out of the station. The last thing you would have suspected Jack of was anything of so domestic a nature as a sister. He produced her with the flourish of a conjurer who brings an unexpected rabbit out of a gentleman's top hat.

Dorothy Carver was twenty-five—a nice, sensible age. It is unlikely that, in a London crowd, she would have caused much of a sensation, for she was dark and small and ordinary. To the men in Assam, who had not seen a white woman for months, she appeared as an angel of rapture and delight.

Why, from her crowd of admirers she should have picked upon Denzil, it is hard to say. Perhaps it was the rumor of his secret sorrow that got her, for nothing is more attractive to youth. She was very kind to Denzil. His ponies began to know the way to the Carver's bungalow by heart. Their heads turned automatically thereward whenever he took them out.

"Why not?" he asked himself. Who cared for what he did? Marie was away with Ricky, and people knew, and were pitying him. He saw it in their eyes, though they dared not put it in so many words. Well, they should see they had no reason to. That he wasn't breaking his heart over anything. If Marie didn't want him, he wasn't going to let it wreck his life.

And so, about November, they became just rather more than friends, though nothing was put into words, exactly. She sent over for his invalid socks and shints, and returned them beautifully mended. When he went down with malaria the whole of his diet came daily from the Carver's bungalow, and he went there himself to recupe. He noted the orderliness and cleanliness of it, which had long departed from his own house. There were flowers on the dinner table. Denzil realized there had not been flowers on his table for many a month, and he went back and kicked the mali. The mali salaamed deeply, and said, "Huzoor, I will bring many flowers forth-with."

For three days he did so, and then, wilily, desisted.

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"We couldn't either of us possibly know either of us was coming. But what a coincidence," she said. "Of course I'll clear out first thing in the morning. But it's deucedly awkward," he replied.

The Child I Used To Be

By Mrs. Emily F. Murphy

(Janey Canuck)

There was once a child who strolled about a good deal and thought of a number of things.—Charles Dickens.

HOWEVER her ideals may veer in later life, as a little girl she dreams of being a mother—that is sure—and so, anticipant and clear-eyed, she starts a preliminary practice upon her doll.

Yes, she will be a mother, and a "grown-up lady" with skirts that trail the floor, and a veil and feathers that droop alluringly over her left ear. Such wondrous grace will lie in her every gesture, especially as she pours tea, dances, or receives visitors.

But, most of all, when she has reached the period known as adulthood she intends, as a composite of all-wise nurse and all-powerful angel, to heal the hurts of all the world. It must have been a girl or at least a very youthful person who said:

"If I'd a four-leaf clover
Pd dry the mourner's tears."

Most girls have fancied themselves comforting distress. It is later in life they learn that mourners do not pass through the streets expecting their eyes to be dried by sympathetic persons, however kind or well-intentioned.

It is only fitting, though, that every child should dream, and that it should be ignorant of deceit, decrepitude, and decay. To each boy and girl the world should be as new as when the sons of morning shouted for joy and, for the most part, it is.

But if a woman be called upon to write of those dream-sweet hours when, as a child, life was a riddle yet unread—ah, the task is a hard one, and stubborn to the pen.

Or she may feel that to tell of her dreams and her deeds, the tale will seem to be prideful and egotistic.

Still, there is wisdom and some comfort in the words of Lucy Larcom who says: "There may be more vanity in covering one's face with a veil to be wondered about than in drawing it aside, and saying by the act, 'There! you see that I am nothing remarkable.'"

Neither is it easy to start the story of your childhood. It would seem reasonable that you should say you were born. Every biographer does this when, owing to the fact that such a record is being made, the reader is perfectly safe in assuming that you were. As to the place, it really makes no difference—the town may want to forget you anyway—and as to the time... well, well, only the awfully rich or the very, very reckless would ever want to tell.

In writing of her formative years, the best course for a biographer is to forget the dates and places and to tell of her earliest recollections and impressions, for, after all, our thought-life is our real biography.

And so, one of my earliest recollections in life had to do with the coming of the railroad. Where did it come from—this road—where did it go?

The Presbyterian minister who was married to my cousin Fanny wrote a poem which began: "The iron horse has come at last." I was much impressed with this personification of the train, which shows I must have had an early appreciation of matters literary.

About this time I went on a visit with my mother to her sister, who lived at Collingwood, Ontario, where her husband was the collector of customs for the port. This is my first recollection of meeting this relative although I knew that she was my mother's sister, and that she was married to my Uncle Thomas who was my father's brother and that the relationship was in harmony with the laws of consanguinity as laid down in the Book of Common Prayer.

Uncle Thomas had been the Member of Parliament for our riding—that is to say for Simcoe County—for many years, but once, while speaking outdoors at a political meeting, a man threw a stone from a sling and broke my uncle's head so that he was no longer a suitable candidate for a political contest, for, it must be remembered, in those days, the ballots were open and a trepanned skull was almost a prohibitive disability to a politician. This manner of voting, though, had an advantage over the system in vogue today in that no man, however skilled in contortion, could possibly present a front to two machines at the same time.

This incident of the stones troubled me, for, being young, I did not know that often it was Goliath that got the six smooth stones instead of David.

On the occasion of this visit, my mother and I travelled to Guildford by stage-coach over a corduroy road that was corduroyed exceedingly, and I cried all the way.

Arrived at Guildford, we took "the narrow gauge" road to Collingwood, where I noticed the queer phenomenon that in the train the people sat still while outside it was the trees and houses that moved.

This first essay into the outside world must have disturbed my balance very considerably and caused me to feel shy and awkward, for I remember stealing away from the dinner table the evening of our arrival and, hiding under a table in the drawing room, where I gave vent to all the terribly direct words I had ever learned from my Uncle 'Miah.



This uncle 'Miah, you must know, was the bachelor brother of my father, and lived close to our home with "Granny" Bryson and Old Barney (whose last name I never knew) two servants who had come from Ireland with my father's family, and who stayed with Uncle 'Miah until they died. Being wealthy, Uncle 'Miah could swear if he wanted to—and he did want to—although be it said to his credit that he was a big-o'-heart man and a never-failing refuge of erring young nephews with hard-luck stories, and of impecunious nieces who coveted the silk in other people's windows.

At any rate, his audacious adjectives as reproduced from my youthful lips could not have impressed my cousin Isabella, who straightway drew me from my hiding place and said if ever again I used such awful words, I might certainly know that God would strike me dead. In looking back over my life I can see that in backing up her assertion with a penalty, Isabella laid upon me a restraint that has proved almost unbearable, and which I had reason to regret in many similar social occurrences.

I cannot remember anything more about this, my first visit from home, except the long wharf at Collingwood and white gulls on their native heath. (The editor will please allow me to say heath instead of water). Oh, yes! I remember also that my mother purchased a pair of small hoop ear-rings for me; that my aunt pierced my ears by means of a cork and a darning needle, and that my aunt hated the woman across the street.

My uncle Thomas, however, had indirectly a great influence on my life, for, through him, I acquired a number of hatreds that were wholly illogical but which have explained to me the psychology of family vendettas and of other beliefs which make for the retarding of the race.

This uncle was known as "Fighting Tom" Ferguson. That he was equally a peacemaker is evidenced by the fact that, in a political meeting when it seemed as if the irate opposition would descend upon him, even as "the Assyrians came down like wolves on the fold," he drew down his cuffs, which had crept up a trifle, and said to his excited followers: "Quiet, my lambs!"

This is why the County of Simcoe Conservatives are designated to this day as "the lambs."

It happened, however, that my father and his several brothers kept strict tally of all the prominent opponents to Thomas at the hustings. As a child, I cherished these black hatreds in my heart and looked upon the opponents, with their families, as dogs and infidels far beneath the dignity of human reproach.

Indeed, it was not many years ago either, that I received something in the nature of a shock when I learned that my mother had sold a piece of the family

estate to one of the Tuckers—a Tucker! Why, my God, it was a Tucker—this Tucker's grandfather—who once wrote an insulting verse about Thomas, which became an election ditty, thereby causing the utmost mortification in the breasts of all our family.

ELSEWHERE, I have told of my first day at school* and of how my mother, standing by the lilacs with the sun shining upon her hair, put "a charm" into my hand but, heretofore, I have been silent upon the disgrace that there befell me, having run out of the school without having first snapped my fingers and said "Please, Teacher."

It happened that a flock of clacking geese had entered the school yard and as no one stirred to put them out, the task seemed plainly to devolve upon me. I have never forgiven the odious person called Rankin who brought me back and stood me alone in the corner in full sight of many mocking eyes, just as if I had been guilty of an escapade instead of a service performed with great good will. My brothers treated this as a very high joke, indeed, but it was a joke that affected me like a nicked knife-blade. Ah yes! the trouble with being young is that you are always subject to wounds. As your heart acquires a crust, you become comparatively immune.

Those were wonderful times, nevertheless, when I wore copper-toed boots and had only the rudiments of a soul—those care-free days when my hair was "done" in fierce little pigtails, and I was not so much as half-way wise.

But, for that matter, who was wholly wise? Even my father wasn't wise. Mother was sure of this for it was he who taught me how to ride, play cricket, hoe the garden and carve. It was wholly natural that mother should object for she, herself, was ever dainty in her ways and as anyone must who wears hoops and dances the mazurka.

You must not think, though, that my father was neglectful of the finer arts, for did he not arrange with a teacher in Barrie to come each Saturday to our village that we might learn the art of penmanship? He would have none of those vain and inane flourishes that were taught in the public schools; no angular, cramped, or "backhand" styles, and we must all write with a stub pen after the manner of the British folk. This is how, to this day, I can write for hours without so much as the twitch of a muscle, much less a finger-ache.

Then, it was father who sent us to the Rector of the parish to learn Latin, and I went as far as *sui, sibi, se*, before being sent to school in the city.

It was father, too, who kept me to the pianoforte, my mother finding me impervious to threats of immediate punishment although, poor man! his persistence was an eminent example of love's labor lost in that I had little, if any, ability for music and always cut a sorry figure on the stool.

It is true that I thrilled to the blithe young tunes that my mother played so excellently, and to the music of the village band that soared into my brain like magic of a mighty wine. At such times, I felt myself capable of the proudest achievements and even of physical braveries. People may talk concerning Sousa's band or any other they have heard or read of but, for a certainty, there was never a band that could choke up the throat of a little girl like the one in our village.

Still, I did learn to play a little—enough to render Tom Moore's Melodies and other collections of songs of a highly sentimental nature which my mother had inherited from her mother and grandmother. Some of these were very old, the notes being diamond-shaped and hard to read.

My favorite among the more modern "pieces" was "Annie Laurie," not only because of its sweetness but because, on the wall near the piano, there hung a picture of the Miss Annie Laurie of Maxwellton who had married one of my father's forbears, to wit: Sir James Ferguson of Craigdarroch, Scotland.

It was always a scandal to me that the young woman did not marry her admirer who wrote the song, but she didn't. Why she didn't I have never heard.

I have her picture with me yet, and while the maiden's "brow is like the snaw-drift, and her throat is like the swan," it must be confessed with shame and confusion of face that her nose is overly long and decidedly wooden in appearance.

In later years, a teacher of music asked me how it was that with long and flexible fingers, and a quickness of sight, I was so timid in execution and so terrified of playing in public. I was unable to give the reason, but, maybe, my first teacher—a man of misshapen spirit—who was committed to the habit of correcting my fingers with his pencil had something to do with my tremors. Always, like Falstaff, I was made to feel that I was "little better than one of the wicked." Even now, I am a little afraid when I remember this man, with his wire-stiff hair, his double size, and the matchless ferocity of his moustache. Humph! and to think of his being the director

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*In "Open Trails" by Janey Canuck.



To her it was just a procession of little faces, little people whom she had fed with gentle, motherly care and for the joy of feeding life's little sons and daughters

The Old And The New

"THEY BAIRNS!" said the old woman at the little corner house. She meant the school children. "Are ye preparing the dinner, Maggie, for they bairns?"

The rough-handed servant girl, bustling around the room, replied in the negative. "I've fed the pigs and the hens, and seen tae the foal, and got the maister and the boys away wi' their breakfast. I've scrubbed the bar and the passage, and milked the cow and done the washing up, and I'm doing my best for ye, Mistress Milligan; but it's no for me tae feed nine hungry weans in addition tae keeping the hoose in order. So I'll send word along wi' the postman that they maun be fed at the school, or go without. Thay'll tak' nae harm. Dinna fash yersel'."

But the sick woman rose to her elbows. "Dinna fash mysel'!" she echoed. "D'ye ken, Maggie, some o' they bairns come mony a mile ower the hill, and they need their bite. The school mistress canna dae for them. She has nae facilities. We must get their dinner."

But the maid was busy tidying the hearth. "Rest yer soul, woman!" she entreated good-naturedly. "Someone will look after them. They'll no go hungry wi' snow on the ground. Can ye imagine it, and most o' them wi' relatives in the village? Fifty-three years, they tell me, ye've looked after them, and a pretty penny they've cost ye wi' broken pots and yer hot dinners every day! Leave the weans alane, woman, and they'll tak' nae harm."

But the old mistress of the corner house could not rest easy. A very sick woman she was—how sick, her husband and her sons did not realize—but she was thinking of "they bairns"—the children of a childless woman, now that her own sons were upgrown.

"I think, Maggie," she said at length, "I'll jist bestir mysel' and get a wee bite o' some kind ready. It will no' dae me nae harm, and there's plenty in the hoose."

"Ye'll no stir a finger!" Maggie announced, with brush and shovel militantly raised. "Ye'll bide where ye are. Are ye mad, Mistress Milligan? There's mony a body can feed the weans without ye troubling yersel', sick as ye are."

But the old woman had a will of her own. She was sitting up. "I'm no sae sick but that I can stir a finger for the bairns this stormy weather," she said. "Hand my claes, Maggie, and ye maun bide a wee while I get into them. It's no beyond my powers, lassie, but—it's sae sudden, this sickness. Sudden, Maggie!"

So the maid helped her dress, and Mistress Milligan went downstairs, a flush on her faded cheeks, a new light in her eyes. She baked a batch of scones and prepared a thick brew of hare broth for the children. She set out the row of little plates along the wooden bench in the bar, with its red-tiled floor and its old

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustration by Kathleen Allen

sacks for the feet of hill-bound wayfarers to rest upon. She cut a square of bread for each child, and there was a pile of oatcake in the centre of the table—all for the fee of four pennies per child.

So when the weans came out of school everything was ready for them at the little corner house—as for the children of many school generations past. The old dame sat by the fire, and ladled the soup from the cauldron as the children came up, each with its plate and spoon. They grabbed what else they needed, but there was a cup of milk and a heavy mug all round; and while the snowball game without called her little boarders to join in it, she kept a close watch over them that none neglected his or her meal. So at length—

"Mistress Milligan, may I get doon?"

"No, Jonathan, ye may not! Finish yer milk first. And you, wee Jessie, tak' a second cup. It'll dae ye nae harm wi' yer wee, thin face." And with all the guileless obedience of the hills, Jonathan and Jessie obeyed.

"Mistress Milligan, wee Ronald McKay has putten a stane in my mug!"

"Yes, Mistress Milligan, I saw him."

But the old dame only smiled.

"He had that stane in his pocket a' morning," said Richard Clark. "I saw him pocket it. I kent he was keeping it for nae guid purpose Mistress Milligan."

Mrs. Milligan ran her fingers through the long fair hair of the sinful, six-year-old Ronald. "Will ye no' mend yer ways, my sweet-faced laddie?" she said tenderly. "Eh, but ye're a bonny bairn—a bonny bairn! I'd like tae tak' ye by the hand, and ca' ye mine, for a' yer devilment!"

One of the older boys slipped to the floor. "Noo may I away, Mistress Milligan?"

"Aye, laddie, if ye'll no' tak' anither pickle soup frae the pot?"

"Och aye, then," replied the laddie, bringing his plate. "Jist a wee pickle."

So she again fulfilled her simple task, well and warmly, and later her sons and her husband came in, full of cheerful greeting at finding her back at her old place.

"I kent ye didna' ail muckle, mither," her husband told her, placing his big hand on her shoulders, while her sons assured her that hame was sae different—sae different—when she lay abed. So she fed them too, and they went back to the hill, except her youngest son, David, who stayed to count the coppers from the bar takings of last night. He whistled gaily while he did it—her job—and she heard him sinding the glasses.

"Mither," he said, returning for a last look at her, "Ye'd be best in yer bed, mither. Ye look sae thin and tired noo ye've done yer job. Hoo d'ye feel yersel', mither?" he added cheerily.

"Oh, fine," she answered, but somehow her looks and her tones belied the statement.

"Ye dinna look fine," said the boy. "Come awa' now, and I'll see ye tae yer bed."

But she shook her head. "Eh, it's a long pull up they stairs, and it's cozy here by the fire, laddie. I think I'll bide."

"I'll carry ye up, mither, in my ain strong arms," he entreated. "Come awa' now." Their fingers closed and clasped.

"There's a greater service ye may dae, my son," said the woman. "Awa' wi' ye for my counterpane, and I'll wrap it roond me. I'll dae as weel here as anywhere."

So he brought down her counterpane—a heavy patchwork affair—and wrapped it roond her.

"Aye, laddie." They looked into each other's eyes in the ruddy firelight. To the face of one it lent a virile lustre, to the other merely shadows.

"Ye ken, my son, ye'r mither's an auld, auld woman—aulder than yer father by nine years."

"Aye, mither," said the boy, "but ye've been wonderful hearty wi' a' yer cares."

"They've been happy cares," she told him. Then she added suddenly—"D'ye love Mary McFlagon, Davie?"

His fingers tightened. "Aye, mither," he told her.

"Are ye comfortable noo, mither?"

"I mean tae mairry her."

"Ah, weel, she's a guid lass," said the old woman. "May ye hae mony weans, my son. They're the blessing and glory o' life, wi' their sunshine and their happiness. Dae yer best for them, Davie, and dinna' fash yersel' hoo they'll fare when the world takes them. God will fend for them."

But the boy's mind was in the moment, not in the future. He pillowed his head upon her knees. "I think I'll bide wi' ye, mither, jist this afternoon, in case ye may want something," he said. "I'm kind o' uneasy in my mind for ye the day."

But she stirred him from her. "Awa' tae the hill," she said. "There's a man's work awaiting ye. I'll be here waiting when ye come hame for yer tea."

So her last-born went out, and she heard his footsteps along the stone passageway, then out into the snow. A cold, red glow lit up the lattice window, yet seemed to throw no light into the little room. At the back Maggie was bustling, singing, and clattering while she worked. Once a carter came for his mug of beer, but seeing the old woman by the fire he drank it in the passage-way, lowering his voice to a whisper.

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A Woman Robinson Crusoe of the Far North

By W. J. Healy
Provincial Librarian of Manitoba

IN one of the most ancient of the books of wisdom of the East it is written that there are many hells, but the most terrible hell is loneliness. This is a true story of a woman who knew what it was to live in absolute loneliness in the frozen wilderness some two thousand miles north of Winnipeg a century and a half ago—in loneliness and isolation so complete that not only was she without hope of ever seeing a human being again, but the chief hope she can have cherished must have been that she would never see a human being again.

She was a young Indian woman, one of a party that was surprised in a wigwam at night by a band from a hostile tribe. Her child, her husband, her mother and father were butchered, and she was made a prisoner. She made her escape in the wilderness, where after more than half a year had passed, she was found by the explorer Samuel Hearne, on January 11, 1772, on his way back to Fort Prince of Wales, on Hudson Bay, from his remarkable journey on which he discovered the Coppermine river. No white man ventured into the region in which Hearne found her until a hundred and twenty-three years later, when the explorer, J. B. Tyrrell, of the Dominion Geological Survey, whose record of discovery has given his name such outstanding distinction, followed in Hearne's tracks in 1895.

That Indian woman was surely a person of whom it can be said that it would not matter to her unconquerable spirit what further blows a cruel fate dealt her; for she had that within her which was greater than anything that could happen to her. For a few moments she stands out, clearly seen, in Hearne's narrative, a living, breathing woman, whose eyes look into ours. She comes into sight before us in a sudden luminous opening, as it were, a hundred and fifty-four years ago away in "the dark backward and abysm of time," and then vanishes again from our sight forever, as that momentary rift of light closes.

Hearne's narrative, a fine, large, handsomely bound quarto, printed in London in 1795, is one of the most valuable of the old books in the Provincial Library of Manitoba. Its title page is as follows:

A Journey from
Prince of Wales Fort in Hudson's Bay*
to the Northern Ocean
undertaken
by order of the Hudson's Bay Company
for the discovery
of Copper Mines, A North West Passage, etc.
in the years 1769, 1770, 1771 & 1772
by Samuel Hearne
London:
Printed for A. Strahan and T. Caddell
and sold by T. Caddell, Jun. and W. Davies
(Successors to Mr. Caddell)
in the Strand
1795

The passage in Hearne's narrative which brings that young Indian woman before us begins thus:

"On the eleventh of January, as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the tracks of a strange snowshoe, which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents. On examination, she proved to be one of the Western Dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscaw Indians in the summer of one thousand seven hundred and seventy; and in the following summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had escaped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous, that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and she had resided from the first setting in of the fall. "From her account of the moons passed, it appeared

that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beaver, and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered; and was in good health and condition, and I think one of the finest women, of a real Indian, that I have seen in any part of North America."

The narrative of Hearne, as printed in his book, is made up mainly of an account of the regions he traversed and of descriptions of the Indians and their ways and customs, and of the fur-bearing animals. He wrote after his return to Fort Prince of Wales, from the notes he had made from day to day on his long journeyings, during which he suffered many hardships and more than once came near starving. It is plain that the ordinary force of character shown by the



The Enduring Autograph of Samuel Hearne, on the Shore of Hudson Bay

On July 1, 1767, the explorer chiselled his name on the smooth hard rock on the west side of Churchill harbor, where the Churchill river empties into Hudson Bay. The name is as fresh and plain as if he had laid aside his chisel and hammer only yesterday

young Indian woman his party came upon alone in the wilderness made a deep impression on him. "The singularity of the circumstances, the comeliness of her person and her proved accomplishments" (to quote his own words) made him devote several pages of his book to her; and nobody who reads those pages is likely to forget her, so striking is the appeal she makes to the imagination.

In relating her story, as she told it, he writes that when she made her escape she had nothing but a few deer-sinews, a few inches of an iron hoop made into a knife and the shank of an arrow-head of iron; and he goes on:

"When the few deer-sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares, and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity and success. The rabbits, etc., which she caught in those snares, not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, besides being calculated for real service, shewed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though rather romantic appearance."

How these sentences from Hearne's goose quill help to bring that comely young Indian woman before us as a true woman, with true feminine concern that her clothing should be as beautiful as she could make it! Hearne's narrative continues:

"When the Athapuscaw Indians took her prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every soul in the tent, except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they killed, were her father, mother, and husband. Her young child, four or five months old, she concealed in a bundle of clothing, and took with her undiscovered in the night; but when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscaw Indians had left their wives (which was not far distant), they began to examine her bundle, and finding the child, one of the women took it from her, and killed it on the spot.

"This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust to those Indians, that notwithstanding the man who took care of her treated her in every respect as his wife, and was, she said, remarkably kind to, and even fond of her, so far was she from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe, that she rather chose to expose herself to misery and want, than live among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant. The poor woman's relation of this shocking story, which she delivered in a very affecting manner, only excited laughter among the savages of my party.

"In a conversation with this woman soon afterward, she told us, that her country lies so far to the Westward, that she had never seen iron, or any kind of metal, till she was taken prisoner. All of her tribe, she observed, made their hatchets and ice-chisels of deer's horns, and their knives of stones and bones. That their arrows were shod with a kind of slate, bones, and deer's horns; and the instruments which they employed to make their wood work were nothing but beaver's teeth.

"Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net-twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing-net as soon as the Spring advanced. (It is of the inner bark of

willows, twisted in this manner, that the Dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing-nets; and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians. The Northern Indians make their fishing-nets with small thongs cut from raw deer-skins; which when dry appear very good, but after being soaked in water some time, grow soft and slippery, that when large fish strike the net, the hitches are apt to slip and let them escape. Besides this inconvenience, they are very liable to rot, unless they be frequently taken out of the water and dried.)

"Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the shank of an arrow-head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had when she escaped and with these implements she made herself complete snowshoes, and several other useful articles.

"Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphurous stones. These, by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to some touchwood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all winter. Hence we may conclude that she had no idea of producing fire by friction, in the manner practised by the Esquimaux, and many other uncivilized nations; because if she had, the above-mentioned precaution would have been unnecessary."

It is not to be wondered at that more than one of the Indian men of Hearne's party wanted her as a wife:

"The singularity of the circumstances, the comeliness of her person, and her proved accomplishments, occasioned a strong contest between several of the Indians of my party, who should have her for a wife; and the poor girl was actually won and lost at wrestling by near a half score different men the same evening. My guide, Matonabee, who at that time had no less than seven wives, all women grown, besides a young

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The Unwanted Letter

By L. B. Caird

IT was the twenty-third day of December. The residents of the little French town of St. Pierre hurried to and fro with mysterious smiles and packages while those less fortunate gazed at the tinsel and crepe paper-draped windows with longing eyes. There were many who gazed thus in St. Pierre.

Forty years previously, a half dozen or so cultured and well-to-do Frenchmen had come to the Canadian West and from a surrounding country of marshland had selected a picturesque island of rolling farmland. As the years brought wealth from the loamy soil, a fine stone church was built in the centre of the settlement, and replicas of former homes replaced the hurriedly-built log cabins. Later the railroad was put through, missing St. Pierre by a distance of seven miles. Other towns sprang up. The wealthy old families of St. Pierre retired to the city. The poor of the town multiplied and grew poorer.

Weather permitting, a tri-weekly bus connected St. Pierre with the next town and the outside world.

On this twenty-third day of December the bus had brought in the mail. Louis Gauthier, the postmaster, fumbled with his spectacles and then his snuff-box as he sorted the unusually large number of letters and parcels. Impatient shuffling of feet, coughs and jesting reached him, through the closed wicket. There were some who expected letters or papers, some who expected parcels and some who came each day, through habit, expecting nothing but a bit of gossip or news to carry home to the supper table.

At length each had gone his way. Seven letters of varying sizes lay on the shelf. The postmaster adjusted his spectacles, and carefully scrutinizing each letter, he laid six of them on the desk, one on top of the other, muttering the address: "Miss Miriam Winthrop, St. Pierre," and added, "There's a story to that girl's life."

He had seen her the first night that she had come to St. Pierre on her way to teach school, eight miles to the west. He recalled the picture she had made as she stood among the uncouth and riff-raff of St. Pierre, waiting for Andre Delorme to bring around the sleigh. How tall and beautiful she was! Her dark sad eyes looked almost frightened but there was a determined lift to her chin as she met the rude stare of those who came in.

Gauthier shook his head and was about to lay the seventh letter on the pile. It was of similar fine linen to the others. But after he had looked closely at the address he held it for some moments with a troubled frown on his face. Then he reached toward a cubby-hole where many letters, bearing the same address, had been laid during the last two years—but he drew his arm back. "Mr. Gerald Bradburn," Gauthier felt the thickness of the letter—balanced it on his finger and reached towards the cubby-hole.

Bradburn had growled in his deep, surly voice: "I don't want the damn things. Send them where they come from."

Again the postmaster withdrew the letter. For many minutes he sat musing in the twilight. "There is something about Bradburn, a feeling that his surliness is almost an effort—but he sure is a queer acting fellow and mighty little use to anybody. Maybe some girl like Miriam jilted him. That would be enough to make any fellow queer. I'd like to take this letter to him. It's Christmas!"

THE rising wind beat loosened boards to and fro and whined down the chimney. Gauthier placed a fresh shovel of coal in the heater, but his thoughts were following a road ten miles north to a log cabin well set back in a clump of evergreens, surrounded by marshy hayland in summer and great banks of snow in winter.

Within this rudely-built hut at the time two men were resting after the evening meal.

Gerald Bradburn did not wear the clothes common to his neighbors on either working days or Sundays. St. Pierre had never seen him attired in other than corduroy breeches, army boots, flannel shirt and a dark tie—but St. Pierre never saw him at a social function.

As he read his magazine on stock breeding the light from an oil lamp softened the hard set of his lips. The touch of grey beginning to show at the temples was hardly discernible against his sandy hair.

To the half-breed across the table, fumbling nervously with a cigarette, Bradburn looked more handsome and less hard than usual, but he dreaded the lifting of the eyelids. He had cooked the meal with unusual care.

"Mister Bradburn, I am sorry to miss—to—trouble you—but Mister Bradburn, I ask you to let me go to my sick mudder for Christmas day. You say no. My mudder and the priest say yes. Bigosh, I must go."

Not a muscle of Bradburn's face moved. He continued to read his magazine.

The half-breed bent his pleading eyes nearer to him, his hand outstretched. A plate crashed to the floor. Bradburn moved his gaze to the broken pieces.

"Mister Bradburn, I work hard, do for you anything. I have seven little kid. Felisse, he say he come look after stock for you. Bigosh he good boy! He like stay home for the Christmas but he say he come look after stock so his papa go to grandma.... Bigosh Mr. Bradburn, I buy you new plate!"

Bradburn raised his cold grey eyes and let them travel up and down the pleading figure before him.

"Shut your damn noise. What good is a kid to me? Probably a meddling thieving little brat. Get all you

brought a basin of cold water the child laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Thank you, Mister Bradburn." The water almost spilled as Bradburn dropped the basin. He strode to where his coat hung.

A fiendish laugh beat against his ear drums from within. "You're slipping fine," came a voice for the second time that morning. In his unusually surly voice, he addresses the boy: "Get the breakfast while I am feeding up."

"Mister Bradburn, I feed up. My fadder tell me all about how. Everything all done."

There was a long pause while Bradburn looked the boy through and through. "Your father made you come," he challenged.

"No mister, my fadder no make me come. He say he could not go to gran-mudder. Teacher tell us, at Christmas we must be good, make for somebody—do for somebody something good that is hard, then she say—"

Bradburn flung out of the door. "The Lord only knows what harm the kid has done."

Within the stable everything showed contentment. There was hay in the manger, new bedding, and the horses blinked contentedly at their master, as he petted and stroked them and examined their feed-boxes. "Perhaps kids of that age are more like horses, but I must be careful—I have thought that before," he confided to his favorite mare.

DURING the morning, Felisse talked as if to a most interested listener. "Gee, Mr. Bradburn, you got good fat horse. Our old Prince—he come very thin. Were you at the concert last night?" Bradburn shook his head. "Gee, you should been there. Everything was grand like teacher. I know what angels look like now." The child's voice grew reverent. "She was all dress in white when she sing 'Holy Night' and she never look so happy before."

Bradburn poked the fire impatiently. "Another woman wearing white and looking like an angel! You keep away from women who look like that and you'll be a darn sight better off."

The boy looked puzzled for a moment but his face brightened and his eyes sparkled as he told of the tree, his piece, Santa Claus, and the book teacher had given him.

The man wished the kid would shut up, but he listened tolerantly until Felisse lifted a book from one of the shelves that ran the length of the wall. "Leave those alone," he demanded, vehemently. His books were the one thing he had allowed himself to keep with his old life. He had tried to fling even these behind, but in this, as with his horses, he had met defeat. A child had not bothered him before.

After the dinner dishes had been done, Felisse took his books from the school bag he had brought. When he had borrowed pen and ink he sat down at the table to copy the neat hand-writing at the top of the scribbler page. Bradburn read a magazine which he had bought on his last trip to town.

"Gee, this is the twenty-fourth and—and tomorrow is Christmas. You eat a turkey tomorrow, Mister Bradburn?"

"Damn the kid," growled the man under his breath. The twenty-fourth of two years ago blurred the pages. He tried to concentrate on the words before him, but even as he read, the scene which had driven him to this place rose above them and blotted out the meaning. His blood boiled through his veins again, as on that night when he had stood in the archway of his home in the East and watched the woman, who had promised to be his wife, smile happily as his brother bent and kissed her—and then dance away while he fled from the desire to kill his only brother.

"This pen not use very much?" Felisse asked. He had scratched almost a page. Bradburn flung his book at the table and strode aimlessly about the room. "What are you writing?" he demanded.

"I am practice. Writin' come very hard for me, but teacher helped me very much. She told us a lot about this piece she give us. It's 'Have faith until death.' She say nobody any good without faith. She say faith was to think the best of things when they don't look good at all. I think it's like that when I get a lot of spellin' mistakes. She tell me she know I not have so many next time. Something down inside me just get mad, and gee, I work. She say sometime people stop havin' faith in things because they seen or heard something about it that was wrong. I guess maybe it's like when I saw the kids whisperin' the other day...." *Continued on page 96*

When the Wind Breaks

By Theresa Vincent

*Unto the shadows in the dim, dim garden,
Unto the shadows in this wintry room,
I, with my songs of grief and silence,
Come to commune with your reverent gloom.
Listen, while I, who am of the garden,
I who am of the starlight and the flowers,
Sing these sad songs, songs of love and music,
Gleaned from the roses in the summer hours.*

*When the wind breaks and the twilight has fallen,
When the voice shakes at the thought of the dream.
I shall look far into the green pools and rivers
For memories of her that the waters have seen.
Pale are her cheeks as the pale water-lilies,
Blue are her eyes as the blue in their breasts,
And I, I would be as the perfume that gathers
Round these pale blossoms, when light is at rest.*

can out of a fellow and leave him cold! Good Will towards men!" Bradburn laughed harshly.

The dark eyes of the half-breed blazed. He straightened his wiry form.

"You ——— you say my little Felisse thief. You lie! I go. He come tomorrow. You bad to him, by God, you pay!"

THE wind changed to the north. As dawn crept through a cloudy sky, Bradburn rose for the third time during the night to feed more wood to the cook stove and heater. The floor of the wood-box was beginning to show. As he dressed he cursed the cold, the half-breed and the wood-box. Nice job feeding the stock alone a morning like this, and it was past feeding time too! Some idea of Joe's—sending a kid. Every day since his eyes had been opened, he had seen it everywhere—you couldn't trust anybody. From within came a small persistent voice: "You are letting them sacrifice your comfort—you're slipping."

A gentle tapping on the plank door grew louder. Bradburn stopped his preparations for breakfast in surprise, listened for a moment and opened the door to a biting wind and a small scarecrow shape of rags and scarves, from which smiled two cheery black eyes. "Good morning mister—sir. My name is Felisse Brodeur. I come help you."

Felisse edged towards the stove as he spoke. He stood on one foot and then the other. The smile in his eyes did not die under Bradburn's inscrutable gaze, but the tears were almost brimming over. He bent and tugged at his shoe laces with purple hands.

Bradburn seized a chair and placed the child on it. "Your feet frozen?" He removed the shoes and the holey stockings. The flesh was nipped. When he

The Sudden Ray

Quick Change—A Pick-Me-Up For Pessimists

By Howard Angus Kennedy, Author of "The Book of The West" and

"The New World Fairy Book"

Discovery by Coincidence

"THERE'S a ghost!" My big comrade's voice trembled as he whispered the awful words. He gripped my arm hard with one hand, while the other pointed shakily into the wood.

I straightened up, axe in hand, peering in among the trees. Far back, seen through a vista of poplar trunks, a white form stood erect.

We were cutting the next winter's fuel supply, on the edge of the woods. I knew those woods well. I had been through them in every direction, hunting stray cattle. Nothing even remotely resembling a ghost had I ever met before. Yet there it was now, gleaming white in the darkness.

I stepped forward to investigate. The secret was swiftly revealed: the ghost was a birch tree.

When I came back, laughing, my comrade could not be convinced. "Go in and see for yourself, then," I said. "No, no," said he. Shall I conceal his name and nationality? For proper artistic effect I might have called him an Indian, or a member of some other race supposed to have a richer stock of belief in the marvellous than any mere Anglo-Saxon. Yet he was a plain, matter-of-fact Englishman, about the last I should have suspected to believe in ghosts.

"There's not a birch left in that brush," he insisted. And I should have said so too, a moment earlier. Yet there it was, shining bright before our eyes.

How did we make the discovery? Not by searching for it. Not even by stumbling on it in search of something else.

No. But we happened to look into the wood through a particular opening—one of thousands we might have looked through—from a particular point, and in a particular direction, and at a particular moment—the moment when the setting sun was not only exactly opposite and in line with that vista, but low enough to shoot a ray into it under the myriad branches and strike the one white birch in the depths of the wood.

A happy chance, do you call it? A coincidence of the rarest kind—almost as rare as a real ghost, if ghosts were ever real. The tree had stood there all the time, waiting patiently for us to discover it. A hundred times we had passed the opening through which it could be seen, but we had never happened to look in at the moment when the passing sun had flashed a ray in to reveal it.

The Age of Friction

A LIVELY debate blew up at dinner today. The question was sprung upon us by a schoolboy: "What invention has made the most difference in the life of mankind?" The answers, if I gave them here with the arguments for each, would fill this whole magazine and save our editor the trouble of finding anything else to put in it. The youngsters voted promptly for radio, telegraphs, telephones, gramophones and airplanes. (We don't discourage our kiddies nowadays from volunteering opinions, so long as they only speak between mouthfuls). The steam engine had also strong support: but before the clock sent us scattering to work we had veered off towards the invention of the wheel and the smelting of iron. Without these, the steam engine itself would have been impossible.

Throw up your hat, then, and cheer for the man who invented the first wheel and the woman who first smelted ore and moulded iron. (If you ask how I know it was a woman, I'll tell you; but luckily for me I shall be out of range of your questions for a month or more).

No—on second thoughts—keep your hat on. Just push it an inch or two on one side so you can scratch your head for the answer to another question. This one is not so flattering to our ancestors' intelligence: "Why did men, after they had both wheels and iron at their command, jog along thousands of years before making an engine?"

And look back farther still into the depths of the past. Try to imagine why men had lived on this earth for countless thousands of years without even inventing a wheel.

The primitive era of man is commonly divided into an Old Stone Age, when he hunted with roughly broken flints, and a New Stone Age, when he skilfully chipped the flints into beautiful arrow and spearheads. We dig up both kinds by the thousand—the rough buried deep, the polished weapons in shallower and later deposits. But it may help us to imagine the life of early man more clearly if we call the primitive era the Age of Friction; and this also we may divide into the Ages of Maximum and Mitigated Friction.

From Carrying to Dragging the Prey

WHEN our interesting forbear the Stone-Throwing Man killed a bison, a bear or a mammoth, he ate on the spot as much as his elastic stomach could hold, and then carried hunks of meat back to the cave where he lived. He had developed the intelligent foresight of a squirrel or an ant. When he thought of saving bigger hunks than he could carry on his back, he began to drag them over the ground. But that was hard going. Besides, the fur and flesh got torn by rocks and brush.

That was the Age of Maximum Friction.

One afternoon a ray of light flashed upon a savage mind. He would make a sled or toboggan and drag his prey home on that. It was a great invention; but he took out no patent, and collected no royalties. Anyone could use the fruit of his brains, and everyone did. In fact, the first sled he made was probably wrenched from his hand by a stronger brother, to save the trouble of making one for himself. Others had to be content with imitating the inventor's first model.

The Age of Mitigated Friction had begun.

Another flash of light, and the travoy was invented—perhaps by the same man, or by his grandson. Both sled and travoy sprang from the same idea, to drag the carcass on a framework lifting it from contact with the ground. The sled was a vehicle without shafts: the travoy was a pair of shafts without the vehicle. Two poles were crossed over the back of a dog, or fastened to the human neck and shoulders before the first dog was broken to harness. The rear ends of these shafts trailed behind, cross-bars between them keeping the load from falling off.

Could Not Learn from a Beetle

On sled or toboggan or travoy, men dragged things scraping over the ground through long, slow centuries. They seemed too stupid to learn the lesson which a mere beetle had mastered, and was trying to teach them. They saw that poor little creature mould its future infant's food supply into a perfectly round ball, which, though many times as large as its maker, the insect rolled along with ease to the home it had dug.

"Look here," the beetle practically said to them a thousand times: "see how much easier it is to roll than to drag." Yet men, as if they were all stone blind, just went on dragging.

Often, too, in that long Age of Friction, they must have seen rounded rocks, which they could hardly have lifted, roll easily down a smooth hillside. But no mental ray of light happened to reveal to their dull minds the significance of the fact—they went on dragging.

Long after they had learnt to use sharp stones for killing, they began to use these primitive weapons as axes to cut down trees: first, perhaps, to make rafts, having seen how the beaver cut and floated logs. They must have soon discovered how easily the logs they cut rolled down a sloping bank to the river. But that early art of log-rolling had grown old before a log-roller saw anything in it but just—rolling logs!

Log, rolling to the river's brim—

A rolling log it was to him

And it was nothing more!

One day, however, a big log happened to fall across a little one. It should have fallen parallel to the river bank, so that it would reach the water by its own motion after one starting push. This time it fell at right angles to the bank. With a guttural prehistoric oath, the man tried to shove it around into the right position. In doing so, he set the little log accidentally in motion. The little log happened to be in the right position, on the slope: it began to roll down accordingly, and carried the big log with it. Something of the sort may have occurred every now and then before, but unless the bigger tree had been evenly balanced on the smaller one it would not have ridden very far. This time it happened to balance "just so": the smaller log carried it over the edge, where the big one happened to slew around, broadside on, so that it rolled all the way down the slope without a check and plunged into the stream.

If that man had been just an ordinary savage, the incident would have of course pleased him by saving him the exertion of slewing the log around with his own hands; but it would not have inspired him to change his old way of getting logs to the water. A pure savage is the most conservative of mortals; he has a

closed mind; he lives and thinks and moves in a rut worn deep by the practice of his ancestors, and seems unable to look over its edge, still less to climb out of the rut and strike off on a new high path for himself.

Making the First Wheel

By a happy "coincidence" the man who witnessed this particular incident was not an ordinary savage. He had an open window in his mind. Just a crack of a window, but enough to let in the ray of light.

"I see!" he said. "If that little log carried the big one by accident, I can make little logs carry big ones all the time by design."

There was another big tree, which he had often coveted, but it grew some way back from the river and he had let it alone because he could not have dragged it to the top of the bank. His eyes sparkled with a new sense of power as he approached it now.

He first cut and trimmed two small trees, laid them parallel to the stream and to each other, then cut down the big tree so that it fell laying across the other two, and triumphantly rolled it by means of their rolling to the edge of the slope—and so, to the river itself.

The Age of Friction was over. The dragging days were done: the world began to roll. It was not the one bright savage alone who gave up dragging for rolling. His fellow-savages were not conservative from thoughtful choice but from blind habit. As soon as he showed them how much easier it was to roll than to drag, they were delighted to adopt his rolling way. They could imitate, though they could not invent. Once the ray of light had found entrance to his mind, it spread through him to all minds. He, without knowing it, was the pioneer and leader of a revolution—of innumerable revolutions.

Roll, and the world rolls with you—

Drag, and you drag alone.

Those two rolling logs were the first wheels. Each log was a pair of wheels in embryo.

Another ray of light, and someone thought of chopping the ends of those logs so that the centre of each projected beyond the rest, and on these projecting spikes or axle-ends he built a rough framework of poles. He had made the first wagon.

One more flash of illumination, and the middle of the long rolling wheel was trimmed away like the ends, so that only two parts of the log, one near each end, touched the ground. It had become a pair of wheels and an axle, all in one piece—the ends of the axle revolving in the sockets of the upper frame or wagon. The long rolling wheel was thus replaced by two wheels, one at each end of the roller, which was itself also the axle.

The next step was to separate the wheels from the axle, on which they were now made to revolve. From that remote date to this, our carts and wagons have been made on the same plan. Details have been added, changed, improved, but essentially our modern farm wagon, and even the body of our locomotive and automobile, are built on the plan designed by some nameless savage, on whom a sudden ray of light had flashed, before the dawn of history.

Progress by Leaps and Bounds

WE talk about the dark and unprogressive ages.

But always, again and again, in the darkest age, a ray of light broke in at last, and the world went forward at a bound, making more progress in a day than in a thousand years before. Even when an invention has come as the climax and result of long deliberate study and experiment, it might be traced back to some bright unlooked-for idea flashed suddenly upon a mind exceptionally open and exceptionally placed.

What a pick-me-up for the plaintive pessimist!

"We shall have to carry everything on our backs to the end of time," groaned the pessimist of 100,000 B.C. Ten minutes afterwards his optimistic brother invented the sled.

"We shall have to drag everything over the ground till crack of doom," sighed the pessimist of 50,000 B.C. That afternoon his son invented the wagon.

"A hopeless fratricidal world," moans the pessimist of 1925 A.D. To him, humanity seems wandering in a dark wood, a jungle of provincial and national antipathies, suspicions, conflicting interests. Somewhere in the forest, you tell him, and not far in, grows the strong White Tree of Peace.

"There is no such tree," he says "You are only dreaming. It is human nature to quarrel and fight, and human nature never changes. As it was in the

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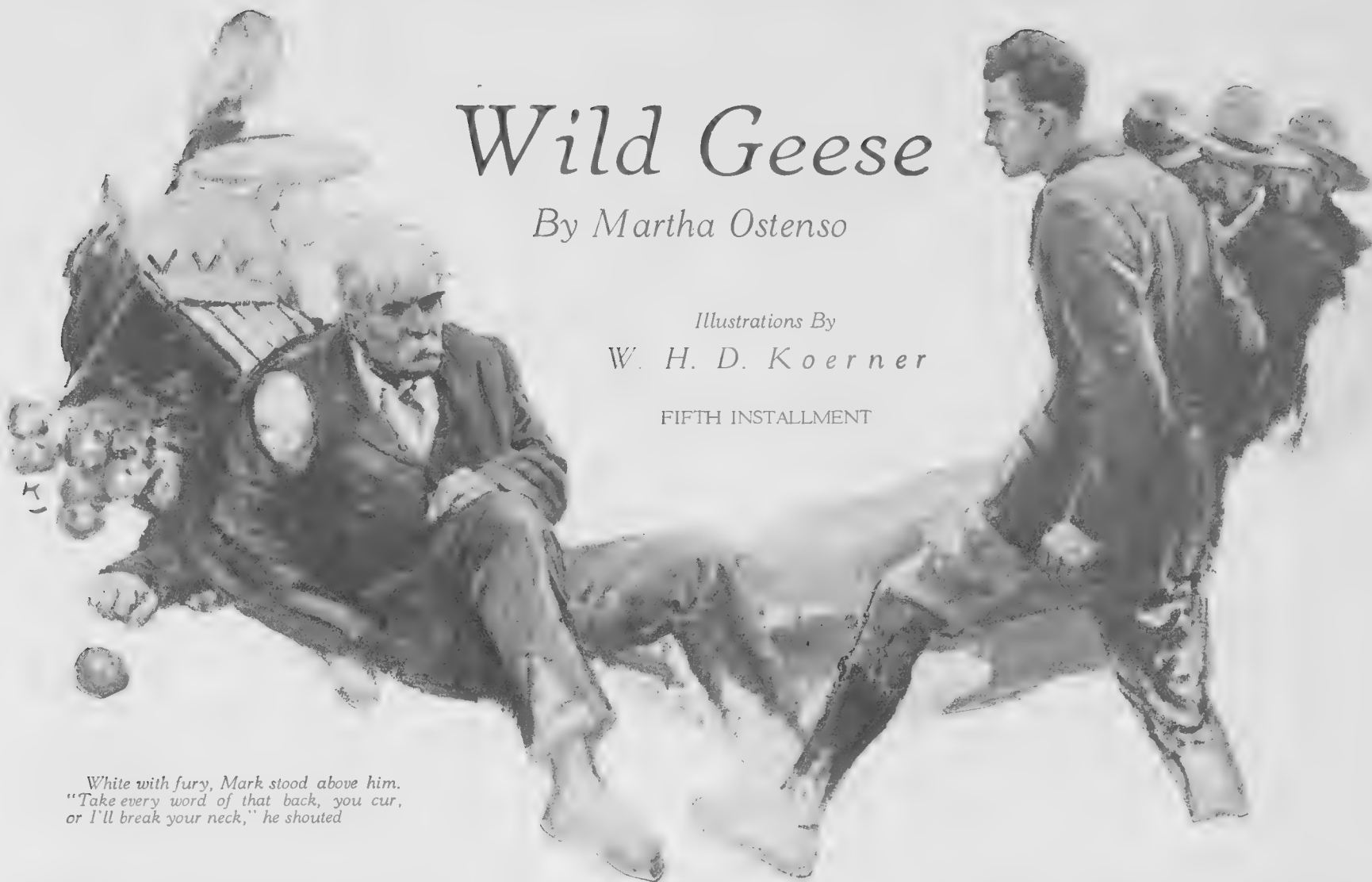
Wild Geese

By Martha Ostenso

Illustrations By

W. H. D. Koerner

FIFTH INSTALLMENT



White with fury, Mark stood above him. "Take every word of that back, you cur, or I'll break your neck," he shouted

ON the day that Caleb decided he would free Judith from her household duties to help Martin in the field, Martin slipped from a hay stack and dislocated his shoulder.

Now that it became imperative that he should release Judith, Caleb was reluctant to do so. He turned over in his mind every possibility of doing without her on the field. But that would mean hiring two men, no matter how he considered it, and the remainder of the hay wasn't worth it.

"You could o' watched where you stepped—always something—always something," Caleb complained softly, going to and fro from the kitchen to the sitting room where Amelia was bandaging Martin's arm so that he could go to the doctor at the Siding. There was no doctor at Yellow Post.

Martin made no reply. He knew why he had fallen from the stack. It was to catch Ellen, who was just about to step backward off the hay. Ellen might as well leave her eyes at home as try to use them on the field.

Caleb drove Martin himself to Nykerk. He would see to it that the doctor charged a fitting fee. A dislocated shoulder was, after all, not a broken one. It was a nuisance—a nuisance. Now the haying would be held up another day while they saw the doctor, since he could not let Jude off the farmstead into the field without proper surveillance. The weather was getting sultry again. There would be rain perhaps before they got it all stacked, if Martin did not get around quickly. So Caleb fretted to himself, all the way to the Siding. He did not speak to Martin, which gave the boy a feeling of having committed an offence, a feeling more keen than the hurt in his shoulder.

The doctor discovered that the dislocation was not a bad one, and that Martin would be able to work again in two or three weeks. Caleb paid the fee, and because he thought it a little high he did not speak to Martin on the way home.

That evening he told Judith to be ready to take Martin's place on the stacks tomorrow. He resented the fact that an accident should have definitely set the course of events for him, even though he had decided previously that that was the course to take.

Lind did not get a chance to talk to Judith until they had both gone to the loft. As Ellen had not yet come upstairs, Lind slipped into the girl's curtain-partitioned bedroom, and whispered with her for a moment.

"Don't do anything reckless, Jude. Remember he spied on you once and he'll do it again," she cautioned her. "If I were you I would wait until I thought he had forgotten this, and then simply tell them all outright that you want to marry Sven."

Judith looked away. Her eyes were obstinate, with something of Caleb's own evasiveness when he wished to avoid an issue. Hot color came into her cheeks.

"I can't wait—longer than after the haying," she said shortly, then began to undress, turning her back half way to Lind.

Lind tried to fathom her expression. "Why not, Judie?"

"I have my own reasons."

Her underclothing slipped down off her breast and she quickly snatched it up to cover herself. A defiant look came into her eyes as she met Lind's. She blew out the lamp and crawled between the covers of her bed, leaving Lind standing in the dimness from the light that shone through from her side of the curtain.

MARTIN'S accident seemed to Amelia to be a direct move on the part of fate to hasten what was coming. Judith would have broken away eventually, but her release from the house now, with the indignities she had suffered still fresh in her mind, would surely be followed by an immediate effort to escape. On the night before Jude was to go to the field, Amelia put her mind to the problem and resolved to make clear to her the folly that would lie in further rebellion.

The morning broke heavy and gray, but there was sufficient wind to prevent rain. Judith came down before the others, washed at the sink, and then began to set the table. Caleb was already outside, Amelia busy over the stove.

"You know, Judith, you'll be worse off if you cross him in anything now. The axe is still stuck in the barn wall," Amelia said while they were alone together in the kitchen. "He'll send you to the city—you're of an age now when they can keep you there for years for such a thing. Don't do anything foolish, child. It'll be worse for you if you do."

Judith made no reply, but her face grew hard. She knew what she had to do. She took the coffee-pot into the other room and set it on the table. Then she called upstairs to the others.

After breakfast Lind stood out near the fence of the sheep-pasture and watched them leaving for the hay-field: Judith, Ellen, Charlie, and Caleb. Caleb was riding in the cart while the others, on foot, drove the horses ahead of them. Lind thought of prisoners being escorted to stone quarries by armed guards.

Amelia went about her work that day as if she were holding Judith mentally in leash. All the possibilities of evil befalling Mark Jordan now resided in Judith. So Amelia must maintain control. Judith must be broken. Judith was Caleb's child.

Caleb remained in the field all that day, casually watching the stacking from his seat in the cart. He had turned the mare loose, and the cart stood in the shade at the southern end of the bush. Once in a while he walked across the field to see how the girls and Charlie were faring. His mood was genial, his comments on their work encouraging.

Judith, pitching and pounding the hay tirelessly, refused either to hear or see him. She permitted nothing to enter her mind but one thought, that after the hay was stacked she would leave, no matter what the consequences. She knew now that there was no other thing to do. Somehow she would have to see Sven and tell him what had happened to her. She would wait a few days. She would close her ears to the warnings of Amelia. They meant nothing—except that Amelia was afraid of Caleb.

What if Caleb did send her to the city? They could prove nothing by the presence of the axe in the wall. She might even be able to break into the barn and take the axe out. Caleb had locked the door, but it was an easy matter to break a window. No, she would not take the axe out. That would be cowardly—as cowardly as Caleb's leaving it in. The axe could stay where it was. They could do anything they liked with her. But after the stacking she would go.

Judith looked over the flat country, colorless under the gray sky. To the north there was a whitish haze. Smoke. Bush-fires. And there had been no rain for a long time. The stack grew and grew, and finally was completed with a last forkful of hay. Judith looked at Ellen, saw her terrible, inflamed eyes, and turned away with the pitch-fork gripped tightly in her hand. They both slid down from the stack and began a new one a distance away.

Judith saw Caleb walking to the cart in the bush, his top-heavy body forming an arc toward the earth. She considered what would have happened if she had not missed the mark with the axe. Martin would be building a house in the Spring. Ellen would have new glasses. There would be a hired man or two. Amelia would have a new set of teeth. The neighbors would stop in on the way to and from Yellow Post. She herself would be taken away somewhere—there would not be anything any more. Sven would marry someone else. Lind would marry Mark Jordan. Everything would go on, but not for her.

Again she found herself growing cold at the thought of her own violence. It was a thing Lind would never have done, a thing no one else would do. That's why they wouldn't understand it—those people in the city before whom Caleb would take her. No—she could never face them. She could never make them understand. There would be no one to plead for her. The whole family would be against her; they were all afraid of Caleb.

In the listless heat that hung over the hay-fields Judith shivered. She caught Ellen looking at her, and took a firmer hold on the fork in her hand. She hated Ellen and her red eyes, and would gladly have struck her for that curious look. But she contained herself and went on working.

When they were driving the horses home at the end of that day, large raindrops began to pock the dust of the road. The sky was slow and heavy as if it were full of eternal rain. The stacking would be delayed now another while. But what did that matter? She lifted her hot face to the rain, but somehow this time there was no coolness in its touch.

She looked ahead and saw Caleb stooped over on the cart. Although he had his back to her, he was watching her. He would know it if she so much as glanced in the direction of the Sandbos. It was his way to go ahead, as if he were not concerned with what she was doing.

"If we'd had another day at it we would a finished," Caleb said at the supper-table. The rain had turned to a steady drizzle, which promised to last several days. "Always somethin'—always somethin'". Jude will help

with the milking mother," Caleb said huskily just before they rose from the table. The red crept into Judith's cheeks. This instruction was a reminder to them all that she was still a prisoner.

ELLEN glanced at Judith. Judith saw her eyes, in which there was something like satisfaction. Again there came upon her the need of striking Ellen full in the face.

The milking was done in the cattle-shed that evening. After the others had gone out Lind threw a coat over her shoulders and went out to the shed, the door of which was open. The lantern was hanging from one of the rude, low beams, and the light fell directly on Judith and the black-and-white flanks of the cow she was milking. Lind stepped in without being seen by Ellen and Charlie, and bent down beside Judith. In the dim light she saw the vapor rising from the milk in the pail under the cow.

"Judith," she whispered, "I have just finished it, and I thought you'd like to see it right away."

Judith watched her take a folded silk undergarment out of her pocket. Lind spread it out over her knees.

"It's lovely," Judith murmured, tracing a lace insertion with her finger but not quite touching it. "Too pretty for me."

"Nonsense, Judie!" Lind scolded. "You put it on tomorrow—you won't have to go to the field. Here—" she thrust it down into the front of Judith's blouse—"keep it."

Lind was to have met Mark at Sandbos tonight. She knew that he would be there regardless of the rain. Going to her room, she put on her heavy breeches and her short jacket, and set out down the trail. The sky and the earth were indistinguishable, blended like dark water. The timber poured away into the night, a black, liquid mass. Dimly Lind made out the fence-posts along the road.

The Sandbos were separating the milk in the kitchen when she arrived there. She threw the door open without knocking, and stood in the doorway, laughing.

Sven was uneasy. He wanted to get Lind out at once where he could talk to her. He saddled two horses and they rode down the trail together toward Klovacs'.

"She's been let out to work now, on the field," Lind told him. "But you had better not try to see her, because he is watching her all the time. Why don't you both wait until after the harvest, when he will have forgotten about the axe, and then tell him right out that you want to be married? He can surely have nothing against that, can he?"

"Yeh!" Sven laughed bitterly. "He'd as soon let me marry Judith as cut off his nose. He just wants to keep her there to work. But there's something else I want to tell you. He's been talkin' at Yellow Post—about you and Mark Jordan."

"Talkin'—how?"

"Oh—bruggin' about how he could put a stop to all that, quick enough. He didn't say it in just so many words, but he sort o' hinted that he could finish Mark Jordan quick enough. Like he had something on him. Sneerin' about him. I stepped up and says, 'You better be careful what you're sayin' about Jordan, Caleb Gare.' He looks at me and sort o' smiles, and says, 'Who're you to be talkin' to me, eh?' Then he laughs and goes out o' the store."

"I would 'a' swung on him if he wasn't so old. But I knew what he meant—about me. I don't know what he meant about Mark, though. You be careful of him, Miss Archer."

Lind was silent for a while.

"Perhaps he will try to do some damage to Mark, but he can't really. Mark doesn't depend on this life for his living, you know, Sven, so you needn't worry. There isn't a thing he could do to him, and surely not to me, other than have me put out of the school, and that wouldn't matter a great deal."

"Well, you better tell Mark to look out, anyway."

"Oh, I will, Sven. Is there anything you want me to tell Judie?"

"You might just give her this—" Sven reached into his breast-pocket and took out an envelope. "I been carryin' it round with me for a while. Perhaps she'll answer."

Mark rode up to them then and Sven turned back. "It's so dark, I can hardly see your face, Lind," Mark said, dismounting. "I want to be sure it's you." He put his arms about her, and she leaned down and

kissed him. "Now, are you sure?" she whispered. They rode toward the Gares to take their favorite wood trail north. Just before they came to the Gares, Lind thought she saw a shadow cross the road toward the place where the wood trail branched off from it. It was too large to be a coyote.

Mark peered into the darkness. "I can't see anything. Don't be nervous, dear. That's not like you. It's a wonderful night. There's nothing there but what ought to be."

They turned their horses into the wood trail and heard the southing of the rain through the branches that crossed overhead. Lind kept close to Mark.

"Do you know that Caleb Gare has you black-listed for some reason?" she asked softly. "Sven said he had heard him talking about you in Yellow Post."

"About me?" Mark broke out. "What on earth—perhaps it's because I told him where to get off at in regard to the price he tried to make Anton take for the hay."

"Perhaps that was it—but I hope he doesn't do anything to upset poor Anton."

"I'll not let him. By the way, Anton has sent in his report to the Government. Poor devil, he deserves that home-stead."

They had come to the end of the wood road, where it opened upon the clearing. Here there was no shelter whatever from the rain, and Lind turned back. When they rode again into the main trail she looked about to see whether there was any sign of the shape she had seen move through the dark. As she thought of it, it had appeared broad and bent over at the shoulders, like a bear.

She glanced about without saying anything to Mark. But she saw nothing except the dense, black blur that shut in the garden. There was no light visible in the farmyard at the Gares, and they could not see the house where they paused to say good night to each other on the road. Lind let Mark take the pony to lead back to Sandbos.

When Lind turned in at the gate after leaving Mark, she started at a sound that seemed to come out of the rain. It was like fir-branches

brushing together. The lantern was lit in the kitchen, and she ran toward the house.

Judith was inside washing the parts of the separator when she entered. She spoke to her quietly.

"Judie, don't say anything to the others, because I may be mistaken, but I thought I heard something in the hedge near the road. Is everybody in?"

"They've all gone to bed except him and mother," Judith replied. Lind saw Amelia moving about in the other room. "I'll go take Pete out and have a look around when I'm through with this," Jude added.

Lind went upstairs and took off her wet coat. She stood for a moment in the dark, looking out of the window. As it was still darker outside, she could make out a shadowy, top-heavy figure coming from the direction of the front gate. It came within the light from the kitchen window, and she saw that it was Caleb Gare. He must have been spying upon them from within the hedge. What was his motive in watching them?

Lind sat down on her bed without lighting the lamp. She heard him come in down-stairs with his dragging step. There was something ominous in it. Lind shivered and undressed with weak fingers.

Judith came upstairs and lit the lamp on the other side of the curtain.

"Judie," Lind whispered.

Judith came around from behind the curtain. "What?" she asked.

"Did you go out and look?"

"Yes—there wasn't anything," said Jude, and then after a moment, "Thanks for the—the thing you gave me, but I can't wear it. Not yet, anyway."

Lind gave her the letter from Sven. Jude leaned toward the light that came through the curtain, and read the letter. She could not go back to her bed to read it because Ellen was there.

It rained steadily for two days. Ellen, Judith, and Charlie took care of the animals, milked and churned, and prepared the cream and butter for shipment. Skuli Erickson came twice a week to take their produce to the Siding, in rain or shine, and Caleb would learn of it if they were not ready for him.

Martin still lay on the couch, asking no attention, no sympathy. Amelia began knitting heavy woolen stockings for the girls in preparation for the winter. And Caleb pattered about all day between the house

and the barn and the tool-shed, deeply concerned with things of which no one knew the significance.

But Judith knew that under his preoccupation he was watching every step she took, hovering over her like a hawk. Until something happened to take him away from the farm there would not be a moment's respite for her. He still kept the door locked of that part of the barn which contained the axe, and went past it every hour or so to see that it was secure. Judith felt circumstances closing over her head like rushing water. There would be no escape.

She had destroyed the letter Sven had sent her through Lind, after carrying it hidden inside her blouse all day. During the night after she had received it, she lay beside Ellen and said over and over to herself that she must go—after the hay was stacked. But in the morning when she had seen Caleb's face at the head of the breakfast-table, and had heard him single her out with instructions for the day's work, her courage failed her again. He had not for a moment forgotten the axe. He would not for a moment let her forget it.

In the only secret place on the whole farm she composed a letter to Sven. The words came laboriously, without much meaning. But when she finally signed her name she thought he would understand. She carried it about with her all day, to give it to Lind when she came from school.

Judith avoided Ellen lest her pent-up emotion should take form in the injury she had considered inflicting upon her sister when they were together on the stack. Once, when she was churning, she watched Ellen out of the tail of her eye, saw her scrubbing the rough floor of the other room, moving on her hands and knees about the couch where Martin was lying. Judith hated her dolorous expression and could have choked her when she uttered her hard, little cough.

Then Ellen got a shiver in her hand. It was because she had not seen a particularly worn board over which she ran the scrubbing-brush. From where she sat Judith saw a trickle of blood run down Ellen's wrist. Ellen sighed and rose to tend to it. Judith found herself viciously glad that it had happened. There was nothing admirable in Ellen's suffering. It had no purpose.

Amelia came in from the chicken-house. Judith permitted herself to glance at her, and saw for the first time the dark hollows under her eyes. What had happened that she should look so?

In the evening Judith gave Lind the letter to take to Sven.

THE door of the barn remained locked, and Caleb was pleasant and genial about the house, talking cheerfully about the crops, the animals, and the weather. The softer his mood became, the more alert Amelia grew to the reactions of Judith.

"Remember now—nothing foolish," she said to her on the morning of the day that was to complete the stacking. "You're better off here than locked up with a lot of thieves and what not." The words sounded terrible to Amelia as she uttered them.

Judith made no response. As she stalked down the road behind the horses she tried to believe that Amelia had her interests at heart when she warned her against Caleb. But somehow Amelia was too deliberate about it all. Judith could not understand what it was. Amelia appeared to feel no pity. Perhaps if she knew the truth she might. Judith's heart began to beat heavily under her overalls.

The haying would be finished today. After that they would be working on the binders in the fields to the south, out of reach of Sven entirely. A bitter feeling rose in Judith's throat as she thought of him. She could not bear the separation and the doubt and the unhappiness any longer. She was not an animal, to be driven, and tied, and tended for the value of her plodding strength. She knew what beauty was, and love, and things in no way connected with the rude growth of the land. She had something that Lind had who was sweet and lovely, as wild honey—wild honey—who was she to be thinking this? She, Judith, who had hurled an axe with the intent to kill?

Lind would not have done that. Lind was fine and controlled. She, Judith, was just an animal, with an animal's passions and sins, and stupid body-strength. And now she held an animal's secret, too. She was coarse, brutal, with great beast-breasts protruding from her, and buttocks and thighs and shoulders of a beast. What was she to be comparing herself with Lind? The tears rose to her eyes and ran unchecked down her face.

She glanced suddenly aside and saw that Ellen had come softly abreast of her. Ellen had not been ready to leave the house when Judith took the horses out. Judith saw her curious red-rimmed eyes peering at her from behind their glasses, and in an instant all her fury against Ellen broke upon her. She dropped the reins and whirled about.

"You get away—you—! Don't you look at me like that or I'll smash your face!" Judith shouted. Ellen darted back before a great swing of Judith's arm.

"Stop Jude—" she gasped. "He'll see you!"

"I hope he does—let him! And you stop sneaking around looking at me, or you're going to get it worse than this!" She drove out with a terrific blow which caught Ellen on the cheek, knocking her to the ground. Then she marched off catching the reins up from the road.

Ellen got to her feet in a moment or two, sobbing hysterically. But it was not like her to go back to the house. She followed Judith slowly, wiping the tears from her face and soothing her cheek with her hand.

Amelia had seen it all from the door of the chicken

Babe in the Manger

*Babe in the manger
Ages away,
What is your message
For us today?*

*Sculptors have wrought you
In marble so fair;
Poets have sung you,
In melody rare.*

*Raphael has painted you,
Tender and sweet;
Angelo taught us
To kneel at your feet.*

*But only a mother
With a babe on her knee,
Can truly discover
The wonder of Thee.*

*This is Thy message,
Thine age-long design—
Childhood is sacred,
Love is divine.*

By ELAINE M. CATLEY



It was deadening work in the bright heat that rose from the earth and fell from the bare, cloudless sky. The sun lay like a hot iron on the shoulders, no matter which way one turned

house. She glanced hurriedly about and, thankfully, saw no sign of Caleb. But Judith had broken out again. Nothing could stop her now. Caleb would never spare Amelia if Judith broke away. Mark Jordan would be told. Lind would learn of it.

The stacking was completed without further trouble. Caleb was on hand all that day, smoothly encouraging the girls, joking with Charlie, or sitting quietly in the cart with his eyes out upon the land. The grain would be cut next week. And after that the threshers would come. And then the flax would be cut, and the crew would thresh it on their return trip.

Everything was working out smoothly this year, as last, and as it would work out in the years to come. Caleb could well afford to be mellow and content before the wide testimony of his success as a farmer, as a tiller of the soil.

The haying was finished, and no extra man had been hired to help.

Caleb had business the next day at the Klovacz's.

"You will come with me, Jude," he said amiably, "and put up a lunch, mother. We'll not ask the heathen for a bite."

Amelia was glad that Judith was going with him. She would at least be relieved of worry for the day. She hurried about and got together a basketful of food, which she placed in the back of the cart.

Then Judith mounted the cart beside Caleb.

"That's a fine crop o' hay out there—a mighty fine crop," Caleb commented, indicating the stacks in the field with his whip as they drove past them. "Not another like it among all the Icelanders—not even old Bjarnasson himself, I'll warrant. We done mighty well."

The rest of the trip was made in silence. Judith sank into a lethargy, her shoulders slumped forward. After her rage at Ellen yesterday, the thing that had risen within her had died down again. Her spirit was asleep.

At the Klovacz's they found Anton confined to his bed. Judith withdrew after she had given him a greeting, and left him alone with Caleb. She sat and talked with the girls in the kitchen, and was impressed with their beauty and their fine manners.

In the room where Anton lay, Caleb sat beside the sick man for nearly an hour.

"I have examined the hay, Anton," he began gently, "and it's half sow-thistle. Besides any amount of stink-weed. You've got to learn to cultivate it, Anton." Then he went into a long discourse on the growing of tame hay, advising Anton what to do next year.

"What I will do next year, it is not for you to say, my friend," and Anton smiled.

"Nonsense—nonsense, Anton. You'll be around again before you know it—and there's no reason why you shouldn't have as clean a crop next year as I have. But you can't ask that much for the stuff that's on it now. Why, it's scarcely worth the cutting."

Anton sighed and turned his face toward the open window, through which he could see the hay-field under discussion. True, there was a certain amount of weed in the field, but it was far from worthless.

"I am tired, my friend. Take the hay," said Anton, closing his eyes.

"You don't give me credit, Anton, for helping you out," said Caleb injuredly. "There's not another man this side of Nykerk who'd 'a' bought you out, cash."

Anton laughed softly. "You are the good man, Caleb Gare, the very good man, God bless you! And may the hay feed your many cattle well!"

Caleb rose to go. "There's only about a day's cutting. I'll have it off right away. And you might's well as not take the money for it now."

Anton did not even look at the roll of bills he handed to him. He stuck it under the pillow at his head and crossed his hands behind his thin neck. Then he turned his hollow eyes upon Caleb with amusement.

"Well—well," Caleb said mildly, replacing the wallet back in his inner pocket. "It has been a good day for us both, eh, Anton? And perhaps you'll sign a receipt for the money?" He drew a note-book from his vest pocket and a fountain pen. Anton signed the book unsteadily and gave it back to Caleb. Then he replaced his hands behind his head.

Caleb cleared his throat.

"Well, Anton, must get along—must get along. Come over and have a look at my crops when you get around again."

"I will come on these wings, Mr. Gare," Anton smiled. Caleb had not offered his hand. It amused him a great deal. A farmer who did not offer his hand after a transaction.

In the kitchen Caleb told Judith to wait for him. Then he went out and drove the mare down to the field where the Klovacz boys and Mark were already shocking the grain.

Mark Jordan paused at the end of the field when he saw him coming. What was the old rascal up to now.

Caleb got down from the cart.

"Thought you'd like to know that Anton and I closed the deal," he said. "So Anton is fixed for the threshin'." There was a sardonic grin on his face as he spoke.

Mark looked at him. "Got it for nothing, I suppose?"

"Nothing? Nothing? Heh, heh! A lot you know about the value of hay! A lot you know, my boy! There's not another man in the country would 'a' taken that stuff off his hands for real cash." Caleb laughed softly and peered craftily at Mark. "And what're you doin' round here, I'd like to know?"

Mark smiled tolerantly down at Caleb. "What am I doing? Oh, cooking, washing the babies——"

"None o' your smartness, young fella. You'll mind your business and not butt in between me and Anton, see? Or we'll soon find out who's the trustee of Oeland school." With that he turned on his heel and was about to jump into the cart. But Mark's curiosity was roused.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Gare. I really didn't mean to be smart, as you say. I beg your pardon. But what do you mean about your being trustee—that has nothing to do with me, has it?"

Caleb turned about. "No? I kind o' thought it had," he observed, with a knowing lift of his eyebrows.

"If I were you I would not mix my doings up with Miss Archer," Mark told him quietly. "If that's what you're hinting at. We aren't all fools, you know, and I might make trouble for you if you did. You aren't trustee for life, remember."

"I'm not, eh? We'll see if I'm not. Heh, heh! What I want to be, I am. And the likes o' you won't stop me."

Mark leaned his elbow upon a fence post and looked down at him. "Is there anything in the world you care for as much as for yourself, I wonder, Caleb Gare?" he asked curiously.

"Eh? What is there worth caring about? What do

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The Conroys' Christmas Cook

By Edith G. Bayne

Illustration by Kathleen Allen

MR. CONROY was in the kitchen getting dinner. Six o'clock was the hour when this, the heartiest and supposedly the most sociable meal of the day, was usually celebrated, but already the clock registered twenty minutes to seven and the vegetables weren't done yet; neither was the gravy made nor the bread cut. For that matter, the table wasn't even set.

There are poets and philosophers who tickle the fancy of the *bon vivants* of the world by prating of the charming picture made by a shining, white-tiled kitchen and a cook in action. They like to bring the lover of fine dishes right out—in imagination, of course—to where these gastronomic delights are in the making and envision for him the succulent raw products that go into the manufacture of his pet salad or the ingredients of his favorite pie as they take shape and substance under the wizard hands of the smiling chef who darts about from table to sink and from sink to pastry-board and thence to oven, creating his miracles while you're batting an eye. And who can prove that their mission isn't a worthy one, their work not a high art? From a prolonged study of the culinary pages in *The Western Home Monthly* or *The Ladies' Home Companion* many a sad dyspeptic has been goaded into sitting up and eating a square meal!

But these philanthropists might have suffered a loss of enthusiasm had they been able to look in on Mr. Conroy. The white-tiled kitchen was there, the raw products were there, and the cook was there. What seemed to be lacking was the co-ordination or team-work of the three.

Probably there's nothing funnier in the world than the sight of a big, able-bodied man trying to turn his hand to a job of housework. For example, did you ever know one who could open a bottle of milk without squirting a geyser of cream into his eye?

Mr. Conroy had just recovered the use of his right optic but some cream still clung to his eyebrow. He was standing arms bared to the elbow and a blue-checked apron tied bib-wise about his neck, over the range watching with an expression of acute anxiety the contents of a bubbling pot. Now and then he made tentative jabs at them with a long, wicked-looking fork. In his other hand he clutched the steaming pot-cover. He was smoking a stubby black pipe and anon blaspheming gently under his breath. At intervals he would wipe a smoke-blackened hand across his perspiring brow and his glance would stray to the grease-spattered face of the clock.

Where was Mrs. Conroy, or wasn't there such a person you ask. Oh, yes indeed, there was a missus. But wait—her cue hasn't come yet.

On the warming-shelf of the range stood a strange-looking flat object embedded in a blue-agate plate. It was a dejected apple pie. It looked as though it were trying to shrink from the gaze of a too-critical world. It was a pie with an inferiority complex. Blackened around the edges, it was still giving off faint blue fumes. A brand literally snatched from the burning. Mr. Conroy was not the author of this pie. It was the product of a nearby delicatessen and he had merely put it into the oven to warm.

What was keeping Mrs. Conroy?

The cook sent another glance at the time-piece and listened intently to the bang of the front door. That estimable business woman, his wife, should have been home an hour ago, for she was employed in a downtown office that closed at five and she always made a point of coming straight home, no doubt to ascertain at the earliest possible moment if the house were still standing.

However, 'twas just as well, he reflected, that she should be late tonight, since dinner was so far behind. Min was curt and grumpy when she was kept waiting.

From the dining room son Charlie, aged six, and the twins, two years younger, kept up a clamor for daddy to bring on the eats. Charlie had been ordered to set the table, but had grown weary in well-doing and was pretending that he was drummer in an orchestra, the

drum being one of his mother's best china plates. For drum-stick he was using the largest-sized carving knife.

IN the midst of the racket and just as the soup had boiled over, the front door opened and Mrs. Conroy came in. According to all the rules and tenets Mr. Conroy ought to have dropped his utensils, discarded his apron, smoothed his hair and hastened to greet his bigger-and-better half. But he did nothing of the sort. He merely jerked the soup-pan aside and yelled:

"That you Min?
Where in blazes didja
put the salt?"



"Take yourself out of here," she said. "Not till I've taken something else first," said Bill.

Mrs. Conroy appeared presently, her arms filled with bundles, sniffed the air.

"Hello, dear. What do I smell burning?" Then, as she saw more definitely through the bluish haze: "Merciful heavens! Look at your face!"

Since obviously this was an impossibility for Mr. Conroy, he only growled. Quickly he rubbed a very soiled dishcloth over his physiognomy—and the last state was worse than the first.

"S'matter with my face?"

"You look as though you were getting ready for a minstrel show!" declared Mrs. C.

"I put your slippers by the grate," said her dutiful husband, "and dinner'll be ready as soon as these blanked potatoes are boiled."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, but what's that jug of milk doing on the hot range? Are you trying to cook it?"

"Gosh, I forgot all about it!" Mr. Conroy pulled it away with one hand and opened the oven door with the other.

"Don't get the gravy all lumpy like you did last time," cautioned Mrs. Conroy as she shook the snow from her hat and whisked her feet.

"Gravy! We can't have any."

"Why not?"

"There isn't any flour—I forgot to order it."

"Henry Conroy, don't tell me you didn't order that list of groceries!"

"What are all those parcels you brought in?"

"Never you mind. They're not groceries, I can assure you."

"I betcher I know what they are—they're from Santa Claus!" shouted Charlie.

"Here, you kids, don't pile onto your mother like that! Don'tcha know she's tired?"

"I'm not—I like it," Mrs. C. beamed on her little brood. Have you forgotten that I've not seen them since morning? In the old days I'd have been ready to snap their heads off by now! Charlie, go and put the chairs around like mother's own good boy—we're going to eat."

"Good boy! That's rich!" said Mr. Conroy as he wrestled with a pile of hot plates. "If you knew what a day I've had with those young demons!"

"In the old days you used to wonder why the little dears got on my nerves."

Mr. Conroy sighed heavily.

"The old days—ah, the old days!" he murmured yearningly. "Well, c'mon everybody! Chow's ready." He again attempted to seize the plates, shook his hand hastily and then wrapped a dirty apron round them.

"Mother, are we gonna have turkey for Christmas?" demanded Charlie as they seated themselves.

"I'm afraid not, dear. Your father doesn't know how to cook one."

"Aw gee, it won't be like Christmas without turkey!"

"It won't be like Christmas without a cook."

"Now Min—"

"I'm sorry, Henry. I was just thinking what a comfort Ilgard was. Oh, of course she had her faults—"

"They all had," sighed Mr. Conway. "They don't come perfect, but the worst of 'em would be better than none!"

Mrs. C. erected the evening paper before her against the sugar-bowl. Minutes passed.

"The government—" she began. But her husband sent her an injured look.

"How about a little sociability?" he asked with a note of complaint in his voice. "Here I've been cooped up in this dashed house all day and you come home and close up like an oyster!"

"Why, I was just going to—"

"Yeh, I know. You were going to talk politics. Well,

I don't wanta hear 'em!"

Mrs. Conroy peered around the edge of her paper.

"Why you must have had plenty of opportunities to be sociable," she observed. "There was the butcher's boy and the light man and the janitor from next door and the ol' clo' man—Charlie, stop sucking your soup like that!—not to mention the peddlers and the canvassers!"

Mr. Conroy sighed as he buttered Dorothy's bread and tied Harvey's bib and mopped up the milk he had spilt. Of what avail to talk of the happenings of his little day—his quarrel with the baker's man, what Jones said to him over the back fence, the fearful price eggs were getting to be?

At last his wife folded up her paper and pushed her chair back.

"I nearly forgot to tell you," she announced happily, "I got a raise today!"

Mr. Conroy tried to register interest but the effort was a failure. The truth was, he had been hoping they'd fire her, but tact prevented him from saying so.

"How much?" he inquired, perfunctorily.

"Another five-spot per week, dear. Isn't it wonderful? Now we can afford a first-class cook-general."

"Where are you gonna find her?" Mr. Conroy asked, cynically.

"I'm leaving that to you."

The nominal head of the house groaned.

"Say! Do you realize I've got business to attend to? I've been down there at that pesky agency every day for the last two weeks!"

"And you've tried out eight cooks."

"I?"

"We, then. But it was you picked them."

"War was never like this. I'm getting fed up with spending my mornings on the hiring-line—it's a fool waste of time."

Continued on page 40



*You have only
one pair of hands ~*

One pair of hands to do for your children what only a mother's hands can do!

Only one pair of hands to give the house those little personal touches that make it a real home! To keep that home spotless, and the family clothes so clean that you take real pride in them!

Isn't that pair of busy hands worth the extra help of Fels-Naptha Soap?

Because splendid soap and dirt-loosening naptha work together in Fels-Naptha, they give you **extra washing help you cannot get in any other soap—in any form.** Extra help to get dirt out of clothes quickly—and safely! Extra help for all your household cleaning!

Isn't this extra help worth a penny more a week? It is cheaper in the end, anyway!

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © Fels & Co.

Bells at Evening.

By Nellie L. McClung

Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny",
"Purple Springs" Etc.

IN that depressing moment of waking, Mrs. Pierce was conscious only of a big uncomfortable heartache which seemed like the aftermath of a distressing dream. She rubbed her eyes and rumbled her hair in a vain attempt to clear up the mystery, moving higher on her mountainous pillows to get a better view of her surroundings in the hope that some clue would be found to the gloom which was filling her soul.

The rag carpet in its soft pastel shades, which lay on the French gray floor, offered no assistance. Neither did the golden oak dresser, with its oval glass and frilled cover of dotted muslin, and its full length pincushion also dressed in dotted muslin and laced with pink baby ribbon. The French doll in her be-ribboned hoop-skirt which artfully concealed a ball of string was gaiety itself and seemed to be perpetually shrugging her pretty shoulders at all the cares of the world and telling them where they could go to for all she cared! The wash stand at the foot of the bed had a very cheerful splasher on which brown ducks waded through green bulrushes which got in their way at every turn, and a brazen butterfly rising cornerwise on teetering wings looked down at them from over her shoulder. The wash basin was gay with bright pink wild roses, which came spilling out over the edges. The towels which hung on the rack had a band of drawn work. Altogether it was a very cheerful room, with bluebirds sailing through the clouded border above the moulding, and pink morning-glories on the counterpane.

But there was an ache in Mrs. Pierce's heart which could not be healed by material things. Indeed, the warmth and cheer of her surroundings only intensified the sadness in her heart. Mechanically she began to repeat:

"An old man pokes the fire into a blaze

In the home of his child, of his friend, of his brother;

He's outlived his welcome, the days

Grown desolate whisper and sigh to each other:

He hears the storm in the chimney above,

And bends to the fire and shakes with the cold,

While his heart still dreams of battle and love

And the cry of the hounds on the hills of old."

Then she remembered. This was the day she was going away. Millicent was coming for her to take her to her home in the city. This was the place her life ended; though no doubt she would live on and on.

"Why can't people die decently all at once," she cried out in her anguish. "Why cannot the end of life be a dignified ending instead of letting people go out bit by bit, eyes growing dim, ears growing dull, feet cramping, memory failing.... I wish I were God! I would send for every old person; I would call them in the way the banks call in the mutilated old bills.... Millicent says I cannot stay here alone.It is not the correct thing to leave one's mother to live alone, especially when she is a little forgetfulMillicent has decided that I am not strong enough to resist her but if my eyes were a little better she would not get me to leave. As it is I can find my way around this house.... Whatever made old Jane die? Ten years younger than I am and yet she died. Did not say a word to me either, just slipped off and died.... just slipped away like Millicent used to do when she did not want to take Jim with her. The sly old Jane that I trusted so. She gave me the slip! I hope she is ashamed when she looks down and sees how she has left me. She knew very well I was depending on her to see me through—and she went first."

She lay still watching the patch of yellow sunshine creeping over the floor.

"I know I should be thinking of the house of many mansions, but I do not want a mansion. I would not know my way around a mansion. I only want this house, number nine Princess Street, in this small town of Brandon. The only improvement I would ask is for a soft water tank in the basement and the kitchen painted again that soft and lovely robin's egg blue—just like it was before—and the walk mended where the cement is broken.... And then I want just enough sight to get around and cook meals and wash a little and iron a little. I want to be able to ask some of the young girls who are attending Normal to come and spend Sunday with me and have bean feeds for the boys when they come home from the rink like I used to have for Jim. And I would like to have the Ladies' Aid for tea at least the day they are piecing the quilts for the Indian school and maybe one other time during the year.... Lord, I am not asking much."

Mrs. Pierce shook her white hair rebelliously and walked over to the mirror. She was a tall old lady with graceful sloping shoulders, thin hands on which brown spots were showing, well manicured nails, fine

dark eyes. The entry in the big Bible gave her age as eighty years but when she told it she always hastily added: "Sh-h-h."

SHE had grown old very gracefully, and with great cheerfulness. She had not thought much about it. Neither had the congregation. No one could organize a tag day like Mrs. Pierce. No one could so well smooth out a quarrel with the choir. No one could better comfort a poor little lonely bride who was homesick for her mother. She had made the angel cake for every wedding in the congregation for twenty years, and a pair of blue and white booties for every christening and sometimes by request of the friends had spoken the words of appreciation for the departed at the funeral services. She always spoke on the anniversary Sundays and had written a hymn of dedication for the new church, naming it the "House of Hope." Oh! she had a way with her—such a pleasant way that when her husband the Reverend Edward Pierce died the congregation asked her to remain in the parsonage and be a sort of Pastor's Wife Emeritus for the congregation.

Time passed happily for her in spite of the loneliness of her widowhood. She saw a generation grow, marry and raise their young. She saw the young grow but instead of marrying and settling down as their parents had done, she saw them march away at the call of their country, her own Jim, her only boy, among them.

In this time of great perplexity the mothers turned to her for comfort. She did not miss one of the Red Cross meetings which were held in the church parlors and never did she fail to bring a message of comfort in her opening service.... Her brave words made many a tired back straighten and many a sad and anxious heart grow lighter. She had a way of inspiring courage. It was the flash of her eyes—the throwing back of her head, and a certain vibration in her voice.

Mrs. Pierce was always sure. She seemed to know God's plans as well as if she had helped to make them. There was no temporizing with her—no submitting of the conditional clause—"If it be Thy will." Not at all. There was a mathematical finality about her faith. God had made the world and put us here. If we did certain things we could depend on God to do His part; God's part followed ours as surely as Tuesday came after Monday. There was no chance of failure. The mouth of the Lord had spoken it!

People find it easy to follow a leader who is always sure.

She was sure Jim would come back. Was he not the child of her old age? And had she not given him to the Lord for the foreign field? God would look after the boy who was going to bear witness for him in strange lands. She had done her part and the boy had done his. He was just ready to go when the call came and was he not doing his part now in the smoke and fire of battle? It was all in God's hands, so why should she doubt? She or the boy might easily have failed, but God would not blunder.

The news therefore found her unprepared. It could not be that Jim was dead. How could it be? God would not let it happen!

One by one the mothers whom she had so often comforted came to see if they could comfort her but they shrank from the look in her eyes which was that of a bewildered and hurt child. It is the look the beloved family doctor dreads to see in the face of his little patient.

Then it was that Jane Bosomworth came to see her. Jane had been a dissenter from the true faith. Jane had once said in the Bible Class that God was not omnipotent. Mrs. Pierce had stated that He was, to which Jane replied that He ought to be ashamed of Himself for the things which He allowed to happen. The discussion which followed was hot and Jane did not return. But now it was Jane who brought comfort.

She walked into the house without knocking and seated herself beside her old friend's bed without any preliminaries.

"I like God all the better because there are times when He cannot help Himself," she began, "and He has to take what He gets whether He likes it or not. God and man working together are omnipotent but not God alone.... If I thought God was all

powerful and could have everything just the way He wants it I would never forgive Him for letting my sister's baby be born with a harelip. But I know how it is with Him. He never knows when some one is going to joggle His elbow when He is drawing a line or making a human face. That is how accidents come, and then God gets all the blame and Him feeling worse about it than any of us. Mrs. Pierce, God couldn't help it or He wouldn't have let Jim get killed. You may be sure He will look well after Jim now that He has him safe in Heaven where He has everything His own way and He will send someone else to China."

"It is good of you to come to me, Jane," said the old lady. "You were always a good sort even if you had strange beliefs."

"Beliefs don't matter," said Jane. "We have to believe just what we can believe, and I do my best to get hold of as much as I can."

"Maybe I did expect too much from God," faltered Mrs. Pierce after a pause.

Jane Bosomworth went to live with her after that. "She will never be sure of anything again," said Jane, "and it won't do for her to be alone so much. I have no one and she has no one—except Millicent, of course, but Millicent, even if she were at home would be no company to her mother. So I will stay with her. I know how she feels. She can never trust God just the same.... it's the same as I was with Bosomworth. I always knew he had a bad temper but I never believed he would lift his hand to strike me, and no matter how mad he was I would cheek right up to him. Well, one day it happened, and I know it gave me one awful surprise. After that I never felt the same, and you bet I always kept well back when he was in a rage."

That was eight years ago and she and Jane had settled many a theological difference in that time. But now Jane was gone. Jane went to bed one night as well as ever, saying: "If I am out in the morning when the milkman comes don't forget he owes us a ticket—I expect to get down early to the market to get the cucumbers."

Jane was out when the milkman came, all right, but Mrs. Pierce forgot about the ticket.

Now the old glad life was all past and today she had come to the end of her life as a leader in her own world, for Millicent was coming to take her to her home in the city. Millicent was coming—the prosperous, well-groomed wife of a bank president, who drove her own car and spent the winters in California. Millicent, who had become an Anglican since her marriage and tried to forget "the crudities of the religion of her childhood."

THROUGH the six rooms of her little home she wandered, lovingly touching the familiar things with caressing fingers.... The living-room still seemed to hold some of the bashful love of the hundreds of young couples who had been married there. She laughed reminiscently when she thought of the big Swedish widow who, when asked if she would take this man, etc.... had said "Sure Mike, I will I can mak' him work." And she had made him work, too, and the adventure in matrimony was a successful one.

In the golden oak china cabinet stood the cut glass bowl from which all the babies of the congregation had been sprinkled. It stood on its own doyley of hairpin work which had been presented by Mrs. Dennison on the occasion of the christening of her eighth child. The Discipline, from which her husband had read the beautiful words of the service, lay beside the bowl on a cushion of white satin. The door of the cabinet had been made to close tightly by the Reverend Edward's ingenuity in tacking a piece of thick leather on the inside of the door to give the proper amount of pressure. She was thinking now of the day he did it; one Monday morning when he always wanted to work with his hands and eagerly seized upon anything which needed fixing in the house or the church, for he had a decided gift with tools. She remembered how he had looked up at her that day, throwing back his curly hair, and said: "Edith, I wish I had nothing to do but work with my hands.... the world lost a good mechanic when I went into the ministry."

And she had said: "But it gained a good mechanic of souls, Edward, don't forget that. Remember it is a greater thing to mend character than even cabinet doors!"

Well, Edward had done his share of mending souls. She passed her hand lovingly over the device on the door. Edward had done his bit and passed on glorious and unafraid.

"And so will I," declared his widow. "I always said I would try to be a cheerful old wreck when I was cast up on the shore. I would wait smiling and serene for the tide to rise which would bear me off. I will not whimper."

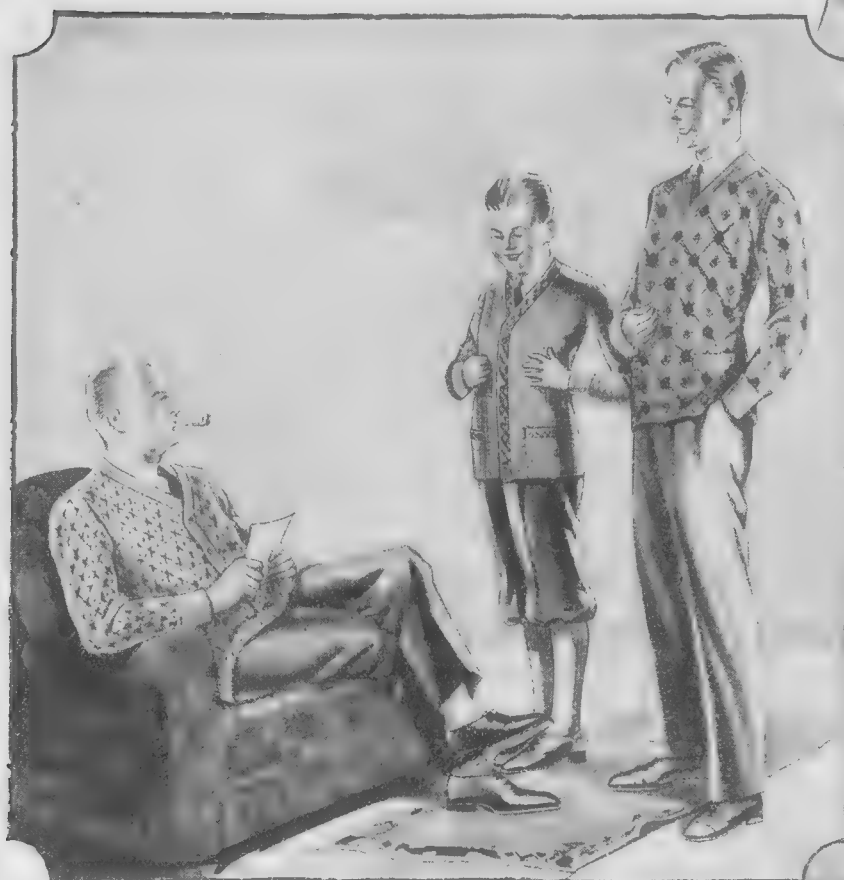
She went through all the rooms and said goodbye to the familiar things. In the study she sat in Edward's round-backed chair and looked again at the forbidding volumes of the Homiletic Review. Dr. Withrow's Harmony of the Gospels still lay where

Continued on page 76



Where's the young girl you can't delight with this stylish Aberley turtle neck sweater? In pure white, beautifully made from virgin wool. \$4 to \$5.

Surprise some one this Christmas with an Aberley



For a house coat there's nothing to beat an Aberley. The buttoned style illustrated has two insert pockets and costs \$7.

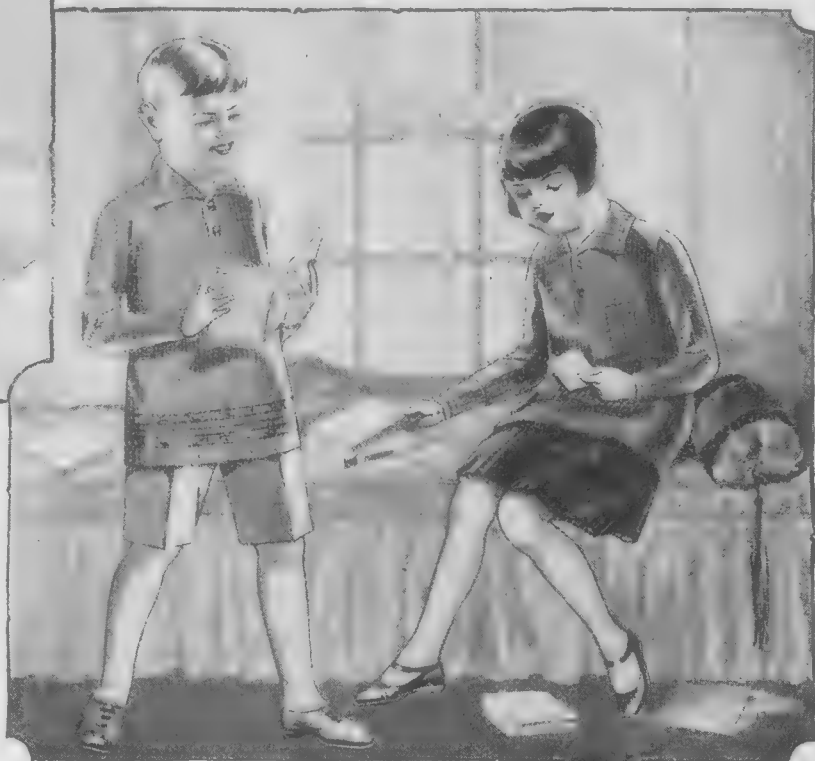
This Aberley "Junior" for youngsters is made just like Dad's. The same smart style, same virgin wool fabric and same careful workmanship. \$3.75 to \$4.50

A popular buttonless jacquard that every young man wants in one of the newest Aberley designs, with insert pockets, at \$6.

Aberleys are made in an almost endless variety of types, styles, patterns and colors. Your dealer has them for men and young men, women and young women, boys, girls and children. Ask him to show you Aberleys attractively boxed for Christmas giving. Look for the Aberley label. Genuine Aberleys are made only by Aberley Knitting Mills, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

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Aberleys can be worn almost everywhere, under the coat or overcoat or as an outer garment. Aberley means style at its best—woven from 100% pure wool to give warmth and comfort and long wear. The shape and life and newness lasts because it's right in the fabric. Give Aberleys and your gift will more than please.



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100% PURE WOOL

Aberley "Oliver Twist" style for little tots \$3.75.



Trails of the Capilano

By J. B. Holdcroft

FROM far and wide, and for many years, visitors have been coming to pass for a moment through Canada's back door at Vancouver, and gaze on the wonders of Capilano. They have delighted in its dizzily swinging bridge, making the passage across the depths of the dark canyon with unsteady steps and hands clinging tightly to the stout cables which suspend the narrow plankway two hundred feet above the roaring torrent below. They have made their scrambling way down an almost perpendicular trail to the very edge of the rushing waters, and from there gazed upward between the amazing rock walls that seem to soar to the sky, and watched with fascination others of their kind, like flies clinging to a line, making the same awesome passage across the threadlike bridge far over their heads. They have "left their cards" also, not metaphorically, but most literally, for there is a wall of a little tea-room at the very top of the terrible second canyon which is covered thickly with little squares of pasteboard, which announce to all and sundry as they pass that way that John Smith, of Oklahoma, with his wife and his daughters, Mary and Peggy, has been there on a certain date—details particularized.

Many other John Smiths with their wives and their sons and their daughters have come, and the list of the countries from which they came is a lesson in geography and the power of the ubiquitous automobile, which has brought them from every state in the Union and from the lands beyond the sea—for among the rest one reads New Zealand, Australia, Honolulu, Japan. This calls for a moment of correction possibly. It is hardly fair to blame the automobile for these passengers from over the sea, although it is certainly ten chances to one that these also have made the last stage of their long journey to this famous spot in some brand of that most useful family of vehicles.

But these are the beaten paths—the tea houses, the swinging bridge, the motor road to the second canyon, these are known to everyone and travelled by thousands, and the dust of their passing lies thick on the leaves at the side of the road. There are other paths, however, narrow trails that thread the mazes of the canyon, some of them dating from the old days when Capilano was unknown to the traveller and the seeker after beauty, and was simply another obstacle to be overcome by the hardy logger as he brought his logs and bolts down from the "limits" to the sea. One follows the line of "the flume," a spider-legged structure, wrecked now and impassable, but which was the first means of access which acquainted the beauty-seeking public with the marvels of the canyon.

Another one, now known as "the new trail," is partly new indeed, but in part is a linking up of old trails and skid-roads whose history must go back to the first exploration of this wonderful area. There is a little side road which leaves the well-travelled motor-way quite suddenly and dips sharply downward into the heavy woods of the canyon's east bank. A hundred yards along this one finds a retiring wee sign-board which announces that here begins "Capilano Canyon Park." As yet there is nothing very park-like about it. One feels miles away from civilization. Impenetrable woods line the narrow roadway, bracken overhangs, and almost meets across it, and here and there a trace of an old trail or skidroad turns off down the

steep slope on the left. Not far along, however, one encounters another of these modest signs announcing the entrance to "the new trail." One gap only has been passed. There is a spot on this wooded road where the trees have been cleared away and someone has made a garden. A poet, surely, for who else would take the trouble to make a garden in such a spot, where with much labor every foot of level ground must be "made" in the canyon side, but where a soul-shaking panorama of depth and distance melts away towards the sea, with the famous swinging bridge in the middle distance.

THE new trail is steep and tortuous, descending swiftly through logged-off areas to the untouched timber of the lower banks, with the roar of the river ever growing louder as one goes downward. For a while there is not much to see beyond the beauties of the twisting trail itself, with its borders of fern and its arching dogwood and wild currant, and the ranks of little cedars which stand up stiff and straight, like soldiers on parade, as far as one can see into the quick falling gloom of the forest. But at a sharp bend to the right the roar of rushing waters suddenly grows louder, and a little branch trail runs, with incredible boldness, along the narrow top of a knife-like ridge, ending suddenly in a sheer drop which literally overhangs the river a hundred feet below. To the right and left stretches the wild grandeur of



Dark pools and grim rocks

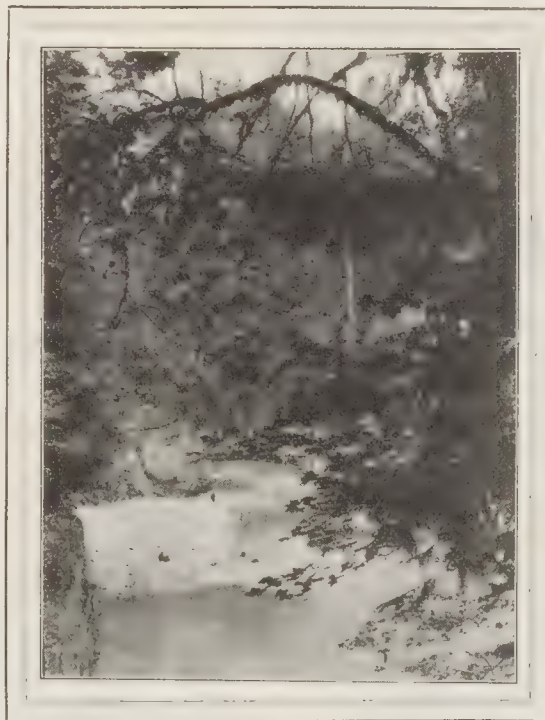
lookout on the canyon wall, looking neither to the right nor the left. And we see then, what was not realized before, that the very pebbles of the river bars, looking so small and smooth and rounded from where we stand, are to this man and woman pick-nicking down there, knee-high, waist high, some of them even shoulder-high—mates, surely, of the very bowls that Rip van Winkle heard rolling and crashing in the mountains where he slept his age-long sleep. One could sleep here, just such a sleep, lulled by the summer murmur of the diminished stream that is still able to trundle the rocks about its bed, and awaken to an awed wonder at the roar of its winter power, as it roars on its way to the sea, tearing at its banks in a wild fury before which nothing can stand—picking up great logs and trees and swinging them about like straws, and grinding its great stones and boulders together with crashes and rumbles that combine into a lilting song that can be heard even to the tops of the mountains at its flanks.

SO our trail wanders up and down, now skirting a wooded sidehill, now following the boulder-strewn edge of the river itself in the canyon's upper reaches, until at last it rises to a climax in impressiveness as it tops the great rock barrier that forms the so-called "upper canyon" from the edge of which one gazes into a narrow, broken gulch, three hundred feet in depth, across which a stone could be easily tossed. A dark and terrible place, even in the brightness of summer weather—a place of deep pools and huge, broken boulders, of steep rock walls and graceful hanging ferns and moss. It is the climax, and, fittingly, the end of the trail, a majestic ending to such a two miles of loveliness and grandeur as perhaps no other city in the world can display within an hour's ride of its busiest corners.

Above the canyon, and on its eastern and western slopes, lie regions seldom visited by the chance visitor, who, after gazing into the depths with something approaching awe, usually returns comfortably to town in a sociable bus, filled with satisfaction at having "done Capilano." The twin Lions guard the head of the valley, unseen from the trails of the canyon, and the sharp peak of Crown rears itself proudly as the highest point in view, while to the west lie the lower slopes of Hollyburn Ridge and Strachan.

The charms of these farther reaches of the Capilano Valley are only opened, however, to the leisurely wanderer, and only by slow degrees to him. How many know, we wonder, of the Giant's Stairway in Crown Creek, or have climbed laboriously up its great steps in the dryness of summer, flanked by the precipitous slopes of Dam on one side and the sharp ridge of Crown itself on the other. How many know the old trail that wanders for miles along the west bank, and leads to the gates of a forgotten "Estate," so labelled, no doubt, in remembrance of a home in the old land, and in the hope of reproducing somewhat of that semblance in this primeval forest. And finding such things, do many of us read the very human stories that are written in these trails and buried homes—so near a great city and yet so far away in spirit as in time, for only the wanderer on foot can follow these ways.

So does Capilano run the full gamut of the scale, from the roar and ruin in the train of mountain torrents to the thick silence of primeval forest—from the untouched wildness of mountain slopes to deserted and forgotten homes which mark human hope and disappointment, and from these to other homes, bright and cheery, where smiling faces and spreading gardens assure one that success and satisfaction can be found.



An arching tracery of maple

the great canyon cleft, with rocks and boulders piled on each other in the most amazing confusion: boulders as large as houses, in whose scars are growing not alone the ferns and underbrush whose drapery give life and grace to the grim place, but even great trees, dwarfed by the magnitude of their supporting pedestals. The first wonder over, as the awe of the first close-at-hand view of this upper gorge sinks into one's consciousness, the eye glances nearer home, and discovers with a start that broken rocks do not inhabit the bottom of the canyon alone. A deep crack almost completely severs the very point of rock on which we stand from the mass of the overhanging promontory, and from this viewpoint there does not appear to be anything to prevent a sudden and disastrous descent to the bed of the river. We promptly retire to the main trail, having seen enough for the time being.

The trail continues downward, still through thick woods and with the rumble of the water ever on our left. Down to within a few feet of the water's edge, then sharply upward again, to a gap in the trees from which a marvellous view is seen. Through an arching tracery of maple the gorge stretches away into the distance—a vast amphitheatre whose audience is the serried ranks of dark green trees closely covering its steep sides. The boulder-strewn bed of the river is the stage setting, with the dark pools at the bends of the swiftly flowing river and the glancing flashes of sunlight from the ripples of the stream giving life to an otherwise sombre scene. But it is only when the actors appear that we properly appreciate the vastness of the scale of things in Capilano. Out from a patch of shadow in the very bottom of the gorge they step, a man and a girl dressed in the well known habiliments of the hiker. Intent upon themselves and upon the fishing which is the business of their day they step out most daintily, as seen from our



The foot of the Canyon



Two women met by a silverware window

ONE was depressed by the burden of Christmas shopping—the endless, tiresome search for just the right gifts for her many friends and relatives.

The other, with the serene face, had just come out of the silverware store—her shopping search at an end. They compared notes.

"Why, selecting the right things isn't so difficult after all," said the happy shopper. "You see, I made a discovery. I thought over the question of what my friends really needed and would really appreciate this Christmas. And I found that nearly every one of them lacked certain important pieces of silverware.

"So I selected the gifts in 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate—a dozen salad forks for one, a handsome dessert server for another and for a third one of those smart Utility

Trays with the twenty-six 'silverware essentials.' Fred and Elizabeth and I joined forces in giving father and mother a complete new table service—vegetable dishes, platters, coffee set and even goblets to match the knives, forks and spoons. You'd be surprised how reasonable in price this fine silverware is."

"I'm glad we met," said the first woman. She turned into the silverware store.

* * * *

You will find in the holiday displays of "1847 Rogers Bros." a beauty and variety that will make shopping a pleasure. You cannot say "Merry Christmas" more effectively than with gifts of this finest silverplate, which has been used and loved by fastidious hostesses for more than three-quarters of a century. Through the years its durability has been accepted everywhere.



THE UTILITY TRAY, both silver rack and serving tray, is a convenient way to purchase 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. It contains the "silverware essentials"—6 dessert knives, 6 dessert forks, 6 dessert spoons, 6 tea spoons, 1 butter knife and 1 sugar shell. Price \$35.85.

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Peach Halves, both Yellow	Sliced Pineapple
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Sliced Peaches	Pears, Plums
Apricots	Asparagus, Spinach
and many others	



Be sure you say
DEL MONTE



To Make a Colorful Room

If One Has No Particular Artistic Gift, These Are Sound Rules to Follow

By Katherine M. Caldwell

SO MANY enquiries have come into our house-furnishing department of late, as to the wise choice of color for some room that is to be re-decorated, or some new feature that is to be added to a room in which the general color scheme has already been established, that it would seem to be an opportune time to have some discussion of the successful use of color in the various rooms of the average home.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of color in the plans of the home decorator, for over and above its place as one of the few fundamentals in any furnishing scheme, it has the additional advantage of being a tool, so to speak, that is ready at the hand of anyone who would use it. True, if one lacks experience and has little advice available on the task in hand, it is well to proceed with caution and to attempt only simple effects at first; but, gradually, one begins to feel the power of color, the stimulation of the magic that may be wrought by it, and if one has taste to begin with, and either the aptitude of the artist or the patience of the student, one may develop a very considerable skill in its use.

"The function of color," declared one famous decorator, "is to give pleasure." Doesn't that state the case simply and fully? We use chairs to sit upon, tables to hold things at a convenient height, curtains to shade our windows or to be drawn against the insidious draft. But we cover our deep comfortable chairs with colorful chintz or deep-hued pile fabric—to add beauty to its list of virtues; we polish our mahogany table to a rich, glowing brown and promptly become twice as appreciative of its grain; we bring warmth and cheer into our heavy curtains by making them a warm and cheerful color. Magic seems, indeed, a small word for all that we can do by a judicious use of color in the rooms we live in day by day.

I am going to outline the whole group of possible color schemes that will offer a fairly broad choice to the person who plans to bring new interest into a room by introducing fresh color into it. But before considering the actual color combinations, it might be well to look at the subject in a more broad and general fashion for a moment.

TO combine colors, we must first have some idea of the color spectrum. We all know that there are three primary colors—red, yellow and blue—and that from these practically all other colors may be made. The child who fills in the outline in a drawing book quickly learns that if he mixes a little of his red paint with some of the blue, he will get a decided violet; his blue and yellow will give him an undeniable green; even his crayons, if one is used after the other, on the same little bit of surface, will usually combine to give him what he will in later years learn to be a "secondary color."

The three primary colors we may depict as three points at equal distances from one another, upon the circumference of a circle. The line between each pair

of these represents closely-related colors that are made when two primaries are combined in various proportions. (Of course, neither black nor white enters into this, as neither one is considered, technically, a color).

Starting with red, for instance, let us add just a little yellow to it: the result is red-orange. Add some more yellow, to bring the proportions of the red and yellow about equal, and you have a clear orange, showing no more leaning toward one of the colors that went into it than toward the other. Add still a little more yellow, or lessen the amount of red, and the yellow begins to show that it predominates; the new mixture shows up as yellow-orange.

As the red is lessened, the orange fades out, until the point is reached where only the pure yellow is left.

Starting from the yellow and adding blue gradually we get, in the same way, yellow-green, green, blue-green, as the yellow decreases in proportion to the blue, until finally the pure blue is reached.

Similarly, between the blue and the red, lie blue-violet, violet, red-violet, to give the character of the various colors to which we apply many special names.

If you would like to learn how to apply the rule that governs the combining of colors, you can do so very simply. Draw a circle and at three points, equally distant from each other, mark the three primary colors. Between the red and yellow, mark the red-orange, orange and yellow-orange. Between the yellow and the blue, mark the three intermediate colors I have already named; between the blue and the red, mark your three violets.

Beside each of the three points that represent the primary colors, put the figure 1. At the first point to the right of each of them, put a figure 2. At the point to the right of each 2, put a 3, then a 4 and a 5. After each 5 will come your original 1.

Now the rule says that to make a complete harmony, in which red is to figure, you must add the other two primary colors. For example, if you have put a fine crimson rug upon your floor and deep blue hangings at your windows, there will be something lacking; you will not be quite satisfied with the result. Add, perhaps, a yellow bowl or introduce yellow lamp shades, and see how immediately the whole effect becomes complete, satisfying.

Turning to our little home-made chart, we see, of course, that these are the three points at which we have placed the figure 1. Suppose we consider, then, the three against which we have placed the figure 2; red-orange, yellow-green, blue-violet. "Fine," says the artist, when he thinks of them in combination. Try again; take the three points that are marked with a 3: green, violet, orange. That is a most familiar combination of colors and one which we all know to be successful. Further tests will reveal the same thing: we can find, by this purely mechanical means

the colors which we should place together in our rooms; and let me add, that for the person who feels that the training and experience are lacking which would give her a feeling of sureness in carrying on some modest little decorative plan, this method of familiarizing oneself with the fundamental rules of color combination is well worth while; it also gives us a method of testing some tentative scheme and will perhaps reveal unexpected weakness in it.

"But are not these colors indicated on the chart rather strong?" someone may ask. Yes, they are, but from each of them we may derive a whole host of tints and shades, by the simple expedient of adding either black or white to it. The "value" of a color—how light and bright it is, or how dark and sombre—is of course a very important matter. But the rule is just as useful for the light shades or the deep tints of any of the colors as it is when they are used practically pure, or *intense*, as the usual word has it. Our own sense of the fitness of things would tell us, too, that we should most successfully combine a light red (rose or pink) with a light blue or a delicate yellow; if we were to use one color in its intense form it would promptly kill the delicately faded-out shade of another.

There, in a brief way, is the basis for the various color combinations that are used over and over again—but with such different effects in different hands!

We shall pass on now to consider some pleasing color schemes for the various rooms of the house, and sketch, in a necessarily somewhat vague manner (for there are always so many special considerations that affect a given case), how some of them may be applied—remembering always that there should be plenty of large surfaces in a quiet key, really strong color being reserved for accent here and there.

The Living Room

LIGHT buff walls, brown rug, mahogany or walnut furniture upholstered in soft green; cretonne side-curtains showing the autumn colors—gold, amber, green and scarlet; a scarlet table-runner, brass candlesticks and flower bowl; a little blue-gray in pottery or cushions. The colors of nasturtiums, marigolds and their kind; make them the first choice in flowers for this room.

Champagne walls, blue furniture coverings, cretonne or striped fabric in blue, golden brown, green and rose, brown rug, parchment lamp shades decorated in blue, rose and green.

With perhaps one or two small oriental rugs, chiefly red.

Pale taupe walls, deeper taupe rug, tapestry furniture coverings showing dark blue, brown, green and red; crimson side curtains, preferably brocaded; gold gauze glass curtains or touches of gold on lamp shades, galloon trimming on dark cushions, etc.

Pale ivory walls; printed linen side curtains, showing mulberry, blue and a lesser amount of soft green and tan; the same blue in plain furniture coverings;

Continued on page 58

When Xmas Was Late at Red Cliff

Tickle A Labrador Story

By E. St. Claire Polgreen



The joy of a letter gives
The link that binds friendship

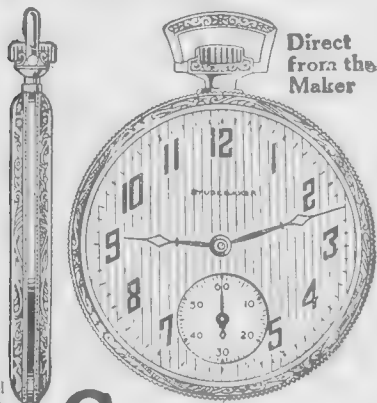
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City Prov

"NEWS comes to us of the starving condition of the people of Red Cliff Tickle, Straits of Belle Isle, Labrador. Owing to the fact that the North froze up much earlier this year, the supply boat did not reach the settlement; many attempts have been made to send food to the starving people, but, so far, all have failed."

This item appeared in a newspaper we found on our breakfast table one morning in the long ago. It was before the days of Dr. Grenfell and his glorious work there; before the introduction of the reindeer; before the days of the wireless or the aeroplane. 'Twas in the days of the "credit system," when the stalwart and hardy fisher-folk saw but little money. In return for their catch of seal or cod, they received food, clothing, fishing-tackle and munitions.

In the years when the catch was good, very little was left to their credit when the summing-up time came. In bad years, they found themselves deeply in debt.

The past year had been unusually bad. "Trades Agents" leave no food where there is neither money nor fish to pay for them. The Labrador coast is an unfriendly place in winter and the Straits of Belle Isle are remorseless. Continuous bad weather, inshore winds, forced the ice pack upon the shore. Their attempt to put out seal nets failed. The deer kept to far-away haunts. Wild ducks and other migratory birds, on their way south, flew over the Straits away from the reach of their guns. To the sorely-trying and hungry people, it was hard to bear. Other years hundreds of wild birds were shot and frozen for future use.

Between twenty-two families and death from starvation, was a fifty-pound sack of "hard tack" and the food of the dogs, blubber and frozen whale meat.

The Labrador folk are a dauntless race. They are trained to endure hardship, accept loss, and, withal, to see a silver lining in clouds that are very black and lowering. Yet the cries of the hungry children made the hardest of them wince. The fathers of families were desperate.

One morning a group of men once more started out with their guns and a few cakes of "hard tack." Perhaps there might be a seal or wild duck in sight. They had not gone far—when they looked and looked. Right ahead of them was a number of seals. They hurried towards them. No! It's not seals! What can it be? The object came nearer and became clearer. Why! It's a dog-team and komatic. They are stopping at Dan Willis's, and, what looked strange to the watchers, the man had a load of something. They found an Indian from far-away Quebec, with a load of provisions, and a promise of more. The Indian said so—but could it be true? "Yes," he said, "it's true." Ten teams had left Quebec; when they were within sixty miles of the "Tickle" they refused to come any farther.

"White man help me when my children hungry. Me help white man," he said simply.

The joyous tidings spread like wildfire.

Dan Willis and several of the men opened the bags, every family received an equal portion according to the number of children.

If the unexpressed feelings of the people of the "Tickle" could be written to music, it would make a wonderful song of triumph. The knowledge to those fathers and mothers that their children once again could go to bed well fed, was more than music. The fisher-folk are a religious people, of simple and childlike faith; many a prayer of gratitude ascended on high that night.

Next morning, the place was all bustle and hurry. The dog-teams were called together; every trace and harness looked over and tested. Komatics overhauled, matches put in air-tight bottles, with nothing left undone to insure a safe and speedy return, the men and the Indian started out.

AMONG those who read that news item in that paper, was a Mrs. Fraser, wife of a merchant prince of a city four hundred miles south.

"Jim," she said to her husband, "it was a number of fishermen from Red Cliff Tickle that saved our boys, and took them to St. Anthony. We have never been able to repay them. Must we sit still and see them starve?"

"There is but one way," he replied, "overland from Quebec."

"We must do something," she persisted.

"We shall," he said. "I'll wire Quebec today."

His wire resulted in obtaining ten dog teams and Indians to undertake the long and dangerous journey. The storms had been so terrible that year; it was a long time before even the Indians could be persuaded to go. When enough money was held up before their eyes to dazzle them, they at length consented.

A Quebec newspaper took up the story. It told of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser waiting at Montreal for their three children, who were returning from a northern trip in the early October of that year. Their boat had been wrecked at Belle Isle. Through the bravery of some fishermen, their two sons had been rescued and taken into a Newfoundland harbor. It told, too, of the daughter whom they did not save. The story was well told, and it touched the heartstrings of its readers. Before the Indians were ready to leave, twenty-two Xmas hampers, packed with loving care—everything in them that "King Frost" could not destroy, were added to the supply.

FOR the tenth time, Mrs. Willis slid back the tiny shutter in the door, and tried to look out—only to be driven back by the swirling snow of the blizzard that raged outside, cutting into her skin and sending an icy chill into the room. She refilled the stove with wood, and crossed the room to a cot on which a child of four was sleeping. As she bent over the cot, the child awakened. Lifting up her frail little hand, she tried to pat her mother's cheek. In a corner of the room, near the stove, a young girl was cutting out paper pictures to amuse two other children. She was an adept in the art. She folded the paper, and, with a few clever snips of the scissors, held up to their gaze a ship, an animal or a fish. Despite all her efforts, every now and then they would hide their small faces in her dress and moan:

"Oh, Lottie, we're hungry, we're hungry!"

For days the blizzard had raged. Mrs. Willis had tried to make a small portion of food last as long as possible—but nothing was left but part of a can of condensed milk to feed the sick little tot on the bed. Outside, the storm seemed to be getting worse.

"Lottie, baby wants you." The girl crossed the room and bent over the little girl.

"Lottie," she said, "I hear Silvertip—I can, Lottie, I can!" She stretched out her little arms. "Daddy!" she called, "Daddy!" The eyes of the woman and girl met.

"It's a token," the woman sobbed. "The dogs won't face the blizzard and they're all lost! I know it, I feel it."

The girl did not smile, but she did not think the same as the woman—they had been trained in different schools—superstition had no place in her mind.

Silvertip was the prize dog in all the teams. He was a leader. He scrapped his way from puppydom to the leadership of all the dog-teams. The other dogs had learned from experience that 'twas best to let him alone, and respected him. He was an unfailing trail finder. When Silvertip failed in his sense of direction, it was hopeless. The greatest thing in his life was his love for Baby Willis and Lottie.

Lottie turned to Mrs. Willis and spoke sharply.

"Stop crying," she commanded, "and come and help. I'm going out to find them." The woman stopped from sheer surprise.

"You must be mad! Where are you going in a storm like this?"

"I'm going," the girl persisted, "and you must help me. You think the men and dogs are going to perish. I think they are going to be saved." She went to a locker and took out several balls of strong seal twine. While Mrs. Willis knotted the ends securely together, Lottie dressed in an Eskimo suit of fur that covered her from head to foot—only eyes and mouth were visible. She fastened the twine securely round her waist. She went outside and passed the ball back through the shutter.

"If I can't find them, I'll have something to guide me back."

Soon after the men started on their return trip, the storm began. They knew that there was no shelter until they reached the "Tickle." Every landmark was blotted out. They had to trust entirely to the dogs. Often the dogs lay down and refused to move. Sometimes after long coaxing they would start again. Men and dogs were alike exhausted when the wind seemed to change. They were no longer facing it. Hope again entered their hearts—when Silvertip, the true and the tried, refused to move and stretched full length on the snow! Dan Willis, his owner, "and just as strong a leader among men as the dog was among dogs," went to see what was wrong. He too fell beside the dog and lay still. The others gave up all hope. Then out of the storm and fast-coming darkness came a voice. Silvertip moved and whined. Again the voice. The dog barked feebly. A form seemed to appear out of the storm, bend over the dog and speak to him. There was a movement among the other dogs. The men who had lain across their loads felt themselves drawn along and pulled into warmth and light.

CHRISTMAS was late at Red Cliff Tickle that year, but—such a Christmas! The like had never been seen there before! The old log schoolhouse, where Lottie had tried since November to teach the children to read, was decorated with evergreen boughs from spruce and fir trees. A big fir tree stood in one corner. Lottie superintended the trimming of the tree. Everything had been put in the hampers—even the candles—toys and articles of clothing for the children. Tables and dishes were brought from the homes, turkey and chicken thawed out and roasted, puddings reboiled, cakes set in a warm place to get the frost out of them.

Every living creature in the settlement came to that feast. The dogs were grouped outside to get the fragments. After the meal, blankets that had been put round the tree, were taken away. For a few moments the children were still with surprise. Then started a din that has always come from happy children—from Adam down to us.

After the tree was stripped and each child had received his or her present, they crowned Lottie queen of the feast, with Silvertip at her feet. Had she not gone out into the storm and saved their daddies—lost within half a mile from home?

Charlotte Fraser attended many a feast since then, lavish feasts, where everything that money and good taste could supply was there. But that Christmas feast was first and best of them all.

In the city south of them there also was great rejoicing. The returned Indian had brought word that the same fishing boat crew that had saved the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser had picked up an Eskimo and his family and Lottie was with them. It was too late to return to Newfoundland. They took her home with them to the "Tickle" where she was safe and well.

Christmas in Siberia

By Cyril A. Brocking

WHATEVER differences of thought and custom may at other times separate the nations of the earth, there is one season when all hearts are united and differences of race and tongue seem for the moment to vanish—the happy season of Christmas good-will. And among those who make merry at this happy time, the sturdy peasants of Serbia, with their wealth of quaint customs, effectively do honor to the season of merriment.

The preparation for the feast begins early on Christmas Eve, when two young men of the household go to the forest to cut the Yule log. Ancient custom has decreed that before they begin to chop down the chosen tree a handful of wheat must first be cast at its trunk with the words: "A happy Christmas day to you." The first chip from the tree must be carefully preserved and carried home.

Not only does the Yule log give cheer during the Christmas festivities but is in itself an important part of the ceremonies of the season. The importance of the hearth as the symbol of family life and affection seems to be uppermost in the attention given to the log during its period of existence. In falling, the tree from which the log is to be cut must fall toward the east; should it fall otherwise it foretells misfortune for the family during the coming year, instead of prosperity. Neither must it fall against another tree; should it do so the family fortunes would meet with a set-back.

The tree felled, it is speedily cut into two or three logs and the homeward journey taken. Its arrival is hailed with glee and the children dance excitedly around as the logs are lifted from the sleigh. The logs are placed against the house; the larger is chosen as the Yule log and is consecrated for this purpose by a cake of unleavened wheat flour being broken upon it by the mother of the family. Until evening it stands outside the house, the children dressing it gaily with garlands and bright festoons in preparation for its triumphal procession to the hearth at eventide.

All day long the preparations for the following day continue, much as they do in our own land. Special cakes, in the shapes of animals, without which no Serbian Christmas is complete, are baked in large numbers, while the menfolk prepare the inevitable pig for roasting, this being the popular Christmas dinner. With the closing of the short wintry day the festivities begin in earnest and the moment the sun sets all prepare to welcome the Yule log. The young man chosen to carry it in receives a new pair of woolen gloves in honor of his task and going out brings the log to the threshold, where the mother meets him, and throws over him a handful of wheat in which the first chip of the tree cut that morning has been kept. Wheat figures very largely in the customs of Christmas-tide and is regarded as a symbol of plenty, a symbolism that we, in the Canadian West, find it not hard to understand. Crossing the threshold the log-bearer cries: "Good evening, may you all have a happy Christmas." The others reply: "May God and the happy and holy Christmas help thee."

The log is placed on the fire, the thicker end protruding outside the hearth. This accomplished, the children prepare for a game peculiar to Christmas eve, and eagerly looked forward to, the game of "Hen and Chickens." With a bundle

of straw in her arms the mother walks through the rooms of the house, scattering handfuls as she goes and uttering sounds like a hen. "Cluck, cluck, cluck," and the children merrily shout in reply: "Cheep, cheep, cheep," as they follow. After the floor is well covered with straw the father scatters walnuts in it, for which the children scramble.

Supper will soon follow, but first must come the prayers for the ensuing year, in accordance with the traditions of Christmas eve. A pot is filled with wheat and a large candle is lighted and stuck in the middle of the wheat. All stand reverently around and the father of the family offers the time-honored petitions, asking that the family may enjoy health and peace, that the harvest may be good and the cattle increase, the milk be abundant and the beehives filled with honey. At the conclusion all bow deeply and say: "May God hear our prayer; may God grant it."

At the supper which follows many dainties are eaten but no meat, and the chairs and tables are not used. Straw is laid on the floor and coarse sacks thrown down; the family sits upon these. This is in remembrance of the straw-filled manger, wherein the Holy Child was laid. Tired though the members of the family may be, on Christmas morning all are astir very early, indeed, in many households the adults do not retire at all. At least one person must remain awake all night, as the Yule log must be kept burning brightly, for the important work of roasting the pig.

Before the first rays of the morning sun have gleamed upon the snowy landscape, the activities are commenced and even as early as four o'clock on Christmas morning the family dinner is placed before the brightly burning fire. As soon as this is done one of the men rushes outside and fires a gun, thus announcing to the neighborhood that the household has commenced the work of making ready the chief meal of the day; indeed, there is much friendly competition among the inhabitants of the country villages to see which family shall be first in making public announcement of "First call for dinner."

Next in importance to the preparation of the dinner is the coming of the "Polaznik," who seems to be a Serbian version of the Scottish "First-foot." No one, not a member of the family is allowed to enter the house until he has come. He is usually a boy of a friendly family, and comes, as he is expected to come, very early, as soon as it is light. Carrying a woolen glove, filled with wheat, he knocks loudly, and as the door is opened, throws the contents of the glove at the family assembled around the fire, saying "Christ is born." "In truth He is born," answers the hostess, and the Polaznik, walking to the hearth, takes a poker and with much force strikes the Yule log, saying as the sparks fly upwards: "May your oxen and your horses, your pigs and your sheep, be as plentiful as the sparks that you now see. May all good luck and happiness be yours." Then kneeling before the hearth, he kisses the end of the log, placing upon it a small coin, as a token of the sincerity of his good wishes. As he rises one of the women offers him a low chair, but ere he can seat himself, it is pulled quickly away, and the Polaznik falls to the floor. By thus striking the floor it is considered

Continued on page 88

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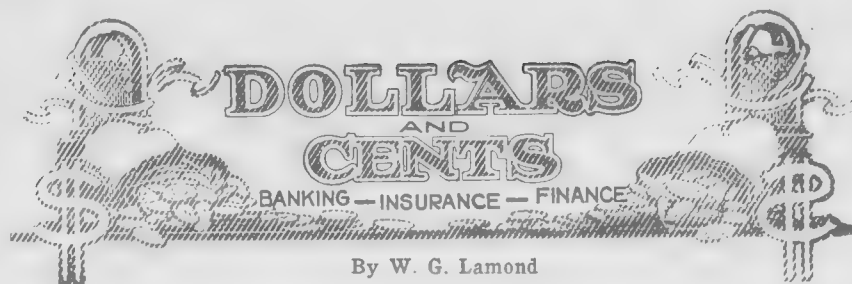
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By W. G. Lamond

Western Development

RECENT investigations throughout the Western Provinces show new and additional developments which are, and will be, important factors in production of new commodities and employment of additional labor, such as the pulp and paper plant in Manitoba, the sugar beet factory in Alberta, tile and pottery plant in Saskatchewan, fish, oil and fish meal and gypsum plants in British Columbia. The Coast Province is distinctly active with its expansion in electric power development, great increase in mineral production, improvement in the lumber and shingle trade, together with a heavy tourist season, and a much larger construction programme, which appears likely to continue for some time. In Alberta the activity in exploration of oil areas, and the many new drilling outfits which have been brought under operation constitute one of the most noticeable factors of the season's work, but the Prairie Provinces generally have been most noticeably influenced by the large increase in butter, cheese and other farm products, which are making inroads into foreign markets, and are contributing very largely to the present improvement in business conditions. Whilst production figures tell the story as a whole, such figures are not capable of expressing the influence on localities which has been brought about by increase in number and variety of products, creating a greater feeling of confidence and which, starting in a number of widely scattered localities, has now spread throughout the whole of the prairies. It is undoubtedly one of the means through which the general improvement in affairs has demonstrated itself, and is one factor contributing to the continuation of improved conditions.

Canadian Cattle

With a view to stimulating the export of Canadian cattle to Great Britain, the Dominion Department of Agriculture has secured the verbal consent of the British Board of Trade to permit the importation of cattle in consignments of 1,100 instead of 500, as at present.

The Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Motherwell, has received a cable from Mr. Wilson, the Canadian representative in Great Britain, announcing that an agreement has been reached conjointly with the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Agriculture, and a firm of shipowners, regarding the interior construction of four-decked cattle ships, four of which are being fitted up.

Since the British embargo has been lifted cattle exportations have been limited to 500 animals a shipload.

Mr. Motherwell is of the opinion that the additional facilities will give exports a marked and immediate impetus. The present arrangements are only experimental, but should large lots arrive in good condition other shipowners will undoubtedly follow the example now set. The chief difficulty is the matter of ventilation.—Reuter.

Lumbering and Mining in Canada

Mineral production records for Canada show a steady growth. Production of metals and non-metals reached a total value of \$90,347,698 as compared with \$84,307,385 in the first half of 1924. The output of gold for the first six months of 1925 was \$14,506,219 as against \$11,810,060 in 1924, and silver 5,601,883 oz. as compared with 5,008,256 oz. for the corresponding period of the previous year. In British Columbia the production of non-ferrous metals, especially lead and zinc, shows a large increase, and at present market prices the total outturn for the first eight months of the year is estimated at \$41,000,000 or only \$7,500,000 short of the total value for the whole of 1924. The coal mining industry, after being

completely disorganized by protracted strikes, is making rapid recovery and a better feeling is in evidence. Export trade in lumber is quiet. The Maritime Provinces find it difficult to obtain satisfactory business against European competition. The Australian market appears to be satisfied, and the demand from Japan has fallen off. There is a steady increase, however, in shipments from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic ports of the United States, and domestic demand is expected to improve with western conditions. In the pulp and paper industry, production and shipments are ahead of last year. The production of newsprint for the eight months ended the 31st August is 988,764 tons as compared with 907,693 tons in 1924.

Building Permits

The value of building permits and contracts entered upon for construction work in Western Canada for the first nine months of the year show an increase of \$3,583,000 over the figures of a year ago, although the figures for the Dominion for the same period are slightly lowered.

Bank Debits

The bank debits at the clearing house centres of Canada as reported to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, were in September \$2,195,900,000, as compared with \$2,090,200,000 in the preceding month. This is an increase of \$105,800,000, or 5 per cent. over August, but if allowance were made for seasonal tendencies according to the experience with bank clearings in the last 10 years, the increase would be reduced to about three per cent. As compared with September, 1924, the bank debits were nearly maintained, the difference in the totals being less than two-tenths of one per cent.

The clearings in September were \$1,332,400,000 as compared with \$1,248,100,000 in August last and \$1,363,700,000 in September, 1924, representing an increase of nearly 7 per cent. and a decline of 2 per cent., respectively, for the comparisons.

Canadian National Railways' Earnings

Both the gross and the net earnings of the Canadian National Railways showed substantial increases during September, 1925, as compared with the corresponding month of 1924, according to official figures. Gross earnings show an increase of \$3,294,804 or 17.06 per cent., while the net earnings increased \$1,792,615 or 83.48 per cent. For the first nine months of 1925 the net earnings of the National System have amounted to \$12,325,763 as against \$6,075,820 in 1924, an increase of 102.87 per cent.

Goodrich Company Reorganized

In pursuance of its policy of developing in Canada a thoroughly Canadian industry, self-contained and distinctive, the Goodrich Rubber Company has decided to operate all its branches in this country under the name "Canadian Goodrich Company, Limited." This is the final step in Canadianizing a great manufacturing concern which had its beginning, in this Dominion, as a branch organization and the new name will embrace both manufacturing and selling departments of the Goodrich business.

There is no intention, for the present, of dropping the Sales Corporations which have been, in the past, separate entities in the Goodrich organization. These will continue to exist in a practical manner but will be co-ordinated in the most complete manner with the manufacturing interests at Kitchener. The simplification of title entailed will be welcome news in trade circles, but the public in general will be interested in this recognition by the Goodrich corporation of the distinct identity as a company of their Canadian industry.

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Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man. Lancaster Bldg., Calgary, Alta.
C.P.R. Bldg., Edmonton, Alta. Canada Bldg., Saskatoon, Sask.
Strand Block, Brandon, Man.



MANY people are under the impression that it is absolutely necessary to have all contracts in writing, and that if the terms of contract be not evidenced in this way, no contract has come into existence. Very often when the history of a deal is being related to a lawyer, one party will make a statement "that the other party agreed to do so and so and that he himself agreed to do so-and-so, but there was no agreement," meaning that there was nothing in writing. The purpose of this article is to set out those outstanding instances where it is necessary that the contract should be in writing. The list is by no means exclusive but only refers to those contracts which are most common in Western Canada.

Any agreement which concerns the sale of land or any interest in land must be in writing. It is sometimes difficult to say just what constitutes "an interest in land." Contracts preliminary to the acquisition of an interest such as an agreement to pay for an investigation for title or to put a house in repair do not fall within this requirement. Contracts surrounding the sale of crops lead to many difficulties. If the sale deals with crops which are produced by cultivation the property in which has to pass after severance from the soil, the contract is a sale of goods, and not of an interest in land, and therefore a writing is not necessary. If the sale is of crops which are not produced by cultivation such as growing grass, timber or fruit upon trees, then before severance it is a sale of an interest in land and the contract must be evidenced by writing; if after severance it is a sale of goods and need not be in writing.

If parties enter into a contract which is to extend for over a year the terms must be set out in some written document. If the contract is for an indefinite time but can be terminated by either party with reasonable notice within the year, the requirement of writing does not apply. If the undertaking of one of the parties cannot be performed, while that of the other might be but is not intended to be performed within the year, the terms must be incorporated in a written instrument.

Writing is also necessary in the following instances: A promise to make a payment of money or a settlement of property in consideration of or conditional upon a marriage taking place; a promise or guarantee of suretyship; any special promise of an executor or administrator whereby he takes upon himself any personal liability in connection with the estate; insurance policies; promissory notes; bills of exchange; lien notes; seed grain liens; all acknowledgments of debts barred by the statute of limitations.

Another important case where writing is required centres around the sale of goods. Each province has enacted legislation under the title of the Sale of Goods Act. These acts usually provide that in the sale of goods over \$50, unless there is an acceptance of part of the goods so sold and an actual receipt of the same, or unless there be something given to bind the bargain or in part payment, there must be a memorandum in writing signed by the purchaser or his agent setting out the terms of the sale and the names of the parties so that they can be sufficiently identified.

In each of the above cases failure to reduce the terms in writing will render the contract unenforceable between the parties; that is to say, if one party fails to perform his part of the contract and is sued by the other party he is entitled to set up a defence that there is no agreement in writing to support the alleged contract. If it is a case where writing is required then such a defence is absolutely valid and offers a complete answer to any demand for performance of the contract or for payment of the money involved. It must be remembered, however, that this defence must be en-

tered in the courts whenever such an action is started and for this reason a lawyer should be at once consulted.

St. Boniface, Man.—Q. Will you please tell me if a woman can get a divorce from an insane husband, what procedure one has to go through, and how long he must be insane to warrant such a proceeding. He is a returned soldier and has been insane six years, also what would the cost be?—Mrs. H.V.B.

A. It is impossible for a wife to obtain a divorce from her husband on the grounds of his insanity. To obtain a divorce misconduct without condonation must be proved. The costs for a divorce action usually run \$250, but the wife is entitled to have the husband pay for her costs.

Regina, Sask. — Q. The landlord has put the bailiff in possession to seize for two months' rent. A is the tenant and has a roomer who pays him by the month. The landlord told the roomer that she must pay him the room-rent and not pay it to A any more. Can the landlord do this and prevent A obtaining payment of the rent?—X.Z.Y.

A. A is the tenant of the landlord and only property of A and his family can be seized by the landlord under distress for rent. Thus only A is entitled to collect the rent from the roomer unless the landlord takes court proceedings and garnishees the room rent.

Arnaud, Man.—Q. Last spring I rented a farm for three years. I did not know then that the farm was mortgaged and the man I rented from was behind in his payment. The crop is very poor this year and I have not got threshed yet and the mortgagee says he is going to foreclose his mortgage unless he gets paid right away. Can the mortgagee do this and will not my lease be good even if he does foreclose?—Tenant.

A. The mortgagee can foreclose whenever the principal or interest is in arrears for one month. You say the mortgage was registered before the lease was given to you so that your lease is thus subject to the mortgage. If the mortgagee forecloses then your lease will also be terminated by the same proceedings. However it is more than likely that the mortgagee will only be too pleased to have the farm occupied and will give you a new lease.

Chilliwack, B.C. — Q. Kindly let me know if anyone can put a judgment against my property for my father's debts.—L.P.

A. Not unless you inherited the property after your father's death, in which case the property inherited from your father would be subject to your father's debts. However, if anyone brings an action against you you must file a defence or otherwise they can obtain judgment by default and register the judgment against your property.

Brandon, Man.—Q. If a person is summoned as a witness at court by a policeman or anyone else can he demand pay for it before going as a witness?

A. Everyone must obey a summons to a criminal court without tender of any fee. However, in civil cases no witness is obliged to attend without first receiving or being tendered conduct money. The amount of the fee varies in the different courts, and also according to the distance to be travelled.

Commercial Failures

Canadian commercial failures for the third quarter of 1925 show a distinct improvement both in number and extent of liabilities. Our foreign trade continues to show a growth that is particularly noteworthy. During September, exports amounted to \$108,497,911—a considerable increase over \$80,960,729 for the corresponding month of last year. This represents a record total for this month since 1920. For the six months of the fiscal year ended September, total exports were \$571,315,340 against \$482,091,954 for the same period last year.

Trust Funds

*"Put not your trust in money,
But put your money in trust."*

Under our care as your Trustee your property can be carefully conserved—funds kept continuously and safely invested—real estate managed and tax returns taken care of. We can thus save you much detail and worry always connected with the management of property.

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This 5-tube, guaranteed, tested, long distance, loud speaker, complete radio outfit is remarkable value at this special Christmas price. Don't be misled by prices that cover the set only, for the equipment is worth as much as the set itself. This complete outfit includes this handsome five tube set, with richly finished panel, measuring 20" long x 9" high, 5 tubes, 100-hour "A" battery, in solid rubber box, 2 largest "B" batteries, loud speaker, head phones, 2 plugs, wiring harness, complete aerial outfit with lightning arrester, and all instructions. Nothing else to buy. Mail your order direct to MACLEOD'S Limited, Winnipeg, for immediate shipment.

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MACLEOD'S LIMITED
WINNIPEG**

IN OUR JANUARY NUMBER

A Gentleman Adventurer

BY LESLIE E. HOWLETT

A Short Story Rich in the Romance and Charm of
Old France

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Everyday Problems

LETTERS of inquiry from young men throughout the country continue to come in; in fact, they are coming so frequently that the editor of this page makes the request that correspondents kindly enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with their letters. It is a pleasure to receive these letters and to be able to help even to a slight degree in solving some of the everyday problems with which the young men of our country are confronted.

City newspapers recently carried an announcement to the effect that a group of young men are arranging a debate which has for its subject:

Resolved, That the young people of fifty years ago possessed more initiative than those of today.

Whatever the outcome of the debate may be, the inquiries directed to this page indicate that the young men are, in large numbers, awake to the need of facing the problems of life. In this connection, the following statement by Major C. K. Newcombe, recently principal of a large Winnipeg high school, is interesting:

"I believe that the young people of today are ready to respond eagerly to right suggestions. They are ambitious, have plenty of capacity for hard work, and should achieve great things under proper direction."

Books in the Home

AN MANITOBA correspondent writes as follows: "Glancing through the *Young Man's Problem* page I notice that you will send a list of desirable books, and I would be very glad if you would send me a copy."

Our correspondent has not indicated the extent of his reading, and he has not given any indication of his tastes, but a letter has been sent to him containing the following titles, with addresses of publication:

The Literature of Letters, by John B. Opdyke.
Choosing your life work, by William Rosengarten.
Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography.
John Halifax, Gentleman, by Mulock.
Guy Mannering, by Sir Walter Scott.
David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens.
The Age of Fable, by Bulfinch.
The Golden Treasury of Poetry, by Palgrave.
Types of the Essay, by Heydrick.
Studying the Short Story, by Esenwein.

During the Canadian winter, many hours might be profitably devoted to reading. Henry Ward Beecher said:

"We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owner perhaps never thinks. If on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets and very plain furniture in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem."

"Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them!"

Choosing Your Life Work

ARTICLE No. 3.

AN SASKATCHEWAN reader writes:

"As I am a close follower of your articles in the W.H.M., and as I am contemplating taking a course in mechanical dentistry, I would be glad if you will let me know what you think of it as an occupation."

In answering this inquiry, we are making it the basis of Article No. 3 of the series "Choosing Your Life Work."

The subject of dentistry as a profession is given considerable space in a new book entitled "Occupations," by Gowin and Wheatley, published by Ginn and Company, 2301-2311, Prairie Avenue, Chicago, cloth bound, and illustrated, 441 pages. It is a book in which scores of occupations are carefully studied and which gives many useful guiding principles in the selection of congenial work. The publishers will be glad to send a descriptive circular upon request.

We quote in part as follows:

"After graduation in dentistry, there are two ways of proceeding: starting for oneself or working as an assistant. In the first case, you have for some time the problem of paying expenses, which is a long struggle for those who have but little financial backing and hard enough for those who have considerable money ahead."

"In working as an assistant, you can generally start at a salary of twenty-five to thirty dollars or more a week, with a commission on all the work you do, and advance to as large a salary and commission as you are able to command by virtue of your speed and the quality of your work. In working as an assistant you are gaining much needed experience both in dentistry and in the management of an office."

"After one has become finally established in his own practice, his earnings will depend on several things: mainly, the quality of his work, his personality, the appearance of his office, and the place where he locates. But a good dentist should be able to make at least three or four thousand dollars a year. The National Dental Association has estimated that two thousand persons should support one dentist, and since there are only about fifteen thousand dentists in the country today (U.S.A.), it is clear that when the public is educated to dentistry—a profession which is as yet in its infancy—there will be need of at least thirty thousand more practitioners."

"The average professional career of a dentist is about thirty years, but this depends on the care he gives himself. The nature of his work demands that he take plenty of outdoor exercise, and as he yields or does not yield to this demand will his period of usefulness be lengthened or shortened. It takes a young dentist about five years to get well started, and then, if he has shown himself to be efficient, his rise is rapid."

"The advantages of dentistry over other professional vocations are few, the remuneration, office hours, and the class of people with whom one comes in contact averaging about the same. But dentistry possesses at least one distinctive advantage; namely, contributing to the education of the public in the care of the mouth, the necessity of proper mastication, correct occlusion of the teeth, and the right way to care for them."

"Its disadvantages lie mostly in the nervous strain to which the practitioner is constantly subjected, the unclean mouths and bad breaths he frequently has before him, and the years it takes to build up a practice. The cost of fitting up a dental office is also a serious item to the average young graduate."

The Young Man and His Bible

ARTICLE No. 3

RECENTLY, I received a letter from a friend in Eastern Canada, in which he makes reference to a group of Bible students with whom he is working as leader. He says in part:

"I have a class of young lads who average about nineteen years of age. I find it hard to interest them so far, because they have little knowledge even of the A B C of Scripture. I must have patience and appeal to them somehow, and it will take a little time and tact to win them round. If you can give any assistance, I would appreciate it very much."

Young men and leaders who are interested in group Bible study work will find it an advantage to establish at their meeting room a small, well selected library of religious works, chosen especially with reference to their bearing upon the lives and work of young men.

In choosing such books for personal or group use, it is well to include at least one comprehensive work of an encyclopaedic or reference nature. This will take care of the numerous questions that are sure to arise in the minds of students or in the class discussions. The W. P. Blessing Company, 208 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, are now distributing at a very low price, a five-volume set entitled "The Biblical Encyclopaedia" by James C. Gray, and Dr. George M. Adams. It contains a four-fold treatment of 31,173 Bible texts. In addition, it presents 30,000 references and annotations, including illuminating and pithy thoughts; 20,000 quotations from Bible commentaries and secular literature of all ages; 10,000 illustrative incidents and facts; 20,000 outlines of Bible texts by many of the great preachers of the world; and 20,000 expositions and analyses—taking up the Bible verses word by word. Mr. W. P. Blessing, the head of the firm, has had much experience in the work of religious education and will give personal attention to Canadian enquiries for a description of this encyclopaedia.

Each volume is separately and thoroughly indexed, so that no delay occurs in looking up any point of inquiry, and each book of the Bible is preceded by an introduction explaining its nature, scope and purpose. The following is an example of the fine quotations that accompany the explanations of the verses:

"I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the sins of the fathers."—Dickens.

Numerous selections from the works of the great poets also help to enrich the meanings of many passages. Here, for instance, is a fine example from Milton:

God gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By His donation; but man over man
He made not lord: such title to Himself
Reserving, human left from human free.

Here, too, is an example of one of the hundreds of illustrative anecdotes:

An old woman who showed the house and pictures at Towcester, expressed herself in these remarkable words:

"That is Sir Robert Farmer: he lived in the country, took care of his estate, built this house and paid for it; managed well, saved money, and died rich. That is his son. He was made a lord, took a place at court, spent his estate, and died a beggar!" A very concise but full account, and fraught with a valuable moral lesson: "He layeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them."

The Language of Advertising

THE Canadian office of Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, 70 Bond St., Toronto, have published a handsome-ly illustrated volume, "The Language of Advertising," by John P. Opdyke, that will prove of much interest and help to young men who think of going into business for themselves, or who are serving others in any business capacity. Advertising has now developed to such an extent that it is a technical study but although this work supplies a lot of technical information, it is also very practical and interesting. The author has examined carefully the advertisements of many of the great corporations of the world, and presents for study scores of illustrations of successful advertisements. He then explains the principles that govern the writing and designing of these advertisements and shows how the reader may apply the ideas in his own business or work.

Among the subjects that are mentioned in the very comprehensive index, may be mentioned the following:

Attention value in advertisements; the origin of the alphabet; attractive headlines; color in advertising; descriptive words; figures of speech; invented words; ornament versus decoration; problems and questions; variety in style; trade marks; truth in advertising; what to read.

The section on reading, as part preparation for the writing of good advertisements, is very helpful. The author says that the final test is this: "The best book for you is the one that wears best under the stress of frequent demands for support and refreshment. The book in need—like a friend—is a book indeed."

Another very useful section is that devoted to questions and problems. These really turn the book into a home study course and enable the young man to work out for himself many of the ideas suggested in the four hundred and ninety-four pages. The publishers will supply details upon inquiry.

A Merry Christmas

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.—Tusser.

Psychology

AN Edmonton reader writes in part as follows:

"I am studying psychology in my spare time, and I would like to know if there is such an institution as a school or college which offers a reliable course by mail in this science, and if they are able to grant degrees in the subject."

Our correspondent has been furnished with the information he requires and has been informed in addition that a university degree may be secured only by attendance at a recognized provincial or state university, and by the completion of courses according to the official regulations.

In this connection, some of our readers may be interested in a brief statement concerning the nature of psychology, which is defined as:

"That knowledge of the mind which we derive from a careful examination of the facts of consciousness."

Today, hundreds of elaborately written books are published on psychology and many courses are offered in the subject by normal schools and universities, but perhaps one of the most interesting and useful contributions to our knowledge is that made by the earlier books in pointing out the three great aspects of mental activity:

1. The Intellect, or power to think.
2. The Sensibilities, or power to feel.
3. The Will, or power to act.

Travelling De Luxe

THE year 1925 marks two important anniversaries, the hundredth of the steam railway, the fortieth of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was not until 1885, when the last spike was driven in the Canadian Pacific, that this great highway became a transcontinental reality, and united Canada's scattered provinces into one great nation.

In the past forty years the Canadian Pacific has grown from a transcontinental highway to the "world's greatest highway," for today its flag floats on palatial steamships plying regularly across both the mighty Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and it is now possible under its management to go from London to Yokohama in 22 days.

Today finds the words "Canadian Pacific" over the door of its offices in all foreign countries. "Service" has always been the watchword of this great organization, as is clearly demonstrated in the fine service now offered to Old Country Christmas travellers, who may board their train at Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Regina, Brandon or Winnipeg, and travel to the Old Land with but one transfer, "train to boat," at West Saint John, the winter port of the Canadian Pacific steamers.

A particularly fine service is also being offered to Eastern Canada excursionists, for through sleeping cars are being operated from many western points, thus enabling travellers to go to Toronto or Montreal without change of cars.

The special winter trips organized by this company a few years ago met with instant favor, and this is not surprising, as people are more and more coming to appreciate the great convenience of the modern apartment house, where all responsibilities are carried by the management, and family life is conducted with none of the cares of maintaining a private house.

And so it is with travel. People of means, some of whom have private yachts, prefer to go cruising in the big ocean liners, where all the cares and worries are on the shoulders of an efficient organization, and the traveller is left free to indulge in the pleasures of cruising.

Cruising has truly become an institution of present-day life.

There may arise in the minds of those seriously considering going round the world the question, "Should we join a cruise or travel independently, making our own arrangements from port to port?"

While the Canadian Pacific has excellent facilities for independent travel round the world, there are so many attractive features about a cruise that it is easy to decide. Every detail for your comfort and entertainment is arranged months in advance by experts who know every angle of cruising.

From the moment you go aboard, the boat is your home for the entire trip. You can put your clothes away in your stateroom and send your empty trunks to the baggage room. There is no continual packing and unpacking on a cruise—just the few articles required for the excursions on shore.

There are no hotel or train reservations for you to worry about, as everything has been attended to.

India is a striking example of the advantages of cruising, for there the railways provide only a place to sleep—bedding, towels, soap, etc., being supplied by the passenger. Our cruise guests not only have these requisites provided for them by the Canadian Pacific, but they have a corps of native servants with them throughout India who render every assistance, both while travelling and at hotels, where there are no such modern conveniences as telephones, push buttons and bell boys.

You also avoid the discomforts of having to travel on small local steamers, to say nothing of the delays frequently experienced as a result of their uncertain departures.

The arrangements for sight-seeing in high class motor cars are ideal and you are not at the mercy of unscrupulous drivers. Furthermore, you see everything that is worth seeing and no time is wasted on unimportant places.

Continued on page 78



One Chrysler Drive Makes Other Motoring Dull and Tiresome



CHRYSLER SIX—Phaeton, \$1860; Coach, \$1941; Roadster, \$2270; Sedan, \$2275; Royal Coupe, \$2410; Brougham, \$2505; Imperial, \$2691; Crown Imperial, \$2825.

CHRYSLER FOUR—Touring Car, \$1240; Club Coupe, \$1385; Coach, \$1460; Sedan, \$1535. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes on all Chrysler Four models at slight extra cost. All prices f. o. b. Windsor, tax extra.

Bolt's by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

Nothing so surely emphasizes the vast difference between ordinary motor cars and the Chrysler Six as the new delight you, yourself, feel the first time you drive a Chrysler.

Then you realize, indeed, how tired you are of sluggish, unwieldy cars. You find in Chrysler's eager swiftness, magical ease of handling, velvety roadability and riding comfort, a thrill found in no other car.

Seventy miles plus with silky smoothness; a flashing pick-up with absolute security; amazing economy; responsiveness to women's most delicate touch; restful driving and unmatched riding comfort—these are the results of inherent fineness of Chrysler quality design, materials and craftsmanship that give to Chrysler motoring this new and unequaled delight which we invite you to experience.

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to place a Chrysler Six at your disposal. You set the terms for the test—you drive the car, as far and as fast as you choose.

CHRYSLER SIX

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Walter P. Chrysler, Chairman of the Board

THE CLOSING YEAR

With this issue, The Western Home Monthly completes the twenty-sixth year of its existence. It has been, in many respects, the best year in its history. Its readers have increased my many thousands, and the volume of advertising that has come to it from all parts of this continent as well as from the Old Land, has greatly increased over past years.

For all of this, the Publishers express their sincere gratitude, but the most welcome news that comes to us, and as a matter of fact, that every mail brings to us, is that the Monthly has at all times served the western field well and faithfully. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of our first subscribers still with us, who tell us this, and rejoice heartily at the progress that has been made.

The aim from the beginning was to serve the western field with an intelligent and an intimate knowledge of its requirements. With increased facilities, the achievements of 1925 will not only be sustained, but we trust, greatly enhanced in the coming months. To have given a wholesome magazine service to Western Canada for over a quarter of a century, considering all the trials and changes incidental to the publishing business, is a comforting and encouraging reflection.

The function of a magazine, as we understand it, is to instruct, inform and entertain, and if, as we are told, our publication has succeeded in doing that, it has fulfilled a big place.

To every reader of the magazine, we extend the most sincere wishes for 1926, with the hope that to them, it will be a year full of joy and happiness, as well as a goodly share of material prosperity.

The Child I Used To Be

Continued from page 10

of that ecstatic music as rendered by the village band—the music in which the whole gamut of emotion had been epitomized for me. It may be, after all, that he was not so savage but only used his pencil as a baton. One likes to think this was the way of it.

It must be remembered too that when you sing or play, the audience can stare at you and still be polite. I found this out on one occasion when, at ten years of age, I sang in the Temperance Hall at a Sunday School concert. My selection was "The Meeting of the Waters," a song singularly inapt for so young a child. Still, I did fairly well during the first stanza, and might so have continued to the end had not Christopher Cook, the rich and gallant bachelor of the village, stood to his feet and gazed at me directly. No! I wasn't frightened but, in wondering why he looked at me, and why he didn't sit down, I forgot my song and subsided into the nearest chair, much to the mortification of my teacher, but probably to the entire satisfaction of the audience.

ONE of the most notable episodes in the life of any child is its first acquaintanceship with death. Back of all the shifting scenes, this experience stands unique and unforgettable. When Lillian Carson, my little playmate died, it was not her close-shut eyes, the pallor of her skin, or the coldness of her hands that stirred my being most. Rather it was the quietness and mystery of it all—the inexplicable oversight of God in failing to supply her with breath so that she might "come alive." So small and lovely she looked, it seemed as though she had never lived at all.

Since then, I am no further versed in the mystery, except that all of us dread and curse this "King of Terrors," although his victims are elsewhere spoken of as being "the blessed"—this inexorable, incorruptible being who

"Lays two fingers on the eyes,
Two on the ears, one on the mouth, and silent cries:
'Be ever still!'"

Aye! Aye! This little lovely girl was only "a piece of childhood thrown away....the sweet beginning of a tale untold."

Almost any mother can tell you this. And there was Barney, the old servitor, upon whose shoulders I used to ride a "pick-a-back." He had died suddenly of a Sunday morning before the priest could be summoned to anoint his hands and feet with the holy oil. I heard them talk of this, and of how he had "given up the ghost," whatever that meant. Maybe I would not have remembered the event, for I was very, very young, had it not been for the candles that burned at his head and feet, the cross on his breast and his folded hands.

And "Granny," who was cook, and ever had comfortable words for young enquirers, allayed my fears by declaring how the sacred oil which shrived from sin, could make no difference at all to Old Barney—not in the least—for she was sure the Lady Mary who was the Virgin, would give to him "an abundant entrance."

And these things have also remained as mysteries to me, even until now—the cross, the flame, the Virgin, the sacred oil, the folded hands, "the ghost," "the entrance." Who knows about them anyway?

Every woman should be able to tell the books that impressed her most during the formative years of her life, but I am unable to do so, unless the fact that certain books stand out more clearly than others. One of these was a volume entitled Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" from which I learned with horror of the power of life and death that is given into human hands. Also, in spite of my young intelligence, I learned that justice and judgment might be antithetical, and that something was awfully wrong with the world. This must have been when I started my career as a reformer but, maybe, it wasn't either, for, even then I was filled with naughtiness and deliberately read books that had been forbidden by my father, a man of immense determination and one in no wise open to the influence of sugar.

Novels were not fit reading for children, and we were to be "scalped" if we read them. It was trying to have a near relative with such views, and it was not to be wondered at that I decided to read just the beginning and end of "The Children of the Abbey," "Ivanhoe" and "The Scottish Heroes," merely to see what novels were like.

It was a terrible fall though for, presently I was reading all about "Alkali Ike," "Three-fingered Bob" and other entrancing heroes whose remarkable adventures might be followed in a full serial known as "The Dime Novels." Those were my wickedest days, or rather the ones in which I realized my iniquity with the most keenness. Vice, so to say, was "in full feather."

Of course there was risk in this. My father, sudden and sardonic, might descend upon the wood-pile where we made our cave and drag me forth to infamy. Still, there was my young brother—now a Supreme Court Judge, with high ideals for children—who used to stay on guard and warn me of the approach of the enemy with a soft tentative whistle like a young

blackbird trying its notes....Then, it would be my turn to watch and whistle. Ah, well! They say in India—and the Lord grant it to be true—that sin without detection is sin dissolved.

IT was a momentous day in my life when I left home to attend the Bishop Strachan School in Toronto. Sally Lee had been sewing for weeks that I might make a creditable appearance.

This woman sewed at our house for months at a time in that my mother was always an indifferent needlewoman, having no love for the art, a peculiarity that has been reproduced in her daughter.

I used to wonder how Sally managed to hold so many pins in her mouth without ever swallowing one. Indeed, I was quite nervous about this, especially when she talked. If she were not still alive, I would be obliged to declare that she must have swallowed many pins in her time.

She was also painfully lame on her left foot, this seamstress, and walked by the aid of a crutch. Still, she was never heard to complain of the treadle of the machine, or that she was even tired.

It must have been that she was so handsomely paid, for a seamstress of the day—that is to say, she received \$3.50 per week and her board, with hours from nine to nine.

However, it was held locally that my mother had "spoiled" Sally by sending her tea and cakes to the machine of afternoons, and of even treating her to hot toddy of Saturday evenings in the winter when Sally was driven to her mother's farm some several miles away. Who ever heard of giving cherry punch to a sewing woman who could earn so much as \$3.50 a week? The very idea!

It was a wretched life Sally had with all of us youngsters—I remember that—for each of us evaded the fitting as we would a whipping and, when fairly caught, balked and fidgeted like restive colts.

Good, patient Sally Lee! She it is who could truly write this story, for did she not "shorten" me when I was a baby; cut out and sew my school dresses; stitch my confirmation and wedding veils, and make my first baby's layette. I have the christening robe yet with its several hundred tucks, all the work of her wonderfully fluent fingers. It is a pity that the workers of the world are nearly always inarticulate. Indeed, all the seamstresses of history have been strangely silent concerning the thoughts they sewed into their tucks, gussets and long, long seams, for you will remember it was a man who wrote "The Song of the Shirt" and a man—even Job—who said: "I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin."

Before going to school in Toronto, I had been previously with my mother when I was seven years of age, on which occasion we stopped with my grandfather, Lt.-Colonel Ogle Robert Gowan, who was the Federal member for Leeds and Grenville.

My grandfather came from an Irish family of soldiers and jurists, their family estate being Mount Nebo, Wexford, while my grandmother, Frances Colcleugh-Turner, was a member of the ancient and honorable family of Sir Thomas Colcleugh, Knight of Tintern Abbey.

In acquainting you with these facts of primogeniture, give me leave to quote the precedent of George Borrow in *Lavengro*. "I mention these particulars," says this incomparable chronicler in referring to his parentage, "that the reader may see at once that I am not altogether of low and plebeian origin; the present age is highly aristocratic, and I am convinced the public will read my pages with more zest from being told that I am a *gentillatre* by birth with Cornish blood in my veins, of a family who lived on their property at a place bearing a Celtic name signifying 'the house on the hill.'"

On the occasion in which I visited my grandfather's home, I had my photograph taken, a picture which shows me to have been a grave-faced child with a mop of heavy hair, and holding a book in my hand. The picture in the book was that of a young fawn seriously enmeshed in fallen timber, which probably accounts for the gravity of my expression.

I had many pictures taken after that, in groups or alone, and one that was taken with my sweetheart.

Ah yes! I always was interested in some one or other, and often felt woefully naughty when my mother reprimanded me, therefore, but still not inconso- lably so, just as if I had eaten all of the jam tarts.

There was a boy in the printing office—the editor's young son—who used to send me valentines to represent bunches of distressingly gay posies slit into lattice-like meshes. In the centre would be a heart or a rose with a string attached which, when pulled, would lift the whole confection into a cone of lacy strands, exhibiting further scenes and sentiments concealed in its wondrous depths.

But, alas! one evening after school he drew my Cousin Alice home on his sled instead of me, and after that we did not speak. Well, hardly that, for he would call "style," or "sight" whenever I appeared on the street in a new pinafore or hat. Indeed, my ertwhile lover threw a stone at me once and cut my forehead, the scar of which I have carried ever since.

Maybe it is true, what some poet said: "the cards are stacked when you play with men."

Having said this, pray give me leave to contradict myself. There was this sweetheart with whom I had my picture taken—the very tall one with fair hair who said he was going to marry me when I grew up. He was a student at the university and I was fifteen or thereabout. There was nothing "stacked" in the game he played. Absolutely nothing.

Of Saturday afternoons, one of my four brothers who were then at Upper Canada College, would call and take me out, promptly transferring me to the custody of this young divinity student whom I shamelessly mulcted for teas, chocolate eclairs, rides on iceboats, sail boats or any kind of a boat. He brought me valentines, too, and books of poetry in which he wrote things in Latin or Hebrew so that my schoolmates might not read them, but which he accurately translated for me.

Did I marry him when I grew up? Of course I did, although I had never really intended to.

Since then, I have lived so much, and have been so happy, the possibilities of a future life have never disturbed my days. It would be asking too much of the Deity to expect another period like it. Truly it would.

A Christmas Prayer

By J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

© God, the Father of all men, in Whose grace all our light is born, and in Whose love is the fountain of our festivity, mercifully lead me into the holy secret of Christmastide, and take me into the innermost room of its holy joy. Forbid that I should remain in the outer courts, dwelling amid its merely carnal pleasures, satisfied with the merriment that dies with the day, and contented with the happiness that passes with the fading flower and the withering leaf. Bring me into the eternal things of this blessed season, the things that abide, the love that manifests itself in unfailing good will, and the joy that rings Christmas bells all the year round. Let me draw water out of the wells of salvation, and let the joy of the Lord be my strength.

Graciously give unto me the joy of perfect reconciliation with Thy will. May every disorderly power in my soul be subdued to willing obedience. Create in me the music of harmonious fellowship so that all my powers may be as a united orchestra to praise and bless Thy holy name.

And mercifully give unto me the joy of spiritual liberty. Let Thy statutes become my songs. Take the reluctance out of my service and the frown out of my obedience. Let me not be in Thy house in the spirit of a bond-slave, but rather in the spirit of a son, finding springs of comfort in Thy presence, and esteeming Thy desire as my delight.

© God give unto me the holy joy of human sympathy. Recreate the chords that have become insensitive to my brother's joys and griefs. If the harp is broken graciously remake it out of the fullness of Thy love. Save me from the death of selfishness. When Christmastime is over suffer me not to die again into moral benumbment, untroubled by my brother's sighs and uncheered by my brother's songs. Unite me to my fellow with tender kinship, and let me be partaker of his triumphs and defeats.

And graciously impart unto me the joy of a glorious hope. Let my horizon shine with most alluring light. May the Christmas star always go before me, leading me to ever-deepening revelations of the Lord, and giving me fresh surprises of Heavenly grace and love.

Kindle Thou the Christmas fire of holy love. Light the lamps of Christmas gentility and goodwill. Hallow and glorify my Lord's birthday with Thy presence, and crown it with unsullied joy and peace. Amen.

—Courtesy of The Ladies Home Journal.

I'll Pay You Cash!

for Your Spare Hours at Home

HOW would you like to have a steady income of your very own? How would you like to earn some extra money without leaving your home—without neglecting your other duties?

I would like to add your name to my payroll. Will you sell me your spare time? Those hours and half-hours that might otherwise be wasted—do you want to turn them into dollars?

I will pay you for every hour of your time that you can spare. Work when you like and as much as you like. A few minutes now, a few minutes again—and a full hour is totalled. Your pay cheques will come to you regularly, their size depending entirely upon how much time you can devote to the work.

Thousands of men and women are earning money this way. Men and women who could not in any way consider a canvassing or selling proposition.

I Enter Into a Contract With You

The plan, briefly, is this: In the quiet privacy of your own home you knit wool socks for me with the Auto Knitter—a wonderful hand operated machine that knits a pair of socks in half an hour. I pay you cash for the knitting—so much a pair—and I keep you supplied, free of charge, with the yarn that you use. And in order that your pay cheque will be clear profit, I pay the Express or Postal charges on the work you send in, also on the free yarn which I return to you. There is no limit to the quantities you may knit because I have immediate sale for every pair that I can possibly get.

Four Years With Me



I have worked for the Auto Knitter Company for over four years and I must say that they have used me right. My wage cheque and new yarn is always promptly sent.

Mrs. K. Corbet, Ont.

Experience Unnecessary

"I am only fourteen years of age and go to school. After school I knit a dozen pairs of socks which I sell at a profit of \$3.00." This from Teddy Althenhoven, whose home is in British Columbia.

Mr. S. Robinson, an old gentleman who lives in Ontario, writes: "Being over eighty years old and my eyesight not so good, I made a few mistakes at first. But now I knit a pair of socks in thirty minutes."

Here you have a young boy, and a man of eighty, knitting their spare time into dollars. When they started they knew nothing about knitting. They learned from the simple instructions that are sent with each machine. Previous experience is not at all necessary.

Earns on an Average \$50.00 a Month

"I have a business worked up now that I would not have thought possible twelve months ago," writes Mrs. W. G. Rogers, of Ontario, who is one of my enthusiastic workers. "My private trade alone amounts to an average of \$50.00 a month." And Mrs. Rogers is a busy housewife with three young children, yet she finds time to earn extra money with her Auto Knitter.

Mrs. Hearn Makes \$45.00 a Month

How pleased Mrs. Wesley Hearn of Saskatchewan must be that she took up this work some years ago! Here is part of an interesting letter from her: "I am the mother of five children and do not get much time to knit. But I have made as much as \$45.00 a month besides doing all of my housework."

A Big Earner at 71

"I am 71 years of age," writes Mr. Treadwell of Saskatchewan. "and I can heartily recommend the Auto Knitter to anyone requiring a sure money maker and comfortable work. Like many other elderly people, I wanted to be self-supporting and at the same time engaged in light work. I work when I like and as long as I like. I have made approximately three thousand dollars since starting."

Likes The Privacy

"I can make more than enough to keep me well dressed and get many little extras for the home," writes Mrs. R. Follick of Manitoba. "And what I like is the privacy of the work—not even my neighbors know that I earn money this way. I am sure of my pay cheque the whole year round, because the Company take all of the socks that I knit."



T. W. CHADBURN,
President,
The Auto Knitter Hosiery
Company, Limited.

THE great success of the Auto Knitter business is based upon co-operation. I need men and women to knit socks for me, and they need me to supply the machines and buy the finished work. It is a business of mutual help.

The soundness of the business is proven by its ten years of success. The demand for Auto Knit socks is greater today than ever before.

Beautiful Booklet Free

I would like to send you a copy of my booklet—How to Make Money at Home. It tells the complete story. I would like you to have a copy. I would particularly like you to know how very little it costs to start in this profitable business. Really a business of your own. Don't hesitate. You owe it to yourself at least to find out about this plan which makes your spare time so valuable. Clip and mail the coupon to me NOW.

T. W. Chadburn, President, Dep. 7312,
The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Limited,
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Mr. Chadburn:

Please send me particulars about making money in spare time at home. I understand that this does not obligate me in the slightest way.

Name.....

Address.....

Western Home Monthly, December 1, 1925.



Half the World is
Half Asleep

It is terrible to feel all dragged out — to live from one day to the next in a constant state of weariness. Yet thousands do, because constipation is destroying their energy—even their interest in life. Only Kellogg's ALL-BRAN brings sure and safe relief from this disease.

"Nothing seemed to interest her"

By the end of the second act she wished she were home in bed. She was tired — always tired. That fact showed in her face. And "she" may be multiplied by tens of thousands of

women in America. For it was the world's most universal disease that was sapping her strength and killing her interest. . . . It is good to know that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN has brought permanent relief to thousands of sufferers from constipation.

When ALL-BRAN travels through the system, its fiber remains unchanged. Therefore, it can sweep the intestine clean. It can absorb and carry moisture through the intestinal tract and stimulate it to natural, healthy action. ALL-BRAN is what doctors call a bulk food.

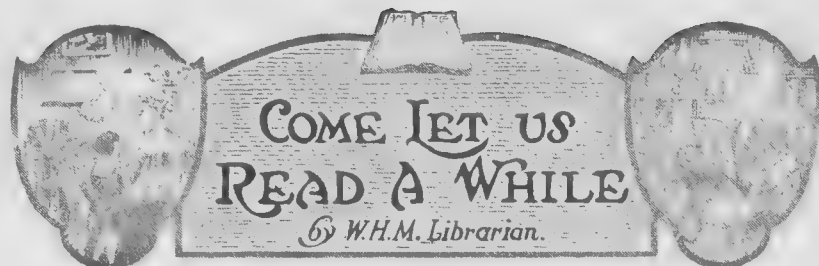
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is delightful with milk or cream, sprinkled over other cereals; cooked with hot cereals; in soups, or made into the many recipes given on every package. If eaten regularly, it is guaranteed to bring permanent relief or the grocer returns the purchase price. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases, with every meal.

Be sure to get Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Only ALL-BRAN brings sure results. You can see that a part-bran product can, at best, be put partially effective. It may not be effective at all.

Kellogg's is the original and only ALL-BRAN. Doctors recommend it. Accept no other if you would be sure. All grocers sell it. Leading hotels and restaurants serve it. Buy a package today.

The original ALL-BRAN—ready-to-eat.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN



NO sooner had I finished reading "Daphne Bruno" (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto), than I had the pleasure of hearing its author, Ernest Raymond, deliver a lecture on "The Craftsmanship of the Novel." It was more an expression of faith than a lecture. Raymond is so tremendously earnest; so imbued with fine ideals; so anxious to share them with others. While I listened to him, I thought of Sim, the hero of A. S. M. Hutchinson's latest novel. Like Sim, Ernest Raymond has "one increasing purpose"—to write truly and beautifully of the truth and beauty in life. Certain things that he said have stuck fast in my memory. For instance: that Bernard Shaw had given rise to a school of novelists who used too much head and too little heart. That through the influence of Bernard Shaw, literature had been sucked dry of precious emotionalism. He begged his audience, mainly young aspirants to literary fame, to serve a long and intimate apprenticeship to Poetry. He deems it essential that the author who would write fine, living, lasting prose must know the works of the immortal poets. For, as he pointed out, the poet must use the inevitable word, must condense, must give free rein to imagination, and permit emotionalism full sway.

He spoke of Charles Dickens. He asked us to consider why certain novels of Dickens lived forever, despite the mass of moribund matter they contained. He said it was because of one particular character in each novel that, like "a cork" kept the story afloat, when much of it, moribund, had sunk to the depths of oblivion.

How could the world, he asked, dispense with Micawber, or Mrs. Micawber? They were "corks." Turning from Dickens to Thackeray, the speaker mentioned Becky Sharpe, the unforgettable. This simile of a character so well drawn, so forcibly impressed upon the reader that it behaved like a cork to the story that otherwise might sink, was new to me. It impressed me by its aptness.

I thought of the lecturer's own novel, his latest, "Daphne Bruno." Clearly, Daphne's father, T. Tenter Bruno, is a "cork." I may soon forget Daphne, she is just girl, but T. Tenter Bruno, her father, will keep this novel afloat on the seas of memory. Of this I am quite sure.

To dismiss Daphne as "just girl," sounds perhaps unfair, especially in light of the fact that the author has named his novel after her. But to disparage Daphne is not to make light of the clever portrayal the author has given us of her. Daphne Bruno is a detailed, penetrating study of the character of a girl from birth to motherhood. That there is nothing exceptional about this girl makes Mr. Raymond's task all the more commendable. It must, I think, be a delight for Mr. Locke, for instance, to describe his characters; they are so extraordinarily amazing and lovable. But it required, I am sure, great devotion and artistic restraint on Mr. Raymond's part to be true to Daphne, report her as she really was and not add to her virtues nor lessen her faults in order to attract the heart of the public. But as for Daphne's father, T. Tenter Bruno, he is unforgettable, and inimitable. The intellectual egoist; the dreamer afraid to face life's realities; the wrapped-up-in-self man who is too selfish to even try to pose as a devoted father. And yet—he does have his moments of tenderness; his seconds of paternal stirrings when he feels his responsibilities. It is easy enough to win sympathy for the childless Silas Marner type of man, ministering to a lost child. A difficult task, surely, to show us a father, frankly unpaternal, except in imagination, and to win for him sympathy, a certain admiration, and a most flattering irritation. This Mr. Raymond has done with T. Tenter Bruno. The name, which I love repeating, is Wellsian in its flavor. The Cynic might say that

it damns a novel to call it a book for the family. But as I do not agree with the Cynic, I come out boldly with the statement that "Daphne Bruno" is a novel an entire family can delight in. It will appeal to the menfolk as much as to the womenfolk, as a well-told story of interesting people, with evidence of much insight into human nature, both adult and adolescent.

Sussex Gorse

DURING his lecture, to which I have just referred, Ernest Raymond spoke of "The Last of the House of Allard" as bad art because the plot had, like a spider's web, entangled the characters and eaten them up. But he mentioned another of Sheila Kaye Smith's novels as an example of perfection in form. This was "Sussex Gorse," which I at once borrowed and read. What a mighty piece of work—an epic. The story of a man's fight to subdue the earth to his will. A relentless battle between man and the forces of nature. At Boarzell "maun would grow but gorse." But Reuben said:

"I'll have good grain growing there in five years, don't you go doubting it."

And then the fight begins. Reuben's brother is the first victim. Blind and imbecile, he lives at Odian Farm as a background to the stage in which Reuben, blinded with ambition, crazed with obsession, carries on the fight. This Harry, once called "the Beautiful," maimed through the blasting of trees on fierce Boarzell is, in his blindness and imbecility, a gruesome allegory for those who can, to read. But one only has the wit, "a liddle stick of a woman" who spurned Reuben's love because she would be first, and not second, to Boarzell.

One of the weapons Reuben employs in his fight against Nature, is the frail, weak-minded Naomi. There must be many boys to help in the work as more and more of Boarzell falls beneath his cultivation. When there are seven children, Naomi dies. It is the only means she has of escaping Reuben's tyranny. But Boarzell continues to be his to beat into submission; to bring forth golden grain. One by one his sons fail him. His daughters leave him; his second wife elopes.

Now is Reuben eighty—no wife, no children, no friends, but, out of "a small obscure farm, barely sixty acres, he had raised up this splendid dominion and he had tamed the roughest, toughest, fiercest, cruellest piece of ground in Sussex, the beast of Boarzell."

Feel no pity for Reuben though he die alone. Hear him mutter to himself as you close this magnificent novel:

"I've lived so close to the earth all my days, I reckon I shan't be afraid to lie in it at last."

Father and Daughter

HAVING finished reading about Daphne Bruno and her father, I turned to Mr. Wells' account of "Christina Alberta's Father," this being the title of his latest novel. Let me say at the outset, that lovers of the old-time Wells, the Wells before he used the medium of the novel to flood the world with tracts on religion, psycho-analysis, etc., may rejoice. For, in "Christina Alberta's Father" we meet a dear little man, Mr. Preemby, who will take a seat in our hearts alongside of Kipps. It's true that even in this delightful novel we are forced to listen to Mr. Wells hold forth on Asylums; and we have to read long pages of Dreams such as psycho-analysts delight in, but I've known people to skip some of these bits and thoroughly enjoy Mr. Preemby's delightful philosophies, and to revel in Christina Alberta's modernity. If Mr. Preemby stands for all that is most lovable in Wells' oldtime art, Christina Alberta is symbolic of the type of girl one meets today; the girl born of that sturdy, industrious class with which this author has close affinity brought up in a conventionally "respectable" home, but who finds an extreme form of

emancipation through her mental ability to pass from school into the London University and there to come under the influence of minds that complete her modern attitude to life. There is, it seems to me, one flaw, to explain which I must divulge a secret (a form of reviewing I usually guard against). But after all it is not much of a secret because you, good reader, will have discovered it, in one of the very early chapters. For early in the story Wells most delicately implies that dear little Mr. Preemby is not Alberta's daddy, though neither is aware of this fact. Now, I maintain, that Christina Alberta is not so much the symbol of the Modern Girl as she is the product of a mediocre mother and a man of intellect and character who should have called her daughter in place of Mr. Preemby. Once or twice, something Christina Alberta said or did irritated me, because I felt that the daughter of laundry folk, however estimable, would not have thought and acted thus. Then I remembered a short sentence, after Alberta's birth. The father, dear little Mr. Preemby, is permitted to gaze at his first offspring. He thought her ugly and reminiscent of someone he didn't like. Her nose was too big. So was the nose of a young man who had once been his rival. Now, this is surely not a fair way to present a girl symbolizing The Modern Young Person. I mean, even nowadays, the majority of girls are in possession of their rightful fathers. But, I hear it exclaimed, Wells is not drawing a picture of The Modern Girl, but of one girl in particular, Christina Alberta, daughter of a woman who inherited her father's steam laundry and his love for it, and of a man who knew not of Christina Alberta's existence until he was called upon to help little Mr. Preemby. But this you must read for yourself.

I cannot restrain myself from thanking H. G. Wells for his tender treatment of Mr. Preemby. Had he learnt before his death that Christina Alberta, whose love was his brightest possession, was not his daughter—but there, H. G. Wells is too great an artist to have inflicted such anguish upon his readers.

More Fathers and Sons!

ACTUALLY, since telling you about Christina Alberta's father, I have read another novel, at one sitting, dealing with parentage from a different angle. I refer to John North's highly amusing, clever, and satirical novel called "Girl Or Boy" (London, Jarrolds). Strangely enough there is a dear little Mr. Preemby in this novel, too. Only he is called Mr. Crump. Like Mr. Preemby, he developed from a quiet, ineffectual mouse of man into a figure of national importance. Mr. North, like Mr. Wells, has drawn his character so successfully that it would be a hard public indeed that would not take Mr. Crump along with Mr. Preemby to its capacious heart. Mr. Crump is also under a misapprehension as to his progeny. But whereas Christina Alberta does exist in the flesh, though not as the daughter Preemby believes her to be, Mr. Crump awaits the birth of his and Annette's child, who is still in Maeterlinck's land of imagination. But here the points in common between these two novels cease. Mr. Crump is no dreamer, the victim of delusion, believing himself to be, as dear little Mr. Preemby did, lord of lords. He is under no delusion at all. He knows himself to be a colossal fraud, deluding the public, through the power of advertisements, into believing that he has the secret of the determination of sex at will. Beneath the farcical character of this story, is a strain of truth, and an insight into advertising methods, crowd psychology, and fraudulent money-making that makes one pause to think.

"He's Like Pandolfo"

"HE'S like The Great Pandolfo," I heard a man remark the other day of Dr. Wilfrid Streeter. It was not the comparison which arrested my attention—because, as a matter of fact, it was a poor one—but it seemed to me such a remarkable tribute to a novelist that a week or two after he has introduced a new fiction character to his public, people are speaking of this fictitious character as if he were one of London's oldest inhabitants, using his name with familiarity, paying a living man the compliment of being the counterpart of Locke's newest creation! It was an Australian journalist who had uttered this fantastic thought, that Dr. Wilfrid Streeter was like The Great Pandolfo. We were

standing side by side among a hundred other press men watching this American doctor of osteopathy restore, by manipulative surgery, the hearing of an Indian medical student who was soon to sit for the examinations prescribed by English universities!

"Not a bit," I said to my Australian companion, but somehow my imagination had caught fire from the spark of humor that had illumined the remark. As I watched Dr. Streeter stepping back, six inches, two feet, four, six, fifteen, always making himself distinctly heard by this one-time deaf student, I thought how the Great Pandolfo would have carried off this triumph. How he would have swaggered, not modestly retired, down the avenue of press men; how he would have flourished his hands about, and roared out in his reverberating way: "See what the Great Pandolfo has done!" But, Dr. Streeter said nothing—just permitted a tiny smile of triumph to light up an habitual sombreness of expression. Pandolfo indeed, with his new metal, his Paulinium with which he was going to alter the fabric of civilization. Pandolfo always endeavoring to catch the ear of the public. Ear! There I was again, back to Dr. Streeter, whose free clinic, in London, is the daily rendezvous of hundreds of people daily; people who enter with faces indicating the despair of the deaf. But many of whom leave with just such a look of gratitude as was always to be discerned in the eyes of Pandolfo's secretary. For the Great Pandolfo had mended his wrecked life. You must read Locke's newest novel, "The Great Pandolfo" (John Lane The Bodley Head). Locke has lost none of his cunning to conceive of a character unlike anything or anybody we have ever met; to make us consign our hearts to this hero; to make us feel that he is no fiction character, but is walking the main thoroughfares of the world.

Mysticism and Music

MY thanks are due to Mr. Eayres of the Canadian house of Macmillan for sending me a copy of "The Sea Wall" by Lyon Sharman. Mrs. Livesay had written to me about this new poetic publication and I was keen to read it. I had recollections of the author both from tea-times at the Winnipeg Women's Press Club, and at a fleeting but enjoyable visit I was able to pay her once in Chicago. Always in Mrs. Sharman's presence I had felt the atmosphere of mysticism, and when in later years I had tried to reconstruct from memory a picture of her, I found myself thinking of rich brocades and jade; of very telling silences; of eyes more contemplative than one usually finds in the hustling, bustling West. Therefore I was not surprised to read in the forefront of a dainty volume in a most attractive jade green cover, this verse:

"A part of me is bound to China's spell:
Throwing her magic round me at my birth.

She captured me with my first sight of earth
Though these may seem exotic tales I tell.

It is not an alien beauty that I give,
But a colored mist, at the heart of which I live."

This is not a book to hurry through; haste and the East are strangers. I have looked at all the charming, characteristic, decorative work drawn by Mrs. Sharman herself. I have read the poem describing the wicked dragon who shoreward rides on autumn tides. I have watched him destroy the sea wall, flood the farmers' acres, and spoil the Prince's trees. Then I fell a-dreaming of another, a gentle, lovable dragon. The Lavender Dragon, to wit: described by Eden Philpotts. Most courteous of hosts was the Lavender Dragon, as the House of Macmillan will remember, and a teacher of philosophy whom our modern civilization might well honor and obey. Out of this day-dream, I turned to another section of Lyon Sharman's book and found "The Bead Shop," so irresistible that I had to read it aloud to the first pair of ears that would stop to listen. Luckily they belonged to one whose ears have long been tuned to all the most gracious rhythms and rhymes of the English language—for she who possessed the ears was Miss Philippa Bridges, daughter of the Poet Laureate. And now, if you will excuse me, I will pull an armchair to the fire, and hide from the world behind "The Sea Wall."



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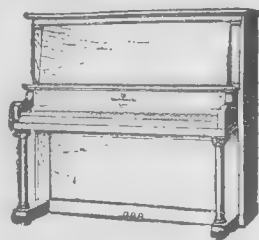
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Study of Music Highly Educational

Splendid Address on Music for the Young Given at W. C. T. U. Competitions in Pembroke

By Bandmaster J. T. Shunk

MUSIC has its branches like many other professions, and at the outset I wish to correct an erroneous idea that rests in the minds of the public generally, that, if a person is trained in one branch he should be competent in all. Therefore, I wish to talk to you tonight on the training of wind and string, or more commonly called, band and orchestra instruments.

Now I feel that I do so with a certain amount of opposition, for there never has been the warmth towards, or support there should be, and I feel that it is due to lack of a proper understanding of the real values of this particular training. This lack of knowledge is evident as we go over the country and find the class of men the public engage as bandmasters, because they save a few dollars, and in the end they generally waste them.

A bandmaster must have a knowledge of music, a wide knowledge of instrumentation, ability to interpret and direct effectively any musical number. Especially in small towns it is required that he possess executive ability, he must have a thorough understanding of team work, he must be able to mind his own business and serve the public. Above all, he must possess not only ability, but a desire to instruct the young.

Many bandmasters do not take much interest in the boy. They wait until he has grown to young manhood, say twenty, then induce him to take up an instrument. Now, eight of the best years for study have passed from that young man's life, and he becomes dissatisfied and drops it, or if he continues, rarely reaches beyond an ordinary player. The result—we have many poor players.

United States' Bands Better

The bands of the United States are generally superior to those in Canada because they have given more attention to this branch of music, and in the past few years they have spread a wide campaign, spending large sums of money in promoting the study of band and orchestral music in the schools. As a result, they have bands and orchestras, of boys and girls from 10 to 16 years of age, playing music that would put to shame many of our senior organizations.

Then, again, there is a fault which lies with the parents. They discourage, rather than encourage, a training in this line of music, because they are afraid that it will occupy too much of the boy's or girl's time, and they may not have sufficient time for recreation which, I think, is a mistake. Another impression is that it is for older people only; that it requires a strong physique to play a wind instrument. That is an error, for, with the scientific and modern methods, a boy, or even a girl, from 10 to 15 years of age can learn to play as well as older people.

Vocal and Piano Preferred

Another difficulty which has crowded band and orchestra music into the background is the public's desire for vocal and piano music. I wish it thoroughly understood where talent affords. I am not objecting to singing taught in the schools. It is a good thing and should be continued. But all boys and girls are not singers. Why, then, should they be denied an opportunity of development in other lines of music that may become a valuable asset in future life?

Preparation in Citizenship

Speaking of the asset in future life, let us consider what instrumental music means: By the highest authorities on this continent, it is considered a preparation for citizenship, when taught at the proper time, through its cultural ensemble and vocational values.

Let us first consider its cultural values: We have evidences through the nation where boys have been lifted from

a low level and been made good citizens through the training of instrumental music. A boy who is interested in music seldom goes wrong if given a proper chance. Teach a boy to blow a horn, and it will keep him so busy that he may not have time to learn how to blow a safe. So, if for no other reason, then, instrumental music is of value if it accomplishes no more than the occupation of time, or the consumption of leisure.

If we search the lives of our most successful men and women, we will find in their childhood days they had to hustle from morning till night. Mothers! Do not forget that occupation of time is a builder of character.

Teaches Alertness of Mind

Playing in a band or orchestra is different from playing alone. It requires concentration, alertness, promptness, carefulness and real thoughtfulness. Organization music trains the ear, eye and every function of the body. We must be quick and accurate when reading music. The pupil must think in rhythm and the mind must be alert. Band and orchestra playing will develop team work among students. It has no equal in bringing about common group feeling.

Then, again, team work is the greatest asset in any life. You must agree with me no matter what kind of work he or she may enter, the progress is largely governed by how they will get along with those with whom they are working. They may be equipped technically beyond a fault, but if unable to co-operate, failure will result, due to lack of team work. Through their training in band or orchestra, this is acquired unconsciously and retained all through life.

I am willing to admit there are exceptions to the rule; but, remember, I am speaking of men who have been trained when boys under proper tuition. You will find in the majority of cases all over the country that the trouble comes from those who start late in life, when the molds have been set.

Physically Valuable

The playing of wind instruments is of value physically. Can you think of many bandmen dying from consumption? When I was a boy I was pronounced a victim of consumption. I began playing a cornet when I was 15 years of age, which relieved all anxiety along that line.

Let us consider another point in this training.

Allows Self-Expression

Every child has a desire for self-expression, and music furnishes him the best field through which he may express the stirring of his inward nature. The thrill of hearing music is not to be compared with the thrill of being a party to its production. Imagine, if you can, the pride and enthusiasm of a boy who can march out with the band, or a girl who can sit in with an orchestra. There is no book written that could lure them away from this opportunity.

The rather vague aesthetic values which were at one time attributed to music, have been replaced by a definitely recognized contribution which music makes in supplying adequate avenues of self-expression, which are an essential factor in a properly organized and well balanced life. We are coming to recognize more and more, that human acts are more largely in response to impulses of feeling than they are preconceived intellectual processes. The problems of adolescence are largely those of emotional maladjustment, and the educator is realizing more and more the value of wholesome outlets for feelings.

These facts account to a considerable degree for the growing faith of educators in athletics, group social games, glee clubs, bands and orchestras. For

every one of these activities contains an emotional element of a wholesome character which may serve as an outlet for surplus energies and as a means of self-expression.

Band and orchestra training will help to relieve one of the greatest evils in our business, public and social life, i.e., excessive individuality, which is held responsible for much of the selfishness which prevails today. The necessity for being able to think, act and feel collectively seems to offer the only solution for many of the social, economic and political ills of today.

Destroys "Class" Feeling

The tendency should be in our education to accentuate those things which develop group feeling, co-operate effort and the spirit of service.

Some people object to these things being taught in our public schools, and term them frills, which should be taught only in the private schools. I believe people of this kind are enemies of democracy.

A good citizen is one who has an all-round development. We must have training of the sympathies. If we don't, how can we expect people to vote properly on moral questions. The teaching of music and art in private schools alone will develop a feeling of class, because the free schools will not have it, and that will give a feeling of inferiority or of threat to our citizen's life through class, and there is no greater danger than the development of class feeling.

Band is Indispensable

Mr. George Eastman, when purchasing the band instruments for the City of Rochester, said: "I used to think of music as lace upon the garment, a very desirable thing if one could afford it, but in no way essential. I have come to believe that music is absolutely indispensable to our community life."

President Elliott of Harvard stated: "That music rightly taught is the best mind trainer in the group." Right here, let us ask ourselves the question: Why is it that the doctor or lawyer needs study subjects which at first thought seem to have no bearing on his particular profession? Can the knowledge of the history of the Roman Empire shed any light upon the administering of frills, or the adjustment of legal differences? Would the knowledge of English literature of the 16th century help the surgeon perform a delicate operation? There is but one answer to such questions—Yes. The type of mind that can best administer to the ills of mankind is the type which is keen for knowledge. Such a mind is like fertile soil, where all things flourish. The type of mind which is adapted for the pursuit of the professions are those which are hungry for knowledge. Therefore, we provide what may be called cultural subjects to develop and broaden the mind and fit it for its special work.

Right here let us consider for a moment as a cultural subject, Art (one branch is recognized in the schools now), and ask yourself the question: How many carry its use to a successful issue after graduation? That is not the idea. It is to create a desire for the beautiful. Very well, then, music is an art; of the five it is the greatest. Architecture, sculpture and painting are material. Their ideas are conveyed through visible and tangible means.

Literature and music are immaterial. The former seeks to express exact thought, while music can express only abstract sentiments or feeling. On account of this indefinite character, music has developed slower, because it demands deeper thought. Art deals with the expression of elevated thought. An art work, therefore, possesses value in proportion to the thought involved.

Music is Good Mind Trainer

So Mr. Elliott has very wisely said "that music rightly taught is the best mind trainer of the group."

Dr. P. P. Claxton, former Commissioner of the National Bureau of Education, U.S.A., in his report to the Secretary of the Interior on music in the schools, said: "Sooner or later we shall not only recognize the cultural value of music—we shall also begin to understand that, after the beginning of reading, writing, arithmetic and geography, music has greater value than any other subject

taught in the schools. The idea that music is simply a means of entertainment, has long been a matter of common thought but is gradually losing ground, because actual results are showing and proving the value of music.

To substantiate this fact, let me read a few extracts from a booklet published on school bands in reference to scholarship: "In one of our larger schools, where credit is given for this work, I found that sixteen per cent. of the students who studied music last year received the highest marks, while only nine per cent. of the non-music students tested received the highest, a good comparative test as to the value of music."

In another, only ten per cent. of the students studied music, still this ten per cent. of the student body won seventy-five per cent. of the prizes and scholarships. This was not taken for one year, but was found to be the average over a period of thirty years, and is rather convincing proof of the educational value of music.

In the town of Barrie there is a school band, under the direction of Mr. Sylvester. I am informed that seventy-five per cent. of its members received the highest marks.

Dr. C. C. Claxton is correct in saying: "Actual results are showing and proving the value of music."

Prominent men like these, who stand high in our educational life, would not dare to make statements of this kind if untrue.

Relation of Music to Education

Education is for boys and girls. Music is one factor in education and one means of approach to reach these young people while their tastes are susceptible and mold them into forms of beauty and sincerity. A good citizen is a value to any community. A boy is a man in the making; teach him to do, and you will have less to undo later.

You may say: But why cannot vocal music do all these things for a boy? Simply because he will not take to vocal music (only in some cases). A boy in the adolescent stage does not care for singing as he would for blowing an instrument.

Therefore, this is the well developed fact upon which the authorities of the U.S.A. are basing their decisions to spend millions of dollars on the equipment and training of boys and girls in band and orchestra instruments in the school.

Ladies' Bands Popular

Again you may say it is not the kind of music a girl should study. Why not? I remember in my time when it was the general opinion that a girl who played on a violin was lost. Today, hundreds are studying violin because it is considered an accomplishment. Then why shouldn't a girl study a clarinet or cornet, or any other wind instrument? There is no reason. There are hundreds of ladies throughout the United States who play wind and string instruments, and there are innumerable ladies' bands.

The fact is, that we Canadians are very far behind in our musical appreciation and education.

Now let us consider for a moment the vocational value:

We may, through our cultural training, discover some exceptional talent, and there is a possibility of such being in any town or village. Good talent is not always found in large cities.

Very well, then, should we develop such in our own town, and I have no doubt in the matter, what would be their chance in the future? Band and orchestra music is going ahead by leaps and bounds throughout this continent, particularly in the U.S.A., and Canada is improving.

Large Salaries

Therefore, first-class directors and performers are, and always will be, in demand. Salaries are improving in the United States, especially the western part. Bandmasters are receiving from \$2,500 to \$3,500 in the towns; the cities pay larger. In New York an agreement has just been settled that the players of the Philharmonic Orchestra are to receive \$70 a week and extra pay for rehearsals. The New York Symphony Orchestra players receive \$88.00 and have asked for an increase of \$16.00 per week.

Continued on page 47



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For full particulars, copies of Examination Papers, etc., apply to the Principal, Upper Canada College, Toronto.

Conroys' Christmas Cook

Continued from page 18

"But, dear, you know we agreed that whoever was responsible for a cook leaving would be the one to find another. and this time you're it. Hilgard left because you called her 'that ski-jumper'."

"She was too temperamental."

"You haven't succeeded in replacing her. I'm afraid you're an awful lemon-picker, dear. You choose 'em beautiful and dumb."

"Speaking of lemons, I must order some. I think my liver is on strike."

"And how," Mrs. C. asked very gently, "how do you like the pleasant, relaxing little job of running the house? Nice restful sort of work with no brain-fag in it, eh?"

"Now, Min, don't rub it in."

"You said you could easily do it and attend to your business too. And yet today you had to stay home all day."

"Well, look at the big wash that Irish girl left lying in suds! I had to finish that and hang it out, and it took me four solid hours—"

"I hope you didn't forget to rub the neckbands and the cuffs of the shirts! And how many rinse-waters did you use?"

Mr. Conroy was mercifully spared the necessity of answering because at that instant the doorbell rang.

"You go," he begged.

"I suppose I'd better," Mrs. C. admitted after a glance at her husband. One of his sleeves was spattered with grease from shoulder to elbow and his face was like the face of a small boy who had been rolling in a coal-heap. "But answering the door is really one of your prerogatives, you know."

SHE left the room and Mr. Conroy began to gather up the soiled dishes preparatory to dumping them all in the sink. He made several Tower-of-Pisa piles, and armed with two of these, surmounted by four tumblers stuck tightly into one another, he was staggering kitchenward when Mrs. Conroy suddenly burst into the room.

"Water! A glass of water, quick!" she cried, hysterically.

"Wassamatter? Faint?" Mr. Conroy nearly dropped his burden in his alarm.

"N-no, just shocked I think," returned Mrs. Conroy, weakly. She waved away the water he had hurriedly brought.

"Listen Henry—prepare yourself—"

"What is it—bad news?" he demanded. "Has Aunt Sophronia had another spell?"

"Henry, I've had the surprise of my life! There's a girl out there in the hall—an intelligent, nice-looking, refined sort of girl—put that pitcher of water down and listen!—who wants to know if we need a cook!"

"Oh, she does, does she?"

"Wait, that isn't all. When I asked her what wages she expected she said twelve dollars a month!"

"Twelve dollars a month? A week, you mean!"

"No, a month. I asked her four times to make sure."

"She must be feeble-minded."

"Sh-h! But did you ever hear of such luck. Dropped down out of heaven in our hour of need! Pinch me, Henry—pinch me hard."

"Now see here, Min, you'd better not fall for this. She may have escaped from some institution."

"Put on a coat and come and see for yourself, then."

"Intelligent, refined—and twelve dollars a month!"

"Just to think, too, it's the only answer to that ad we put in the paper! All the other girls were from the Agency."

"Looks like we'd have turkey after all."

"And all the trimmings! She's fond of cooking, she says. Wants only one evening off. Has no 'fella.' Is always in by ten. Likes children. And she'll do everything but the washing."

"Well, we won't ask her to make bricks in her spare time." Mr. Conroy wriggled into his coat. "Lead me to this phenomenon," he said, eagerly.

Miss Jane Clifford—for such was her name, she told them—sat on the bench in the hall and answered one or two casual questions put to her by Mr. Conroy.

"You're hired," he said, then, as one entirely satisfied.

"Of course she's hired!" said Mrs. Conroy. "I hired her myself ten minutes ago."

"Charlie, show Miss Clifford to her room."

"Jane, please," said Miss Clifford.

"We had a Jane once before," observed Mr. Conroy, reminiscently, "only she called herself 'Jane.' She was very—er—vocal. One of her favorite hymns went like this:

"We shall meet—rum-te-tum, Yes we'll meet—rum-te-tum, Oh we'll meet up in hevving Bye-and-bye!"

"Do you sing, Miss—er—Jane?" he asked earnestly.

The girl gravely answered, "No."

SHE picked up her telescope-valise and proceeded to follow Charlie upstairs.

It was just as Min had said. The girl was nice-looking and bore all the marks of refinement. Though dressed in what looked like bargain clothes she carried herself like—well, what other word can one use?—a lady. There are ladies and ladies, to be sure, but Jane belonged somewhere up in the thoroughbred rating.

She started right in by doing the dinner dishes, while the Conroys sat around the fire in the living-room and wondered if they were really awake.

"Did you notice her hair, Henry? I never saw such a glorious shade of golden brown."

"Just listen to her stepping round! This is the first one we ever drew that wasn't born tired."

"If only we can keep her!"

"Well, why can't we?"

"Because as soon as she learns what others are being paid—oh, I wish we could keep her in a glass case!"

"Huh! A lot of use she'd be then."

"I feel guilty, Henry. Twelve dollars a month. Why, it's—it's—"

"We're giving her what she asked for."

"Don't you think we ought to offer her a little more?"

"Give her a try-out first. I wonder if she can cook liver-and-bacon right."

"There's something queer about this—mark my words," Mrs. Conroy declared sotto voce.

"Don't be a gloom-hound."

"She said she had no admirers. Isn't that a relief?"

"By jinks, she's got one!" Mr. Conroy spoke unguardedly, then, at the mild glare in Mrs. C's eye added: "Two, I mean. You and me. Er—hadn't I better go out and speak to her about breakfast?"

"You stay out of the kitchen," ordered the real head of the house, fixing the merely figurative head with a severe look.

"Understand?"

Breakfast was served piping hot and sharp at eight next morning. Jane of course officiated and she looked even more attractive than she had appeared to be on the evening before. She wore a neat navy blue dress and a crisp white bib-apron and she didn't serve from the wrong side nor bring the toast in too soon. She had cut and sugared the grape fruit just right and her coffee had been percolated the correct number of minutes, while Mr. Conroy consumed so much bacon he made himself late for the office.

"I've a notion to come home for lunch. Something tells me it'll be worth it," he said to Mrs. Conroy.

"Well, I'm coming, that's sure," declared that lady. "Did you ever taste such biscuits? And how on earth did she get the omelet as light as thistle-down and without any bubbles in it!"

At one o'clock Jane served a dream-like little repast consisting of salad, sandwiches, tea, and a mold of ice-cream. She had used the special lunch-con set of crown derby and the little yellow-linen covers. In the centre of the table was a slender vase containing a few bronze button-mums.

"The girl's an artist," vowed Mr. Conroy as reverently as it was possible to speak with his mouth full. "This can't last, Min!"

"Well, while it does last I'm going to have the Baxters here for that long deferred visit," said Mrs. Conroy. "We might as well write and ask them for the week-end."

"We might as well write and ask them for the week-end."

"I understand your quite feminine desire to show off a perfect jewel," remarked her husband as he reached for his sixth sandwich, "but for Pete's sake, woman, use discretion! Do you want Edna Baxter to steal her away?"

"That's so, Henry," admitted Mrs. C. after a moment's reflection. "All women are throat-cutters when it comes to this cook question. But we ought to invite somebody. Goodness knows we owe enough obligations, and now's our chance. Why let all this artistry go to waste?"

"Oh, it's not going to waste exactly. Not while Henry B. Conroy is around!"

"How about our cousins the Wrights? They live at a hotel anyway, so no danger from that source. This is Tuesday. We must hurry."

"What time's dinner tonight?"

"Why, six, as usual. And you be home on time, remember!"

"On time? I'll be here ahead of time. Like to see what'd stop me!"

Dinner exceeded their rosiest anticipations. It began with cream of tomato soup and marched triumphantly down four filling courses to the nuts and tooth-picks.

"I believe my liver's perking up again," observed Mr. Conroy, leaning back and puffing at a good cigar he had found in his other vest pocket. "Once more we belong to the Ancient Order of Happy Souls!"

"Just like a man," retorted Mrs. C. "You think meals are all there is to housework. Look around you. Can't you see a difference in other ways?"

He sent a glance about the room.

"Yep, there does seem a difference," he said, vaguely, "but blest if I know what it is!"

"Then I'll enlighten you. In the first place, the oil mop has been over all the floors, and every stick of furniture has been polished till it scintillates. Then the books have been dusted and straightened, the cushions shaken up, the plants watered, and the children's litter put out of the way. The rugs have been vacuumed, the glass polished. Upstairs—I wish you could see how beautifully the beds are made. She even took time to do some mending."

"It's a shame to take the labor."

"Now, don't weaken, Henry. The house isn't large and it won't kill her. It didn't kill me."

"She is the first self-starter we ever had."

"She's the answer to my prayer."

"Anyone who tries to get her away from us does so over my dead body!" Mr. Conroy raised the carving-knife and brandished it with a threatening gesture.

"I ordered a nice big turkey today," Mrs. Conroy announced.

"Hooray!" shouted Charlie.

"Give you my word, Min, I was beginning to feel like an old Scrooge. Now I love the whole world. In the words of Tiny Tim—"

"Henry, don't be irreverent."

"Well, let's drink a toast to her, then. My feelings demand some form of expression. Why am I not a poet, or orator. Gimme some more nectar—I mean coffee. There! Now, all together, folks! To our Christmas cook: may she long preside over the destinies of the house of Conroy!"

The cook appeared in the doorway.

"Excuse me, ma'am—" she began.

"Ah, there, Miss—er—that is, Jane! We were just drinking your health."

"Henry, don't make a fool of yourself."

Jane dimpled and blushed.

"Thank you, sir," she said, "I've just remembered to tell you, ma'am, that Mrs. Wright 'phoned while you were out, long distance, ma'am. The message was that she and Mr. Wright were unable to come, as they expect their son home from college."

"Thank you, Jane," said Mrs. Conroy. Then to Mr. C., as Jane withdrew: "They think we haven't any help, I suppose. I telegraphed the invitation right after lunch. Let's ask the Boyds."

"What! Those bores? Oh, deliver us!"

"Then you suggest somebody. It's so selfish of us to have a vacant guest-room at Christmas time."

"Now look here, Min, most people would rather spend Christmas at home. It's a family day. It's a day dedicated to the children. What the dickens do you want to go dragging people from their own firesides for?"

"But Henry, think of all the poor souls

who haven't got a fireside! Think of the people who never get a smell of home cooking. Couldn't we—"

THE doorbell pealed suddenly and sharply. There was the muffled sound of feet stamping on the verandah. And Jane passed soundlessly through the hall. The next instant the Conroys heard the crisp baritone of a strangely familiar voice and their glances met in wonder and delight.

"Bill!" they exclaimed in unison.

As they rose, a big coon coat plentifully sprinkled with snow hurled itself into the room. "Bill" was inside it. There was a hand-pumping and back-slapping, hugging and kissing.

"Well, well, Bill, old hoss!"

"How are you, folks! Min, you don't look a day older. Hen, you're getting stout. Hello kids!"

"Uncle Bill! Uncle Bill!"

"The prodigal brother-in-law. Where on earth did you drop from?" demanded Mrs. Conroy as she helped the visitor off with his coat.

"Alberta. I've got a little business to see about in the East and I thought I'd roll in on you folks for Christmas." Bill said as he extended his hands to the cheerful fire. "That is, if you've got room for me?"

"Bill, you old dear, there's always room for you. We were just wishing for someone, as a matter of fact: someone hungry for home-cooking—"

"That's me!" Bill assured his sister-in-law.

"Hey, Jane!" shouted Mr. Conroy.

Jane appeared inquiringly.

"This is our brother from the great open spaces, Jane. Bill, meet our cook. Bill's here for Christmas. We haven't seen him for eight years and probably won't see him for another eight. That's the kind of a guy he is. But while he's here we want to feed him well. Got any fatted calf out there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, stoke him up."

"I'll have his dinner fixed in a minute or two, sir."

Bill continued to stare in a dazed way long after Jane had vanished from the doorway.

"Cook!" he exclaimed. "Did—did you say she was your cook?"

Mr. Henry Conroy stood with thumbs in the armholes of his vest and rocked back on his heels. His expression indicated pride and contempt.

"She's our cook," he stated with supreme satisfaction.

"Where did you get her?" Bill asked.

"Heaven sent her to us," Mr. Conroy answered solemnly. "And it's well for you, my lad, that you're not a married woman! Our friends of the predatory sex are debarred from this house from now on."

"Yes, we're very well satisfied," said Mrs. Conroy, "and it's a comfort to have a guest like you in the house. There's no danger of Bill stealing our cook, is there, Henry? Oh, the nightmare I've been through the last six months—" She launched into an animated account of her servant troubles that lasted until Jane reappeared to announce that the visitor's dinner was ready.

Jane moved quickly and deftly about the table, but didn't linger.

"Just ring if you need anything, sir," she said.

"I will," the guest returned.

He rang six times in the space of twenty minutes. It was surprising the number of things he needed and some of them turned out to be right under his nose.

Bill was the first down to breakfast next morning—and the last to leave the table.

The days raced on to Christmas as the days just before that auspicious date invariably do. We're not going to describe the Conroys' Christmas for you. It is enough to say that a pleasant time was had by all. Pleasant? What a tame word!

ON the twenty-seventh Brother Bill mentioned that he might have to prolong his stay a little. Certain letters he'd been looking for hadn't yet come to hand. Besides, now that he was on his first real holiday in years he was only just realizing how badly in need of a rest and change he'd been. Yessir, a fellow needed a let-up every now and again.

Continued on page 73

High-strung nervous women

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"DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You are silly to even think about it. Why it claims to teach music in half the usual time and *without a teacher*. It's impossible."

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I was so disappointed. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me so much that finally, half frightened, half enthusiastic I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting my husband know.

Imagine my joy when the course arrived and I found that it was as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master it! My progress was wonderfully rapid and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For through this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which *anyone* can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crazy course" had taught me. So one night when he was sitting reading,

I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why.....why....." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon Jack insisted that I tell him where I had learned.....when.....how? So I told of my secret.

One day not long after my husband came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by

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So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Everyone compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

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Don't hesitate because you think you have no talent. Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a wonderful "Musical Ability Test." You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument through this short-cut method.

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At the Sign of The Rose

By Gladys E. Argue

CHARLES, MARQUIS OF LORNE, stood looking out of the castle window into the night. His gaze travelled across the courtyard, away to the heavy gates that loomed a dark hulk in the distance, and beyond to the boundless unending wall of darkness which was the moor.

The silence was broken suddenly by the swift thud of a horse's hoofs along the road that led from the gates to the castle itself. In what seemed but a moment to the watching boy, the rider dashed into the courtyard, his horse's hoofs ringing sharply upon the stone paving. He was upon the ground before the horse had fairly stopped, and the boy had but a fleeting impression of a tall figure in a long black cloak and wide dark hat, before he was admitted to the castle. At once the place seemed turned to life, and there was the flaring of torches, a scurrying of feet, and the shouts of men's voices. Quite as suddenly as they had started the sounds ceased, and the rider vanished into the night.

Curious, the young Marquis turned from the window, and crossing the room he flung open the heavy door, and passed down the flight of stone steps into the wide hall below. He paused in the wavering light of the myriads of candles which lighted the apartment, until the sound of steps on the stairs behind him caused him to turn abruptly. One glance was enough, and he almost ran, in his haste to reach the tall graceful man descending the stairs. They stood for a moment looking at each other, a great love lighting the dark eyes of each. The boy had the same straight nose and firm mouth, the same graceful bearing and gallant air. The elder Marquis smiled and spoke to his son.

"I ride far tonight, Charles, on a mission I cannot divulge even to you. If there are any inquiries made, invent an excuse for me. Say what you please, only see that the real truth about my absence is not suspected."

He paused for a moment, and seeing the startled look on the boy's face, he placed his arm about his son's shoulders, drawing him close. Then he continued.

"I know, lad, that you are wondering what this is all about, and well you might after the strange things that have been going on about you tonight. I give you my word of honor that I would tell you if I could. I do not like to ask even this small service of you in a cause of which you know nothing."

The young Marquis looked up as his father finished speaking, and the light of faith in his dark eyes was a beautiful thing to see.

"That you have considered this cause worthy of your service, is enough for me to know, sir. Henceforth, it shall be my cause also. I shall keep faith with the trust that you have given me, and perhaps some day I shall be called upon to do something really worth while."

"Well spoken, lad," cried the Marquis, his eyes resting with pride upon his son. "And now I must go."

He lingered for a moment, his arm about his son's shoulders, and then, with a courtly gesture of farewell, he was gone.

A draft caused by the opening of an outer door swept through the hall, causing the flames of the candles to dance wildly. The sudden flare of light drew the boy's attention to an object that had hitherto escaped his notice. Pulling back the wide fringe of lace at his cuff, so that his movement would not be deterred, he picked up a small dark something, strangely soft, which the light of the candle proved to be a wilted rose, as scarlet as blood.

He turned to mount the stairs to his turret room to await his father's return, but before he had taken a step he was accosted from the other end of the hall by a familiar voice. He turned, and an ironic expression crossed his face at the sight of the man entering the hall, short of stature, slender to the extreme, and dressed foppishly, even for the foppish fashions of the day. An elaborately curled and powdered periwig framed his handsome insipid face. There was about him an air of careless unconcern, yet had one observed closely, beneath all his indifference, there was an alertness, and his keen eyes missed nothing.

Charles deftly slipped the rose into the jewelled pocket of his satin coat, and fervently hoped it had escaped detection. He did not know the reason it had been where he had found it, nor who had placed it there. But he knew instinctively that it had something to do with his father's strange mission. Moreover, he did not trust the man before him. He had come into the country but recently, and had won his way to friendship with the gentry through one pretext and another. He was accepted readily, and considered by most a foppish fellow, harmless enough. The young Marquis had never liked him, and he moved uneasily

now. The task before him promised to be a difficult one. It was his duty to turn all suspicion from his father, yet he was positive that the man had come to the castle knowing of his father's absence. It was no small task for a lad of seventeen, but he had given his father his word, and he could but do his best. He turned with a smile and dignified gesture to his guest.

"Good evening, my lord, can I be of service?"

"Good evening, sir," his lordship replied cordially enough. "Would you be so good as to tell your father, the Marquis, I am here. We had arranged to have a game of chess at my earliest convenience, and as tonight proved to be that, I took him at his word and came."

He stood waiting, his keen eyes never leaving the

petal to dust beneath his heel, a moment later, brushing aside the boy's apologies, he departed.

Once outside, however, his manner changed, and mounting his horse he reached the gates like a streak of flame. A low voiced halloo given three times filled the road with horsemen emerging from the woods. If his supposed friends could have seen him they would have been amazed. Hard, cold and stern, he was the very antithesis of the easy going fop they knew.

"The Marquis rides at the sign of the rose," he said in a hard ringing voice, accompanied by an unpleasant laugh, and proceeded to give orders in the manner of one born to command.

MEANWHILE, the young Marquis of Lorne, all unconscious of these events, mounted the stairs to his room in the turret. Once having closed the door behind him, he breathed a sigh of relief. He crossed the room and stood irresolute for a moment before the hearth, gazing into the ruddy fire. Then he drew from his pocket the scarlet rose and flung it into the blaze, looking carefully to see that no stray petals had fallen to the floor. He stood for a time, regarding it intently, till the last petal had melted into ashes under the fingers of the flame.

Then he flung himself into a chair and let his slender figure relax, while he went over the events of the evening, recalling them all in minutest detail, a worried expression on his handsome face. But try as he would, he could not penetrate the mystery and intrigue that seemed to surround him like a net. After a time, however, as his pondering led to no solution of the problem, he put it from him and let his mind turn to pleasanter thoughts. He wondered if the Prince really was in the neighborhood in hiding. There certainly had been a number of well-founded rumors to this effect.

For it was in the eighteenth century when Prince Charles, son of the deposed James III of England, made such a gallant fight for his lost throne. He was of the house of Stuart, a Scottish line of kings, which had ever produced men and women romantic and daring, fair of face and charming of manner. And Charles was all his forbears had been, and more. Immediately upon his return to Scotland, the land of his birth, for he had been brought up in exile in France, his troubles began. He was hunted continually by the spies and soldiery of the king, in the fear that he might take the throne. There was a price on his head, he was forced to flee from one place to another. It was a hard life for one so young, he was barely twenty-five, so strong, so eager. But if his army was small, it was exceedingly gallant, and his followers were the flower of the Scottish gentry. He was the idol of the Scottish people. The young Marquis fairly worshipped the Prince and treasured the slightest tale he heard of his gallantry and daring. He recalled them now, sitting alone by the fire, his boyish face alight with

dreams. If only he might become a member of the followers of the Prince, the very finest Scottish nobility!

Charles never knew when his dreams merged into sleep, he only half remembered a drowsiness that crept over him, but when he opened his eyes the sun was streaming in through the ivy that clambered around the castle window. It was broad daylight. Rapidly he crossed the room to the window, the courtyard below lay in a checkered glory of light and shadow. The sun was well up, as the dew sparkled like gleaming diamonds on the ivy vines around his window.

His wakening thoughts brought back memories of all that had happened the night before, and he realized with a growing despair that his father had not returned. No one knew of his father's departure upon the mission except himself and a few trusted servants, and he doubted if any but himself knew the real import of the thing. He could, however, easily avert suspicion by means of the tale he had told the Duke of Brandon. But even that would not serve indefinitely, and if something had happened to his father what then? He turned and retraced his steps, passing through the door that led into the corridor and on down the stairs, through the side hall out into the courtyard, and on down the road beyond, feeling as if the cares of the entire world weighed upon his slight shoulders.

Half way down the drive he swung abruptly to the left, following a barely perceptible path that rambled through the park. He paid slight attention to where he was going, and he was so absorbed in thought that he all but ran into the stone wall that surrounded the estate before he was aware of being in its vicinity.

Continued on page 80

Sing Heart of Mine

By Lereine Ballantyne

*Sing, heart of mine, sing by the swaying sea;
Tell me what's left, when love has gone from me.
Life still goes on, as breaks the blue waves there
But life no rhythm finds, in empty air.*

*Listening I pray to hear again the voice
That once so soothed my heart, made me rejoice.
I only hear afar, a wild sea-cry—
A grey gull flying 'twixt the sea and sky.*

*Sing, heart of mine—find me a song today:
Joy in the storm, a mad enchanting lay
Of rushing waves that charge upon the beach,
The sagas of all life and power they teach.*

*I like not quiet shores, bestrewn with shells,
The empty cask of death their message tells.
Sing, heart of mine, a song of life and power,
Give me new strength for life's tempestuous hour.*

*The moonbeams dance to me, all blue and white,
They come with beauty through the silent night.
Is hope the theme you sing for beauty's wraith?
Sing, heart, the song I need of hope and faith.*

boy's face. Not half an hour before he had seen the Marquis ride from the castle gates. Of course he was not sure, but his suspicions had travelled in this direction before; at any cost he was determined to find the reason that took the Marquis abroad.

Charles replied at once, with an easy manner in which even the keen eyes of the Duke of Brandon could find nothing studied.

"I deeply regret that you should have chosen this evening for your chess game, my lord. My father will be disappointed when he hears of it. But he was called away very suddenly within the hour. His brother, of whom you have doubtless heard, lies seriously ill at Camden castle. He will not return before morning at the earliest, or mayhap not for several days."

The Duke was puzzled. An elaborate excuse, or any attempt at evasion on the boy's part would have aroused his suspicions at once. But the tale sounded plausible enough. In any case he had been worsted, he had gotten on the trail only to lose his scent, and he had difficulty in keeping his temper. He was about to make his adieu, when the flaring of the candles attracted his attention to an object hitherto unnoticed upon the floor. A second later his lace-edged perfumed handkerchief fluttered to the floor in direct line with it. He stooped carelessly to pick it up before the boy could reach it. His conclusions had been correct, for upon the floor, directly in the candle light where it had fallen unnoticed by the young Marquis, lay a single rose petal, blood red. He observed all this in an instant. Pausing so slightly, it was imperceptible, he retrieved his handkerchief, and stepping forward in his easy manner, ground the



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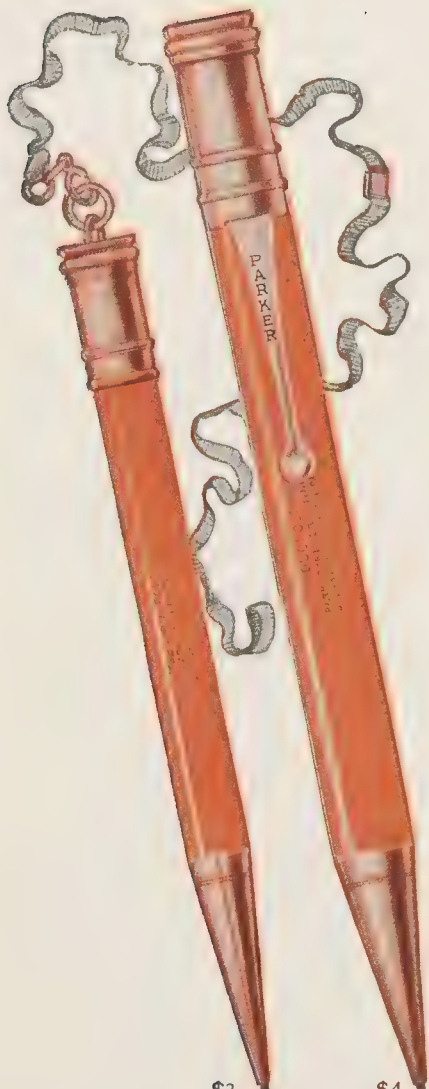
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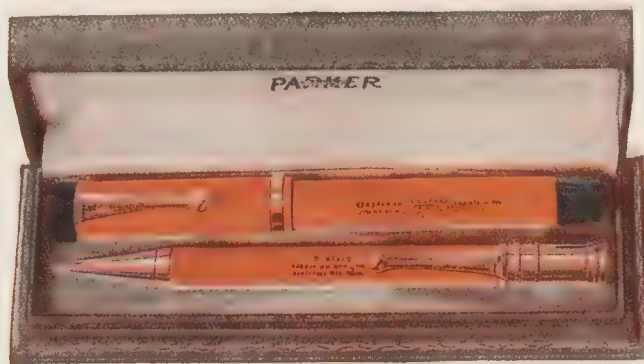
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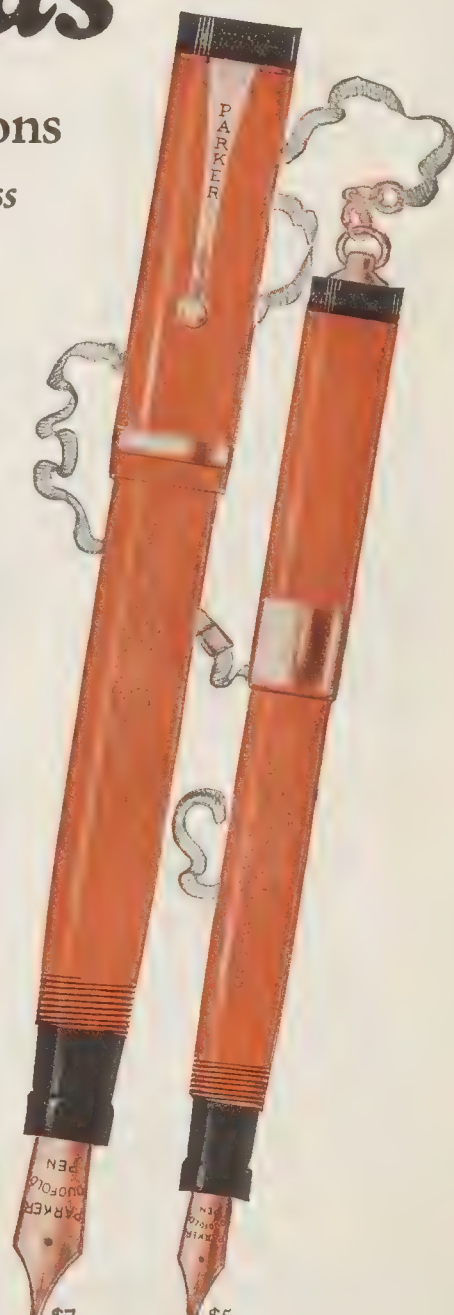


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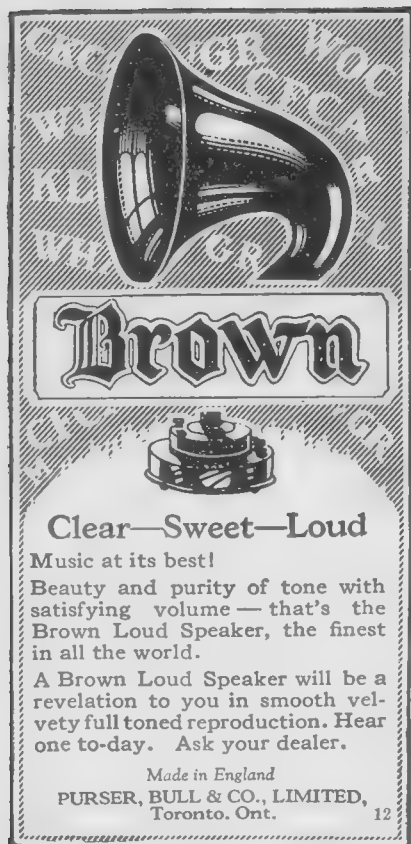


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Institute of Radio Engineers Organize Canadian Branch

ON Friday evening, October 2nd, the initial steps were taken to form a Canadian branch of the Institute of Radio Engineers, when about sixty prominent radio engineers and amateurs attended a meeting, held at the Wallace Avenue plant of the Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd., of Toronto.

Mr. C. L. Richardson, who is sponsoring the movement in Canada, was in the chair, and among those present were Commander Edwards, of the Department of Marine and Fisheries; Donald McNicoll, Vice-President of the Institute of Radio Engineers, New York; Don Carlos, Past President of the Toronto section of the American Institute of Radio Engineers; Keith Russell, traffic manager of the American Radio Relay League; Professor P. R. Roseburgh, of the University of Toronto; and C. S. Mallett, of Toronto.

Following a well-served supper, the Chairman called the meeting to order, and some interesting speeches were given by the speakers of the evening.

The chief purpose of the organization, which will be similar to the American Institute in the United States, will be the standardization of radio apparatus, and the discussion of technical matters of interest in all branches of the radio field.

Mr. C. L. Richardson outlined the work of the parent organization in the United States, and pointed out that there were at least 250 engineers in Canada who were engaged in the design and construction of radio apparatus, and also many others engaged in Government work. The purpose of the organization would be to draw these men together into one body, so that they would be able to act as a

unit in the promotion and study of subjects dealing with their profession.

Part of the programme outlined for the coming winter by the Society will be the holding of illustrated lectures. These will present many of the technical matters in such a way that they may be understood by the public. There will be four classes of membership. Two of these will be open to the public. The third class, termed full membership, will be open to technical men of not less than four years' experience in the work. The highest class, that of fellow, will be open to those who have done not less than seven years' work, with technical training.

In the election of officers, C. L. Richardson was named for Chairman; Professor P. R. Roseburgh, Honorary Chairman; D. Hepburn, Vice-Chairman; W. J. Hevey, Secretary; Allen Oxley, Assistant Secretary; G. Eaton, Treasurer.

At the conclusion of the meeting, many of those present signified their intention of becoming members of the Institute, providing they possessed the necessary qualifications, and in this regard, it might be said that, whilst full membership in the Institute is restricted to technical men who have had four years' experience in the work, the associate membership is very broad, and admits anyone interested in radio, who can obtain the necessary endorsement from present members of the Institute. Mr. C. L. Richardson, Chairman of the new Canadian Institute, will be pleased to send application forms to anyone interested in the organization. Communications should be addressed to him at the Canadian General Electric Co., Wallace Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

A New Canadian Broadcasting Station

COMPLETING one of the most important groups of broadcasting stations operated by a single organization, CNRV is now on the air at Vancouver, British Columbia, its inauguration by Sir Henry W. Thornton, K.B.E., chairman and president of the Canadian National Railways, forging the last link in the wireless chain stretching from seaboard to seaboard across the Dominion of Canada under the control and direction of the Canadian National Railways radio department.

CNRV is the last word in station design and equipment, and there is even now every indication that it will truly be "The Voice of the Pacific," the slogan adopted to designate the special characteristic of this new broadcasting centre.

There are many features of interest in CNRV, and while some of them may appeal only to the technically trained mind, all of them make for excellence of broadcasting which will be thoroughly appreciated by every owner of a set whose location comes within the range and radius of this recent addition to the wireless resources of Canada. The station is of the remote control type, the actual transmission point being ten miles distant from the studio. The studio proper is most conveniently situated in the Canadian National Railways station building in Vancouver, so as to be easily accessible to artists and speakers, while the transmission apparatus and the aerials are located on Lulu Island at the mouth of the Fraser River, a place free from local interferences. The site for the broadcasting station was selected only after careful survey, and when it was finally agreed upon engineers of the radio branch of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, the body in control of wireless in Canada, declared it to be the finest location in the vicinity of Vancouver and the one calculated to give the best results when in operation.

In advance, every possible study was made of local conditions, and the information thus obtained was made use of in designing the apparatus and devices. As the result of such careful experimentation

and planning, CNRV, during its tests and since actually broadcasting, proved to be an outstanding achievement in Canadian wireless enterprise, the station being capable of reception over an extremely wide radius. Not only does CNRV possess power to cover a vast area in Canada and the United States and to points in the Pacific, but its reproduction is perfect over the whole range of sound frequencies. Again, CNRV has eliminated harmonics, and it can be received only at 291 meters and at no other wave length, so that owners of sets who desire to tune out can do so definitely and completely.

While the engineers were careful in the design of apparatus, no less thought and care were expended on the lay-out of the studio, bearing in mind not only the best plan for control, but also the comfort and convenience of the artists who were to make use of the station. Accordingly, the broadcasting studio is a spacious chamber, 30 x 30 feet, with a ceiling height of 14 feet, giving plenty of air space, which makes for agreeable performance and avoids the impression of stuffiness which often obtains during a visit to an improperly planned room. The studio has been nicely furnished and the interior arrangements allow for the convenient placing of an individual artist as well as the convenient and adequate grouping of the members of a chorus, orchestra or band.

A feature in the design of the studio is an opening in the wall between that room and the control room. This opening has been filled with plate glass, affording to the operator a clear and unobstructed view of the studio and its occupants.

There is an anteroom equally as large and as spacious as the studio to provide comfortable accommodation for waiting artists, while there are also ample cloak rooms and retiring rooms.

In the control room is the amplifier and speech input equipment. This control room is connected by telephone loops to the operating room at Lulu Island. In the control room there is also a special receiving set with loop and cone type loud speaker used for checking up transmission from the Lulu Island station. The com-

plete equipment at studio and operating room is of Canadian manufacture.

The operating room and antenna system at Lulu Island are located in Acadia Park. The twin steel towers rise 150 feet from the ground level and are placed 200 feet apart. The aerial is of the T type, with cage lead-in, which falls in a direct vertical to the operating house placed directly underneath and equidistant from each tower. In the operating room are power panel, transmitter panel and the operator's desk, with receiving and speech input equipment. In the power room is a low and high tension motor generator set for supplying direct current to filament and plates of transmitting tubes. In this building there are also quarters for the operators.

Regarded as a broadcasting station, CNRV is entitled to serious consideration as one of the most modern of all stations in Canada, but it has a far greater importance when it is considered as one of a chain of ten stations stretching across the breadth of a continent, a chain controlled by one organization which is definitely Canadian and truly national in character. Ten broadcasting stations located at Moncton, N. B.; Montreal, Que.; Ottawa, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; and Vancouver, B. C., cover the Dominion thoroughly and provide programmes of information and entertainment which reach receiving sets located in the nine provinces and the territories, traversing the ground between the 49th parallel and the great spaces of the Arctic. More than that, broadcasts from these ten stations wing their widening circles over every part of the United States and to the lands beyond, while they also vibrate across the Atlantic and the Pacific. When the ten tongues of the Canadian National radio call they speak to half a world.

Novel Experiments

THE possibility of creating a new musical instrument by utilizing the photoelectric effect was brought out by Dr. Peter I. Wold, professor of physics at Union College, when he introduced the radio audience of WGY to the song of the electron. The demonstration occurred during the fourth of a series of talks on the electron.

A photoelectric cell was connected to the broadcast circuit and a disc with many rows of perforations was placed between the cell and a light source. The photoelectric cell is coated on its inside surface with metal potassium which is very sensitive to light. At the centre of the cell is a plate of tungsten. A battery of 135 volts has its negative terminal connected to the potassium coating and its positive terminal to the tungsten plate. When light falls on the potassium coating electrons are given off and travel to the tungsten plate, thus constituting a current. By means of a motor the disc with circular rows of holes was rotated between the light and the cell. When the disc was revolved slowly a low pitched note was given off, rising gradually as the speed of the disc increased.

In Prof. Wold's demonstration the disc contained four rows of holes, the outer row with 48 holes, the next row with 36, the third with 30 and the inside row with 24 holes. By covering one row or another he secured different notes. By moving backward, that is, by covering first the inside row and then the last, he produced the major chord. By uncovering the rows he obtained two notes and then by uncovering all four rows he secured notes of good organ quality.

For the construction of an organ, the ingenious experimenter would need only to have rotating discs with rows of holes of the right numbers and arranged so that the light could pass through the holes to the photoelectric cell. Any row or combination of rows could be uncovered by small slides operated from a keyboard and the loudness of the notes might be controlled conveniently by regulating the brightness of a lamp. A loud speaker could be used to convert the electrical vibrations into sound vibrations. One of the important features of the photoelectric cell is that it is practically instantaneous in its action. It does not require time to build up as in the case of some other electric musical instruments.

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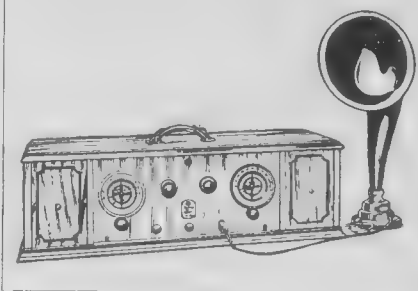
List of Broadcasting Stations

This month we are publishing the balance of the list of United States broadcasting stations, continued from last month. It will be remembered that in October we gave a list of Canadian broadcasters, so that these three issues—October, November and December—should be of very great interest indeed to radio fans. And just in case you happen to be able to pick up occasional signals from other countries, we are including Cuban and European stations for good measure.

WIAO	Chronicle Publishing Co.	Marion, Ind.	226
WIAS	Home Electric Co.	Burlington, Iowa	283
WIBA	The Capital-Times Studio	Madison, Wis.	236
WIBC	L. M. Tate Post, No. 29, Veterans of Foreign Wars	St. Petersburg, Fla.	222
WIBD	X-L Radio Service	Joliet, Ill.	200
WIBG	St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church	Elkins Park, Pa.	222
WIBO	Nelson Brothers	Chicago, Ill.	226
WIBH	Elite-Radio Stores	New Bedford, Mass.	209
WIBI	Frederick B. Zitteli, Jr.	Flushing, N.Y.	219
WIBJ	C. L. Carrell (Portable)	Chicago, Ill.	216
WIBK	University of Toledo	Toledo, Ohio	205
WIBP	First Presbyterian Church	Meridian, Miss.	210
WIBQ	F. M. Schmidt	Farina, Ill.	205
WIBR	Thurman A. Owings	Werton, W. Va.	246
WIBS	New Jersey National Guard Headquarters Co.	Elizabeth, N. J.	203
WIBT	Orlando Edgar Miller (Portable Station)	New York, N. Y.	211
WIBU	The Electric Farm	Poynette, Wis.	222
WIBW	Dr. L. L. Dill	Logansport, Ind.	220
WIBX	Grid-Leak Inc.	Union, N. Y.	205
WIBZ	Powell Electric Company	Montgomery, Ala.	231
WIL	Continental Electric Supply Co.	Washington, D. C.	360
WIP	Gimbel Bros.	Philadelphia, Pa.	509
WJAB	American Electric Co.	Lincoln, Nebr.	229
WJAD	Jackson's Radio Engineering Laboratories	Waco, Texas	352
WJAG	Norfolk Daily News	Norfolk, Nebr.	283
WJAK	Clifford L. White	Greentown, Iowa	254
WJAM	D. M. Perham	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	268
WJAR	The Outlet Co. (J. Samuels & Bro.)	Providence, R. I.	306
WJAS	Pittsburgh Radio Supply House	Pittsburgh, Pa.	286
WJAZ	Chicago Radio Laboratory	Chicago, Ill.	268
WJBA	D. H. Lentz, Jr.	Joliet, Ill.	207
WJBB	L. W. McClurg	St. Petersburg, Fla.	234
WJBC	Hummer Furniture Co.	LaSalle, Ill.	234
WJBD	Ashland Broadcasting Committee	Ashland, Wis.	233
WJBI	Robert S. Johnson	Red Bank, N. J.	219
WJID	Denison University	Granville, Ohio	229
WJJD	Supreme Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose	Mooseheart, Ill.	303
WJR	Jewett Radion & Phonograph Co. and Detroit Free Press	Pontiac, Mich.	517
WCX	Radio Corp. of America	New York, N. Y.	455
WJY	Radio Corp. of America	New York, N. Y.	455
WJZ	H. F. Paar	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	278
WKAA	Chas. Looff (Crescent Park)	East Providence, R. I.	240
WKAD	WKAF Broadcasting Co.	Milwaukee, Wis.	261
WKAF	Radio Corp. of Porto Rico	San Juan, P. R.	340
WKAQ	Michigan Agriculture College	East Lansing, Mich.	285
WKAR	Laconia Radio Club	Laconia, N. H.	254
WKAU	K. & B. Electric Co.	Webster, Mass.	231
WKBK	Dutec Wilcox Flint	Cranston, R. I.	286
WKBG	C. L. Carrel, Portable	Chicago, Ill.	216
WKBK	Miss Shirley Katz	New York, N. Y.	210
WKY	WKY Radio Shop	Oklahoma City, Okla.	275
WLAL	First Christian Church	Tulsa, Okla.	250
WLAP	Wm. V. Jordan	Louisville, Ky.	286
WLAQ	Arthur E. Shilling	Kalamazoo, Mich.	283
WLAX	Putnam Electric Co.	Greencastle, Ind.	231
WLB	University of Minnesota	Minneapolis, Minn.	278
WLBL	Wisconsin State Dept. of Markets	Stevenspoint, Wis.	278
WLS	Sears Roebuck & Co.	Chicago, Ill.	344
WLTS	Lane Technical High School	Chicago, Ill.	258
WLW	Crosley Mfg. Co.	Cincinnati, Ohio	422
WLWL	Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle	New York, N. Y.	288
WMAC	J. Edw. Page (Olive B. Meredith)	Casnovia, N. Y.	261
WMAF	Round Hills Radio Corp.	Dartmouth, Mass.	440
WMAK	Norton Laboratories	Lockport, N. Y.	273
WMAL	Trenton Hardware Co.	Trenton, N. J.	256
WMAN	First Baptist Church	Columbus, Ohio	286
WMAO	Chicago Daily News	Chicago, Ill.	447
WMAY	Kingshighway Presbyterian Church	St. Louis, Mo.	280
WMAZ	Mercer University	Macon, Ga.	261
WMBB	Trianon Ball Room	Chicago, Ill.	250
WMBF	Miami Beach Hotel	Miami Beach, Fla.	384
WMC	Commercial Appeal	Memphis, Tenn.	503
WMCA	Hotel McAlpin (Greeley Square Hotel Co.)	New York City, N. Y.	341
WMH	Ainsworth-Gates Radio Co.	Cincinnati, Ohio	321
WNAC	Shepard Stores	Boston, Mass.	284
WNAD	University of Oklahoma	Norman, Okla.	258
WNAL	Omaha Central High School	Omaha, Nebr.	255
WNAP	Wittenberg College	Springfield, Ohio	271
WNAR	First Christian Church	Butler, Mo.	230
WNAT	Lennig Brothers Co. (Frederick Lennig)	Philadelphia, Pa.	254
WNAX	Dakota Radio Apparatus Co.	Yankton, S. Dak.	248
WNOX	Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co.	Knoxville, Tenn.	268
WNYC	Dept. of Plant and Structure	New York, N. Y.	526
WOAC	Page Organ Co.	Lima, Ohio	260
WOAE	Midland College	Fremont, Nebr.	280
WOAG	Apollo Theatre (Belvidere Amusement Co.)	Belvidere, Ill.	274
WOAI	Southern Equipment Co.	San Antonio, Texas	392
WOAN	Vaughn Conservatory of Music (James D. Vaughn)	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.	280
WOAO	Lyradion Mfg. Co.	Mishawaka, Ind.	369
WOAR	Lundskow, Henry P.	Kenosha, Wis.	225
WOAT	Boyd M. Hamp	Wilmington, Del.	360
WOAV	Pennsylvania National Guard, 2d Battalion, 112th Infantry	Erie, Pa.	242
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha, Nebr.	526
WOAX	Franklyn J. Wolf	Trenton, N. J.	240
WOC	Palmer School of Chiropractic	Davenport, Iowa	484
WOCG	Triple Alliance Radio Station	Sycamore, Ill.	205
WOCL	Hotel Jamestown, Inc.	Jamestown, N. Y.	275
WODA	James K. O'Dea	Paterson, N. J.	203
WOI	Iowa State College	Ames, Iowa	270
WOK	Neutrowound Radio Mfg. Co.	Homewood, Ill.	217
WOO	John Wanamaker	Philadelphia, Pa.	509
WOR	L. Bamberger & Co.	Newark, N. J.	405
WORD	Peoples' Pulpit Assn.	Batavia, Ill.	275
WOS	State Marketing Bureau	Jefferson City, Mo.	440
WOWL	Owl Battery Company	New Orleans, La.	270
WOWO	Main Auto Supply Co.	Fort Wayne, Ind.	227
WPAB	Pennsylvania State College	State College, Pa.	283
WPAC	Donaldson Radio Co.	Oklmulgee, Okla.	360
WPAJ	Doolittle Radio Corp.	New Haven, Conn.	268
WPAK	North Dakota Agricultural College	Agricultural College, N. D.	283
WPAL	Superior Radio & Telephone Equipment Co.	Columbus, Ohio	286
WPG	The Municipality of Atlantic City	Atlantic City, N. J.	300
WOAA	Horace A. Beale, Jr.	Parkersburg, Pa.	270
WOAC	E. B. Gish	Amarillo, Texas	234
WOAE	Moore Radio News Station (Edmund B. Moore)	Springfield, Vt.	275
WOAM	Electrical Equipment Co.	Miami, Fla.	283
WOAN	Scranton Times	Scranton, Pa.	280
WOAO	Calvary Baptist Church	New York, N. Y.	260
WOJ	Calumet Rainbo Broadcasting Co.	Chicago, Ill.	447
WRAF	The Radio Club (Inc.)	Laporte, Ind.	224
WRAK	Economy Light Co.	Escabana, Mich.	256
WRAM	Lombard College	Galesburg, Ill.	244
WRAO	St. Louis Radio Service Co.	St. Louis, Mo.	263
WRAV	Antioch College	Yellow Springs, Ohio	242
WRAW	Avenue Radio Shop (Horace D. Good)	Reading, Pa.	238
WRAX	Flaxon's Garage	Gloucester City, N. J.	268
WRBC	Immanuel Lutheran Church	Valparaiso, Ind.	278
WRC	Radio Corp. of America	Washington, D. C.	468
WREO	Reo Motor Car Co.	Lansing, Mich.	286
WRHF	Washington Radio Hospital Fund	Washington, D. C.	256
WRHM	Rosedale Hospital, Inc.	Minneapolis, Minn.	252
WRNY	Experimenter Publishing Co.	New York, N. Y.	258
WRK	Doron Bros.	Hamilton, Ohio	360

Continued on page 48

Westinghouse RADIOLAS



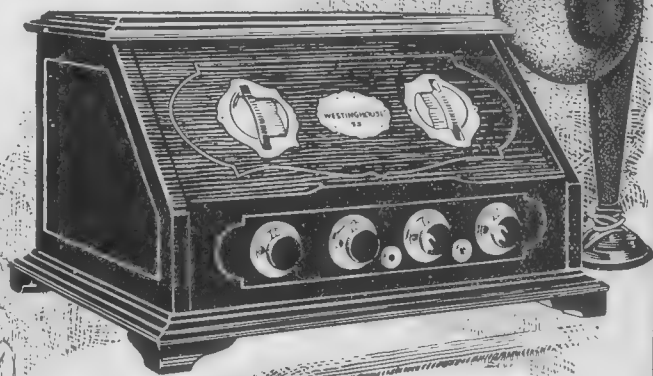
Write us today for descriptive folders and detailed particulars regarding our easy payment terms and rock bottom prices on any of these wonderful Radio Receiving Sets.

WINNIPEG PLANO CO.

333
PORTAGE
AVE.

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Westinghouse Latest Development in 5 Tube Design



Again Westinghouse leads the field with this super-sensitive non-radiating receiver, employing all of the newest and greatest developments of radio design.

Extreme selectivity and marvelously easy tuning is accomplished through the use of the new straight line frequency condensers. The four UV199 tubes, with the power amplifying tube is a combination of maximum efficiency and economy. New type vernier tuning controls and a handsome walnut cabinet of period design make this a set that is beyond comparison, both in appearance and in performance. Any set made by Westinghouse is acknowledged the leader in its class. And here is their latest! A masterpiece of 5 tube sets—NOW made available to every home through this exceptional offer!

\$5.00 Down Brings Outfit Complete with All Accessories

Yes, \$5 down and easy monthly payments will buy this set and complete outfit, all ready to set up and operate. Why get along with an inferior set when it is so easy to own the best—the newest development of the great Westinghouse factories?

2 Weeks Free Trial—

Wherever you live, you can use this outfit in your home for two weeks, without obligation to keep it unless it is just what you want. Don't wait. Write today for details of this great offer. Get our big radio book, showing this set and all other Westinghouse models, 2, 3 and 4 tube sets. Write us at once.

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311 King St., E., Toronto, Ont.

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110 Princess Street, Winnipeg, Man.
311 King Street, E., Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen: Please send me your free book telling all about the wonderful Westinghouse No. 55—your special price offer, terms, and easy monthly payment plan! I understand that this request places me under no obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

Province _____



house



The Gift That Attracts All the Family

NO one thing will bring more real enjoyment to everyone in your home this Christmas than a Westinghouse Receiving Set or Radiola.

Westinghouse sets have been developed and tested in the world's greatest radio laboratories and are built with the manufacturing skill and experience that has made Westinghouse famous for quality. The name Westinghouse on your radio set means your purchase is backed by a company founded on stability, financial responsibility and service.

You will find the set you are looking for at the price you want to pay at the authorized Westinghouse dealer's. He will gladly demonstrate or show you Westinghouse Batteries and Tubes, Westinghouse-Brandes Loud Speakers, Head Sets and Phonograph Attachment.

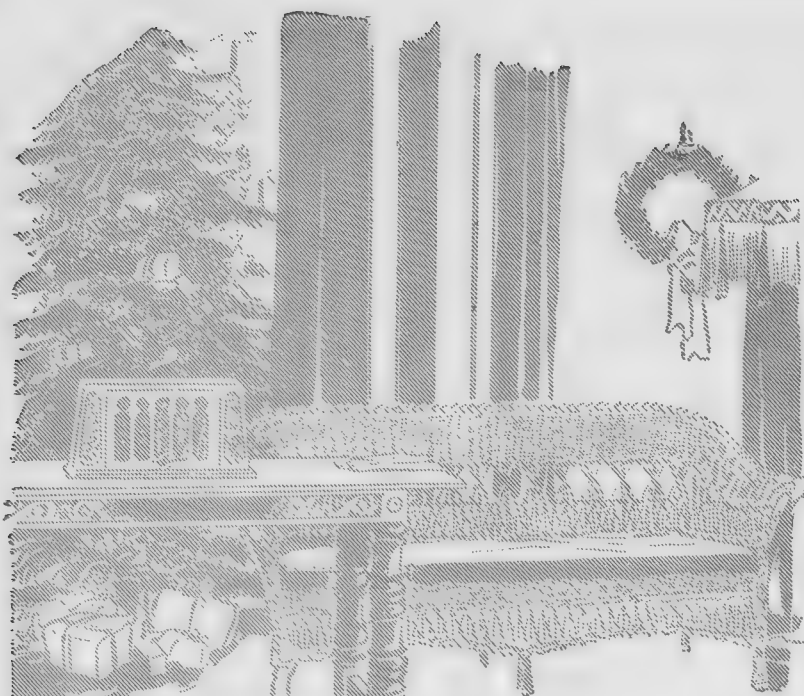
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HAMILTON ONTARIO

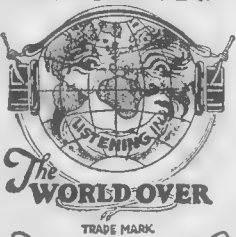
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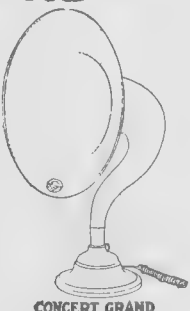




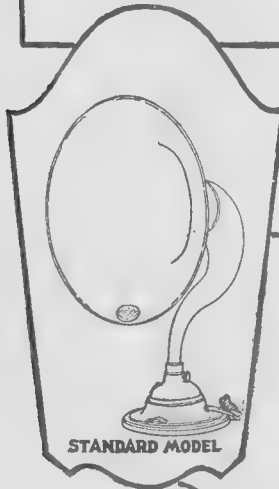
Nathaniel
BALDWIN
PRODUCTS



TRADE MARK



CONCERT GRAND



STANDARD MODEL

*— for the holiday
and after —*

Often at the Christmas season the family circle is complete. And after the holiday is over with aid of the radio the boys and girls will still group round, spending the evenings together at home. The Baldwin is the centre of the happy group. No single factor in radio has done more to bring back the joy of home life than has the Baldwin.

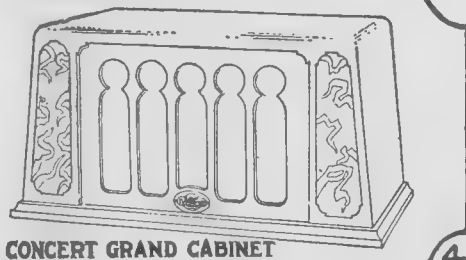
Its clear-toned reproduction, faithful in every detail to the artist before the microphone, is assured by the Baldwin patented principle.

All Baldwins are tested and sealed at the factory. There is no auxiliary adjustment. They reproduce with equal efficiency the weakest signal or the greatest volume.

In horn or cabinet model, there is a Baldwin guaranteed to give you satisfaction. They range in price from \$20.00 to \$45.00. Many of the best cabinet sets are now equipped with Baldwin units. Ask your dealer to demonstrate them.

Before you decide, hear the Baldwin.

BALDWIN INTERNATIONAL RADIO
OF CANADA, LIMITED
Toronto, Ontario



CONCERT GRAND CABINET

4

List of Broadcasting Stations

Continued from page 45

WRL	Union College	Schenectady, N. Y.	270
WRM	University of Illinois	Urbana, Ill.	273
WRMU	A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., Motor Yacht "MU-1"	New York, N. Y.	236
WRW	Tarrytown Radio Res. Labs.	Tarrytown, N. Y.	273
WSAC	Clemson Agricultural College	Clemson College, S. C.	336
WWGS	Radio Engineering Corp.	Richmond Hill, N. Y.	213
WSAI	United States Playing Card Co.	Cincinnati, Ohio	325
WSAJ	Grove City College	Grove City, Pa.	258
WSAN	Allentown Call Publishing Co.	Allentown, Pa.	229
WSAP	Seventh Day Adventist Church	New York, N. Y.	263
WSAR	Daugherty & Welch Electrical Co.	Fall River, Mass.	254
WSAU	Camp Marienfeld	Chesham, N. H.	229
WSAV	C. W. Vick Radio Construction Co.	Houston, Texas	360
WSAY	Irving Austin (Port Chester Chamber of Commerce)	Port Chester, N. Y.	233
WSAZ	Chas. Electric Shop	Pomeroy, Ohio	258
WSBF	Stix-Baer-Fuller D. G. Co.	St. Louis, Mo.	275
WSBC	World Batley Co.	1219 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.	210
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta, Ga.	428
WSKC	World's Star Knitting Co.	Bay City, Mich.	261
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co. and Maison Blanche Co.	New Orleans, La.	319
WSMH	Shattuck Music House	Owosso, Mich.	240
WSMK	S. M. K. Radio Corp.	Dayton, Ohio	275
WTAW	Agricultural & Mechanical College of Texas	College Station, Texas	280
WTAM	Willard Storage Battery Co.	Cleveland, Ohio	390
WTAX	Williams' Hardware Co.	Streator, Ill.	231
WTAZ	Thomas J. McGuire	Lambertville, N. J.	283
WTHS	Flint Senior High School	Flint, Mich.	218
WTC	Kansas State Agricultural College	Manhattan, Kans.	273
WTIC	Travelers' Insurance Co.	Hartford, Conn.	323
WTX	H. G. Saal Co.	Chicago, Ill.	268
WWAD	Wright & Wright (Inc.)	Philadelphia, Pa.	360
WWAE	The Alamo Ball Room	Joliet, Ill.	242
WWI	Ford Motor Co.	Dearborn, Mich.	273
WWJ	Detroit News (Evening News Assn.)	Detroit, Mich.	352
WWL	Loyola University	New Orleans, La.	260
WSOE	School of Engineering	Milwaukee, Wis.	246
WSRF	Hardem Sales and Service	Broadlands, Ill.	233
WSTA	Camp Marienfeld	Chesham, N. H.	229
WSUI	State University of Iowa	Iowa City, Iowa	498
WTAB	Fall River Daily Herald Publishing Co.	Fall River, Mass.	248
WTAC	Penn Traffic Co.	Johnstown, Pa.	360
WTAD	Robt. E. Compton	Carthage, Ill.	236
WTAL	Toledo Radio & Electric Co.	Toledo, Ohio	252
WTAP	Cambridge Radio & Electric Co.	Cambridge, Ill.	242
WTAO	S. H. Van Gordon & Son	Osseo, Wis.	220
WWGL	Radio Engineering Corp.	Richmond Hill, N. Y.	213
WTAR	Radianc Electric Co.	Norfolk, Va.	283
WTAS	Charles E. Erbstein	Elgin, Ill.	304
WTAT	Edison Electric Illuminating Co.	(portable) Boston, Mass.	240

CUBAN STATIONS

PWX	Cuban Telephone Co.	Habana	400
2DW	Pedro Zayas	Habana	300
2AB	Alberto S. de Bustamante	Habana	240
2OK	Mario Garcia Velez	Habana	360
2BY	Frederick W. Borton	Habana	260
2CX	Frederick W. Borton	Habana	320
2EV	Westinghouse Elec. Co.	Habana	220
2TW	Roberto E. Ramires	Habana	230
2HC	Heraldo de Cuba	Habana	275
2LC	Luis Casas	Habana	250
2KD	E. Sanchez de Fuentes	Habana	350
2MN	Fausto Simon	Habana	270
2MG	Manuel G. Salas	Habana	280
2JD	Raul Perez Falcon	Habana	105
2K	Alvira Daza	Habana	200
2HS	Julio Power	Habana	180
2OL	Oscar Collado	Habana	290
2WW	Amadeo Saenz	Habana	210
5EV	Leopoldo E. Figueroa	Colon	360
6KW	Frank H. Jones	Tuinucu	340
6KJ	Frank H. Jones	Tuinucu	275
6CX	Antonio T. Figueroa	Cienfuegos	170
6DW	Eduardo Terry	Cienfuegos	225
6BY	Jose Ganduxe	Cienfuegos	300
6AZ	Valentin Ullivarri	Cienfuegos	200
8BY	Alberto Ravelo	Stgo. de Cuba	250
8FU	Andres Vinnet	Stgo. de Cuba	225
8DW	Pedro C. Anduz	Stgo. de Cuba	275

EUROPEAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

2LO	London	365
5IT	Birmingham	475
5WA	Cardiff	350
6BM	Bournemouth	385
2ZY	Manchester	375
5NO	Newcastle	400
5SC	Glasgow	420
2BD	Aberdeen	492
6SL	Sheffield (relay station)	303
YN	Lyons	740
FL	Paris (Eiffel Tower)	2,600
8AJ	Paris	1,780
ESP	Paris	450

Radio Adds 5,000 Words to the English Language

THE English language has been increased by 5,000 words by the advent of radio, according to the Australian Musical News. Radio not only has promoted the exchange of ideas, but it has enriched our very speech with a vocabulary indispensable to those that would understand the mechanism.

Who ten years ago ever concerned himself with radio frequency problems? Who today would neglect to tune in and get his favorite station? We may have known of atoms, of electrons, of protons and of triodes; but we now have a know-

ledge of inductance, of crystal detectors, of tuning coils, of variometers, of triode detectors and of autodynes. Audion and potentiometer were once Greek to most of us, and the amplifiers, radio amplification and radio triodes were little less than a dead letter.

Today the radio world has enriched us by contributing not merely the working knowledge of these terms themselves, which every live wire in lexicography has placed on record, but by compiling new, useful and educational words to our language.

Keep Antenna Free

THE efficiency of an aerial depends on its freedom from obstructions, mainly, and on its length and height. The height of an aerial is increased to place to above obstructions, and its length is increased to intercept more energy from the passing wave.

Copper is the best metal to use in an aerial, and it should be of wire not smaller than No. 14 gauge, while heavier wire of No. 12 gauge is more efficient. A wire 50 feet long is too short to give good results, for while it will receive

some energy from the passing wave, it will not be in great amount and several stages of radio frequency amplification will be needed to increase the volume. One hundred feet, exclusively of the lead in, makes an efficient aerial. The wire should not be run parallel to other wires or metal. It should be in one piece, from the distant insulator to the binding post of the set. The lead-in wire should be kept away from the side of the building. This wire is part of the aerial, and must be insulated where it enters the building.

More than 70% of the Automotive trade in Western Canada read

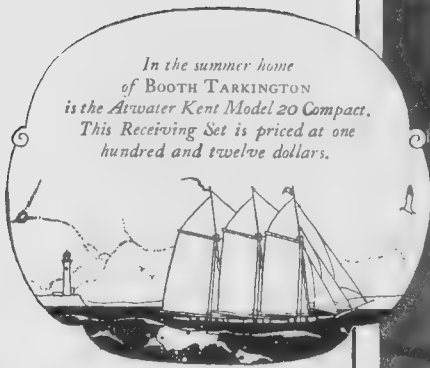
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Send for a Sample Copy

MOTOR IN CANADA

WINNIPEG, MAN.

ATWATER KENT RADIO



In the summer home
of BOOTH TARKINGTON
is the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact.
This Receiving Set is priced at one
hundred and twelve dollars.



*This is
a new
influence
in Radio*

In many ways the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact is a new influence in the progress of radio.

It is unobtrusive. It takes its place gracefully on a small table, a book rack or any other small piece of furniture, for it is a fine, simple electrical instrument only 6½ inches high and 19¾ inches long—no larger than a row of a dozen books.

So now Radio needn't disturb any room. You

can fit it agreeably into your present arrangement of furniture and decorations, without buying anything new.

Already the Model 20 Compact has won its place in the fine homes of many famous people. It is the radio of today—and of tomorrow.

Write for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio.
ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
1701 WISSAHICKON AVENUE • PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



MODEL 10 (without tubes), \$112

RADIO SPEAKERS
priced from
\$16.50 to \$40



MODEL 20, \$112

Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Sunday evening at 9:15 o'clock (eastern standard time) through stations—

WEAF	New York
WJAR	Providence
WEEI	Boston
WFI }	Philadelphia
WOO }	alternating
WCCO	Minneapolis-St. Paul
WCAE	Pittsburgh
WGR	Buffalo
WWJ	Detroit
WSAI	Cincinnati
WOC	Davenport
WCAP	Washington
WCTG	Worcester
KSD	St. Louis

The Hostess of Yesterday and Today

By Georgie Paterson Lane

"THANKS, baker, just one loaf today, please," said my hostess as she gracefully reclined in her flower-filled drawing room, which room so aptly reflected her own gracious personality.

"Well, I'm sure that is very kind of you," she continued, as the alert baker boy deftly extracted a ticket from its hiding place back of the shelf topping the kitchen table. "He finds it much more readily than I could myself," she explained, turning to me who had been her luncheon guest that day, "quite the modern housekeeper isn't it?"

And I agreed with her. Agreed, too, that the modern woman puts it all over her contemporary of another generation in her easy and effective methods of running her home.

That day that I lunched with Mrs. Smith (let us call her), her maid of

haphazard but really effective modern ways.

"Outside of the up-to-date conveniences in the home of today which were non-existent fifty years ago," said Mrs. Smith, "the viewpoint of the woman of 1925 is totally different from that of her sister of 1875." And Mrs. Smith began to reminisce.

So many women of that day and age apparently made a fetish of their housework, if we may believe the tales told us by our grandmothers, and were slaves to a tradition that insisted on duties being performed that are now thrown into the discard.

In many a small town, and even in some of the larger ones also, an invitation to a few friends to tea was the signal for a general housecleaning. Woodwork and windows were scrubbed, curtains were laundered, furniture was

to the party in mind. As she produced the bag of tomatoes, which a thoughtful relative had supplied her with, a tin of potted chicken from the vast darkenesses of the kitchenette shelf, and two gangling cucumbers, she asked me if I would have time to stop in at the "five and ten" on the way back to her tea that afternoon and bring her an imitation parchment shade she had seen there the day before.

"Because you see," she explained, "the shade on that corner lamp is really a boudoir cap of mine which I never liked and which, in an idle moment, I speared and tucked around that light."

"Of course, if you haven't time or don't feel like it," she continued, "never mind. It really is immaterial. I don't suppose anyone will fathom what it is. And even if they do, what of it?"

"I will just scoop out the place a little, turn on the lights and put a match to the fire, and with all these flowers which were donated to me this morning," she said, swinging her arms gaily around at the quantities of artistically arranged asters in every sort of container from silver and Cloisonne to the little old milk bottle, "if there are deficiencies, who will notice them?" Who, indeed?

The tea, to which about twenty-five guests were bidden and who all came, was an unqualified success.

substituting slices of orange for lemon; by using "orange sugar," which is made by grating orange rind (taking care not to grate any of the white under-skin) over cubes of sugar in a china bowl, and setting the bowl away, tightly covered, for a few days. A few pieces of orange peel in the tea caddy also gives a delightful flavor when the tea is brewed.

Cocoa and Chocolate: A delightful change from plain cocoa or chocolate, either hot or cold, is to add 1/3 the quantity of clear coffee and serve with whipped cream. A pinch of salt, a few drops of vanilla, or a little cinnamon improve the taste of a plain cocoa or chocolate drink.

Tea Punch: Pour two cupfuls of boiling water over 1 tablespoonful of English breakfast tea, and after five minutes strain it over 1 cupful of sugar. Chill, add 1/3 cupful of lemon juice, 2/3 cupful of orange or other fruit juice, 1 cupful water, and, just before serving, one pint of ginger ale.

Cider Punch: Combine one quart of sweet cider, the juice of 6 lemons, and about 1 cupful of sugar (according to sweetness of cider), and let stand for four hours. Add 1 quart of charged water, ice, and serve.

Pink Punch: Make a syrup of 1 cupful of sugar and the same amount of water, chill, and add juice of one orange



Small linen covers are being used for both formal and informal luncheons and dinners

some three years' residence with her had abruptly left the job cold and quit the house over a matter of minor importance. The kitchen sink was piled with dishes from a celebration of the night before, crates of berries were in the house ready for preserving and jam making, and the mistress had invited a few friends to lunch. Moreover, it was Saturday and impossible to replace that kitchen mechanic until the dawn of a new week.

But was Mrs. Smith nonplussed? Not at all. With her ready laugh she disposed of the dishes, bathing them with unhurried speed and then began on the fruit. At one o'clock she appeared at the head of the table in her smart luncheon frock looking as fresh and immaculate as if she had tackled a no more arduous task than that of managing her own toilet.

But the morning had been a busy one. In between clearing away the debris of the night before and ordering and cooking the luncheon, she had preserved peaches, stowed away two dozen little pots of the most delectable grape jelly, mopped the kitchen floor and shampooed the Persian kitten. The luncheon itself was delicious, too. Lamb cutlets, green peas, hot biscuits, corn on the cob, home-made cake, canteloupe and ice cream were followed by perfectly brewed coffee.

So that was how Mrs. Smith and I fell to discuss the relative merits of modern and not-so-modern methods of housekeeping.

Mrs. Smith affirmed it was lack of what she called "fuss" that was responsible for the success of the seemingly

polished, the "best" china and silver were dragged from their chamois-lined lair to be shined and set in order.

And then the edible preparations. Cakes must be elaborate and of many kinds. Cookies, small cakes and fancy bread were supplied in abundance, in addition to the carefully prepared sandwiches. The making of which, seemingly, in days gone by, was a feat to try the soul.

"Be careful and cut the bread thin, but not so thin that the butter will slip through"; "cut the crusts off, to be sure, but don't cut half the loaf with it"; "and for goodness sake be careful what you are cutting those sandwiches on, or you will have the whole table marked up in a frightful manner"; were only a few of the many admonitions heard by the patient assistant of several years ago.

How different now are the preparations of the modern would-be hostess.

"Dash over and help me throw a few sandwiches together," was the hurried mid-morning telephone call I received a few days ago. And I dashed. To find my hostess of the afternoon immersed in an attempt to achieve an original idea for a popular magazine contest.

The attendant cash prize, which was already salted down in the bank, in her own calculations, was to be spread out over a few extras for her furnished apartment, such as a bronze coal hod and a new table lamp, not to mention an autumn wardrobe for herself which included a brown fox fur.

At my tentative suggestion that we slip into the kitchen and attack the bread question she came back to life and



The reflection of silver and flowers on polished wood vies for favor with the sheen of damask

And why? Because the hostess, who might appear too casual to some, was in reality a true hostess at heart. She loved to gather about her a few congenial souls who were interested in the same things to which she gave her most earnest thoughts—books, pictures, music and the other arts. Her preparations may have been sketchy, according to old time standards, but the gay light-heartedness with which she dispensed her hospitality, together with her cordial welcome to enjoy her "flowers and fire," more than made up for any lack in the commissariat department. As our old friend Omar puts it, "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou . . ."

It is not the kind nor the quantity of material hospitality offered that makes for the successful hostess but the spirit which pervades the feast, be it merely an informal luncheon, a reception tea or an elaborate dinner party.

Variety in Serving Tea and Chocolate

Tea: Variety can be given to tea by serving it with slices of lemon pierced with two or three cloves; by serving sprigs of mint with the lemon; by

and two lemons, 1/2 cupful of apricot juice, 1/4 cupful each of prune and of cherry juice, 2 quarts of water, and pink vegetable coloring. Serve with cracked ice and maraschino cherries.

Suggestions for Supper on Christmas Night

After the very elaborate Christmas dinner, everybody wants a light supper. For the small children, a dish of some ready-to-eat cereal would be best. For the older people we might serve:

Oyster Stew. Crackers.
Lettuce Sandwiches. Tea.
Christmas Cake.

Cream of Tomato Soup.
Toast Fingers. Tea.
Cookies.

Apple and Celery Salad.
Bread and Butter Sandwiches. Tea.
Cake.

Brown Bread and Butter.
Stuffed Celery. Olives.
Cookies. Coffee.

Creamed Chicken on Toast.
Toasted Crackers.
Lemon Water Ice. Coffee.

COMMUNITY PLATE

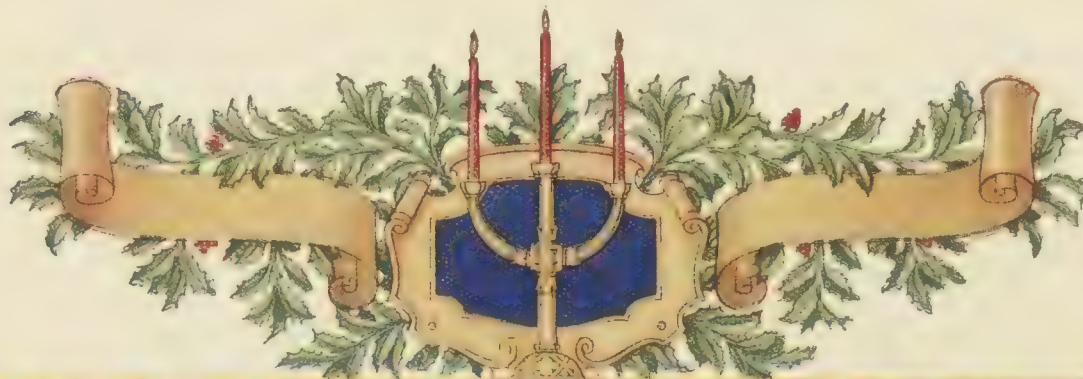


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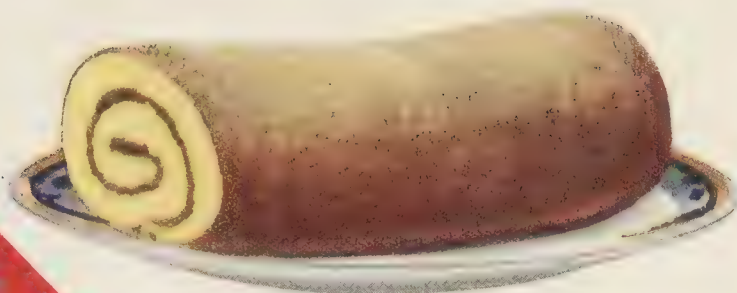


CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of butter (scant). $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour.
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups fine sugar. $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons
 3 eggs. Magic Baking Powder.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract. 1 cup milk.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly, beat in the eggs one at a time till very light, add flavoring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt 3 times and add to first mixture alternately with milk. Turn into 3 greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Make a butter cream, add melted chocolate and beat well. Put between layers, then spread thickly round sides; hold cake between hands and roll in minced walnuts, now spread chocolate butter cream on top and cover with the nuts. Decorate with cherries and walnut halves.



JELLY ROLL

3 large eggs. 1 cup pastry flour.
 1 cup fine sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract. 2 tablespoons cold water.
 1 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder.

Separate eggs, beating yolks and sugar together till quite thick; add extract, then add lightly the stiffly beaten egg whites. Sift together 4 times flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt; fold very lightly into egg mixture alternately with the cold water. Turn into a jelly roll pan, which has been lined with well greased paper. Bake in moderate oven for about 10 minutes; turn out on a clean, slightly damp cloth. Remove paper; cut crisp edges from sponge, spread with preserve and roll quickly while the sponge is still warm. Sift fine sugar on top.

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 your
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DOUGHNUTS

2 eggs. 1 tablespoon melted butter.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg.
 2 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder. 2 cups flour.

Beat eggs till light, adding sugar gradually; sift together flour, Magic Baking Powder, nutmeg and salt; add to beaten eggs and sugar alternately with milk and melted butter. Roll out the soft dough, cut with cutter, drop in boiling fat and fry a golden brown. Roll in sugar if desired.

WRITE FOR A COPY OF MAGIC
 COOK BOOK AND HOUSE-
 KEEPER'S GUIDE.
 SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
 FRASER AVENUE AND LIBERTY STREET
 TORONTO, ONT.

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. 2 cups pastry flour.
 1 cup sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 2 eggs. 1 teaspoon flavoring.
 2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder. $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly together, add flavoring; beat eggs very light and gradually beat them into the butter and sugar. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, and salt, add lightly to first mixture alternately with milk; turn into greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

*Butter Cream Icing Recipe and method of
 applying cocoanut sent on request.*





The Desserts for Your Christmas Dinner

CHRISTMAS is the children's day; partly for their sakes, in many homes, the Christmas dinner is served at noon or early in the afternoon. Many wise mothers no longer think it necessary to follow the very hearty main course with plum pudding or mince pie—or both. A dainty light dessert of some sort is much more desirable. Everybody has been nibbling candies since the stockings were opened, before dawn, so that the appetite for sweets is cloyed, making a frozen, or a fruit or a gelatine dessert appealing. They would tend to ward off the after-dinner drowsiness, too. Many of the daintiest desserts are not expensive.

Frozen Fruit

Select a can of fruit of some particularly good brand—apricots, peaches, and raspberries are good, if one is sure of the brand chosen, and bury in salt and ice or in a tub of snow, or merely set out in a shed where the temperature is below the freezing point. When ready to serve, open the can so that the frozen contents will slip out in a cylindrical form. (The process will be simplified by plunging the can for a second in hot water.) Slice with a sharp knife, and put a spoonful of whipped cream on each serving. A jar of one's own nicest fruit may be put in a covered mold—a baking powder can is quite satisfactory—and used in the same way. This is the easiest dessert we know of, and if once tried, will be a favorite "company" dish. It is well to remember that food is less sweet after freezing than before.

In this country of ours, it is easy to serve many delicious frozen dainties without a freezer or an ice house. Mousses and parfaits are frozen without turning in a freezer. A mousse is sweetened, flavored with whipped cream. A parfait is a syrup boiled and poured on beaten egg-white, much as cake frostings are made, then frozen, after whipped cream has been added.

Maple Mousse

Cream, whipped, 1 pt. Maple syrup, 1 c.
Salt, ¼ t.

Add the salt to the maple syrup, then fold in the whipped cream. Pack in a mold, and freeze.

Maple Mousse 2

Cream, 1 pt. Maple syrup, 1 c.
Sultanas, ½ c. Lemon juice, 1 t.

Soak the sultanas in the syrup for an hour or longer. Drain and add the syrup to the cream, then whip stiff. Add the lemon juice to the raisins, then add them to the cream mixture. Pack in a mould and freeze.

Coffee Mousse

Gelatine, 1 tb. Sugar, ½ c.
Cold water, 2 tb. Salt, ¼ t.
Hot coffee, ½ c. Cream, 1 pt.

Gelatine is frequently added to a mousse to give it "body."

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in the hot coffee, then cool. Add to thick cream with the sugar and salt, and whip till stiff. The sugar may be dissolved in the hot coffee. Pack in salt and ice for three hours or longer.

Caramel Mousse

Use ½ c. rich caramel syrup for the coffee in the preceding recipe, and if sweet enough, omit the sugar.

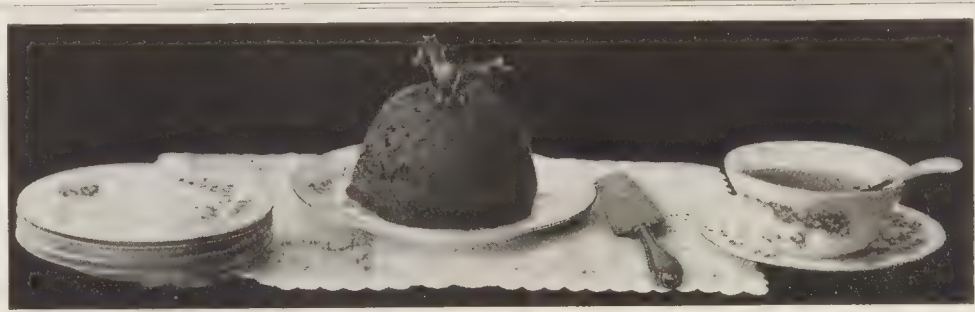
Fruit Mousse

Peaches, bananas, apricots, strawberries, or any other desired fruit which will mash to a pulp may be used. Add 1 tb. lemon juice and enough sugar to sweeten to taste to 1 pt. of fruit pulp. Stiffen with 1 t. gelatine, softened in cold water, then dissolved over hot water. Fold in 1 pt. of cream, whipped till stiff, and pack in ice and salt.

Pineapple Mousse

Powdered sugar to taste. Grated pineapple and Thick cream, 1 pt. juice, 1 c.
Lemon juice, 1 tb.

Add the lemon juice to the pineapple, fold in the whipped cream, and add powdered sugar to make it as sweet as desired. Freeze in a mold.



For some people, Christmas dinner would not be Christmas dinner without a real steamed pudding

Fruit and Marshmallow Parfait

Marshmallows, 1 lb. Sugar, 2 c.
Hot fruit juice, 2 c. Water, 1 c.
Egg whites, 2. Cream, 2 c.
Lemon juice, 1 tb.

Boil the sugar and water till it spins a thread. Pour on the stiffly beaten egg whites. Stir in the marshmallows which have been cut in pieces and melted in the hot fruit juice (strawberries, cherry, pineapple, etc., some pulp may be included in the pint of juice), and the lemon juice. Beat till cold. Fold in the whipped cream and freeze.

Strawberry Parfait

Gelatine, 1 tb. Canned strawberries, 1 qt.
Egg whites, 3. Powdered sugar if Cream, 2 c. needed.

Mash the berries, and sweeten if necessary. Stir in the gelatine, softened in cold water and melted over hot water. Beat the egg whites, which have been slightly salted, and with the whipped cream, fold into the strawberry pulp. Freeze. A few whole berries may be reserved to garnish the servings. During the strawberry season, ripe berries may be crushed and used.

Philadelphia Ice Cream

Scald 4 cups of thin cream and ¾ cup of sugar, cool and add any desired flavoring, then freeze.

French Ice Cream, 1

Scalded milk, 2 c. Eggs, 2 to 6.
Sugar, 1 c. Flavoring and salt.
Cream, 2 c.

Add the sugar to the beaten egg yolks, pour on the hot milk, return to the double boiler and cook till it coats the spoon. Add a dash of salt and cool. Flavor. Fold in the egg whites beaten till foamy and the cream. Freeze. The richness of this ice cream will depend on the number of eggs used and the thickness of the cream.

French Ice Cream, 2

Milk, 4 c. Eggs, 2.
Sugar, 1 c. Cream, 2 to 4 c.
Flour, 2 tb. Extra sugar.
Cold milk, ¼ c. Flavoring.

Scald the milk, mix the sugar, flour, and cold milk, pour into the hot milk, and cook in the double boiler fifteen minutes, add the eggs, well-beaten, and cook a moment longer. Then the cream, and if the larger amount is used, additional sugar will be required. Strain into the freezer, cool and flavor. Vanilla and lemon extract combined are good. Less cream with more milk and eggs may be used. If corn starch is used instead of flour, 1 tb. will be enough, but it must be thoroughly cooked to prevent the taste of raw starch.

Caramel Ice Cream

In either of the recipes for French or Philadelphia ice cream, caramelize half of the sugar.

Fancy Fruit Creams

To the recipes for plain creams, may be added fruits, candied fruits, ginger syrup, nuts, chocolate, powdered macaroons, cake crumbs, etc.

Ices

Water ices are another large group of frozen desserts. They are sweetened water flavored with fruit juices, then frozen. Combinations of fruits may be used. Lemon juice always brings out the flavor of other fruits. Lemon ice is the simplest and may be the basis for many others.

Lemon Ice

Lemons, 4. Boiling water, 1 qt.
Sugar, 2 c., or a little more.

Wash the lemons. Pare one very thinly. Steep the parings for 15 minutes in the boiling water, in a covered bowl. Roll and squeeze the lemons, adding the juice and the sugar to the water. Cool and strain into the freezer.

Variations

Add the juice from maraschino cherries. Steep a little candied ginger with the lemon peel and boiling water. Add a few drops of oil of peppermint. Add orange juice.

Grape Ice

Grape juice, 2 c. Water, 2 c., or more.
Sugar, 2 c. Lemon juice, 1 c.
Orange juice, 1 c.

Dilute with water and add more sugar if needed.

Sherbets

are ices to which gelatine has been added.

Stewed Fruit Sherbet

Mash and sift stewed apples, or canned apricots, grapes, pears, cherries, etc. To one pint add sugar to taste, 1 tb. lemon juice, any spices if liked, 1 tb. dissolved gelatine, and dilute with cider or apple juice or water.

Gelatine Desserts

There is an almost endless variety of attractive desserts made from gelatine.

Jelly Whip

Dissolve a package of cherry, or raspberry, or strawberry flavored jelly powder in hot water. When

Continued on page 56

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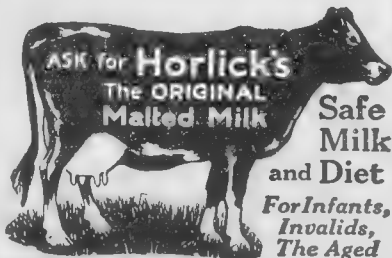
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**Safe Milk
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Rich Milk—Extract of Grain. Prepare it at home, for all members of the family, by briskly stirring the powder in hot or cold water, no cooking. Use any time, when faint or hungry. A hot cupful, on retiring, induces refreshing sleep.



Desserts for Your Christmas Dinner

Continued from page 55

cold begin to whip with an egg beater and continue till it is as thick as whipped cream. Pile in dainty serving dishes and top with whipped cream and a candied cherry.

Plum Pudding

This is perhaps the best substitute we know of for the genuine steamed plum pudding.

Lemon jelly powder, 1 pkg.
Grape nuts or bran, 1/2 c.
Walnut meats, 1/2 c.
Candied peel, 1/4 c.
Cinnamon, 1/2 t.
Boiling water, 1 pt.
Raisins, 1 c.
Dates, 1/2 c.
Cocoa, 1 tb.
Gr. cloves, 1/4 t.

Mix the jelly powder and cocoa, and dissolve in the boiling water. Stir in the grape-nuts or bran. When just beginning to stiffen, stir in the other ingredients, and let harden. Mold in one large mold or in individual servings. Serve with whipped cream or hard sauce.

Macaroon Cream

Gelatine, 1 tb.
Cold water, 1/4 c.
Milk, 2 c.
Eggs, 3.
Sugar, 1/4 c.
Salt, 1/4 t.
Macaroons, 1/2 c.
Vanilla, 1 t.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Scald the milk, add the salt and sugar, pour on the beaten egg yolks, return to the double boiler, and cook till it coats the spoon. Add the gelatine and put in a bowl. Add the crumbled macaroons and vanilla, and when it begins to

mallows, nuts and cherries. Chill and pile lightly in dainty glasses.

Plum Pudding

For some people Christmas dinner would not be Christmas dinner without a real steamed plum pudding.

Suet, 1 c.
Molasses, 1 c.
Sour milk, 1 c.
Soda, 1 1/2 t.
Cinnamon, 1 t.
Nutmeg, 1/4 t.
Cloves, gr., 1/4 t.
Salt, 1/4 t.
Raisins, 1 c.
Currants, 1/2 c.
Dates, 1/2 c.
Flour, 2 3/4 c.

Sift together the flour, salt, soda, and spices, reserving 3/4 cup of the flour to mix with the fruit. Add the sifted flour, etc., to the molasses and sour milk, which have been mixed with the finely chopped suet. Add the floured fruit, turn into a buttered, covered pudding dish and steam 4 hours. Serve with a good sauce.

Carrot Pudding

Grated raw carrot, 1 c.
Grated raw potato, 1 c.
Suet, chopped, 1 c.
Flour, 1 1/2 c.
Brown sugar, 1 c.
Molasses, 1 tb.
Soda, 1 t.
Milk, 3/4 c.
Raisins, 1 c.
Currants, 1 c.
Candied peel, 3 tb.
Orange, 1.
Nutmeg, 1/2 t.
Cloves, 1/2 t.
Cinnamon, 1 t.
Ginger, 1/2 t.
Egg, 1.

Sift together the soda, spices, and 1 cup of the flour. Mix together the suet, sugar, molasses, beaten egg, carrot,



Little Cakes and Candies to serve for Christmas Supper

stiffen, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Mold. Garnish with whipped cream.

Charlotte Russe

Gelatine, 1 tb.
Cold water, 1/4 c.
Hot water or milk, 1/3 c.
Sugar, 1/3 c.
Cream, 2 c.
Vanilla, 1 t.

Lady fingers or sponge cake.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in the hot liquid, add sugar and vanilla. When it begins to thicken, fold in the cream, which has been whipped. Turn into a mold which has been lined with lady fingers or thin slices of sponge cake. After unmolding, garnish with whipped cream and cubes of red jelly.

Pineapple Bavarian Cream

Gelatine, 2 tb.
Cold water, 1/2 c.
Pineapple, 2 c.
Sugar, 1/2 c.
Lemon juice, 1 tb.
Cream, 1 c.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Heat the pineapple, using both juice and grated pulp. Add the sugar, lemon juice and gelatine. When it begins to thicken, fold in the whipped cream. Garnish with candied cherries or halves of sliced pineapple.

Marshmallow Pudding

Marshmallows, 1 lb.
Cream, 1 c.
Sugar, 2 tb.
Candied cherries, 1/4 c.
Walnut meats, 1/4 c.
Vanilla, 1/2 t.

Soak the cherries in thin syrup or mild juice from canned fruit long enough to soften so they may be cut in pieces. Break the nut meats, cut the marshmallows in small pieces. Whip the cream, fold in the sugar, vanilla, marsh-

potato, grated rind and juice of the orange, and milk. Stir in the fruit mixed with the half cup of flour. Steam 4 hours.

Foamy Sauce

Egg whites, 2.
Powdered sugar, 3/4 c.
Hot milk, 1/4 c.
Vanilla, 1 t.

Beat the egg whites till stiff, gradually beat in the sugar, hot milk and vanilla.

Sterling Sauce

Butter, 1/2 c.
Brown sugar, 1 c.
Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, continuing to cream the mixture.

Add the milk and vanilla very slowly to prevent curdling. If a very rich sauce is liked, use cream in place of milk.

Hard Sauce

Butter, 1/3 c.
Hot water, 1 t.
Vanilla, 2/3 t.
Lemon extract, 2/3 t.

Powdered sugar, 1 c.

Cream the butter and hot water, gradually add the powdered sugar and flavorings.

Mince Pie

Beef, 3 lbs.
Suet, 1 lb.
Apples, 6 lbs.
Raisins, 3 lbs.
Currants, 2 lbs.
Peel, 1 lb.
Blanch almonds, 1/4 lb.
Salt, 2 tb.
Cloves, 1/2 t.
Nutmeg, 1/4 t.
Allspice, 1/4 t.
Ginger, 1/4 t.
Sugar, 2 1/2 lbs.
Grape juice, 2 qts.

Cook the meat, chop, add the other ingredients, chopped. Simmer for an hour. Other fruit juices may be used for part or all of the grape juice.

Make Your Own Christmas Candy

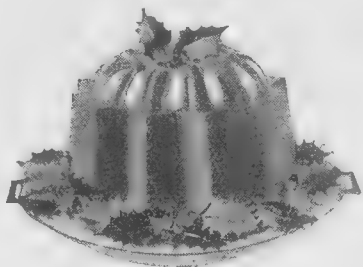
It is delicious and makes a wonderful gift



HOLIDAY DAINTIES

4 level teaspoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine, 1 1/2 cups boiling water, 4 cups granulated sugar, 1 cup cold water. Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in oil water. Let stand over night; turn out; cut into squares, roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar; let stand to crystallize. Any coloring desired may be added and any preferred flavoring extract used.

For Dessert here is an old-fashioned Plum Pudding with an entirely "new" touch



CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

1 Envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water 1 pint milk
1 cup seeded raisins 1 cup sugar Salt
1/4 cup dates
1 1/2 squares chocolate
1/2 teaspoon vanilla 1/2 cup nuts
1/2 cup currants 3 egg whites

Soften gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate with part of the sugar; add a little of the milk, making a smooth paste. Put remainder of milk in double boiler; add chopped fruit. When hot add melted chocolate, sugar, salt, and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire; when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats and lastly fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, or with a currant jelly sauce.

Send for candy and other good recipes for all occasions

KNOX GELATINE

Dept. K, 180 St. Paul Street W. MONTREAL

Desserts for Your Christmas Dinner

Continued from page 56

Orange Fruit Cake

1/4 c. butter 1/3 c. sugar
1 egg 2 c. flour
1 t. baking powder 1/2 t. soda
1/8 t. cinnamon 1/8 t. cloves
2/3 c. orange marmalade
1/3 c. chopped raisins
1/3 c. chopped nut meats

Cream the butter; add, gradually, one-half the sugar; beat egg until light; add remaining sugar, and combine mixtures; then add the marmalade. Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder, cinnamon and cloves, and add to mixture with raisins and nuts. Bake in one loaf in a moderate oven.

Orange Jelly Roll

3 egg whites 1/3 c. orange juice
1 c. sugar 1 t. baking powder
1 c. flour Grated rind of 1
1/4 t. salt orange
3 egg yolks

Beat egg whites until stiff; add yolks, one at a time, and continue beating; add sugar, gradually; add grated orange rind and orange juice. Fold in flour, mixed and sifted with baking powder and salt. Line bottom of dripping-pan with paper, and butter paper and sides of pan. Pour in cake mixture, spread evenly, and bake in a moderate oven twelve minutes. Take from oven and turn onto a paper sprinkled with powdered sugar. Remove paper and cut crusty edges from four sides of cake, working rapidly. Spread with orange jelly. Roll, and wrap in the sugared paper, that cake may be held in shape. Machine 2

Candy Specials

Lollypop Figures

USE small lollypops, more commonly known as "suckers." If not already covered with waxed paper, twist some over the candy part. Provide a base by sticking the wooden stick in a gum drop, a large wooden button mould, or even half a potato. On one side of the candy paste a face cut from a lady or little girl in a magazine. Drape colored tissue or crepe paper around her for clothes, and tie a little piece on her head for a shawl. Scraps of tinsel, embroidery silk, lace paper doilies may be used to advantage.

Animals from Gum Drops

Use tooth-picks and gum-drops for making all sorts of clever animals. Sharp scissors may be used to cut gum-drops in the desired shapes. Features can be put on by dipping a tooth-pick in chocolate.

Mr. and Mrs. Fig

Their bodies are made of figs, arms and legs of large raisins on tooth-picks, hands of almonds, stuck on with frosting; heads of marshmallows, with features of chocolate. Mr. Fig's trousers may be of two halves of fig, while Mrs. Fig's skirt is a large fig. She might wear a paper hat, and carry a paper parasol on a tooth-pick. Both stand on cookies or flat candies, fastened with frosting.

Mr. Rooster

For his body, use a Brazil nut, for his head an unshelled almond, with a comb of red sealing wax. The legs are matches or toothpicks, the feet and wings suitably-shaped pieces of shell glued on.

Mrs. Kitty

For her body use a pecan, for the head, a hazel nut, bits of matches for legs, and a piece of yarn for a tail, and white thread for whiskers, glueing the parts together.

The Monkey

A Brazil nut makes his body, a hazel nut his head, matches for legs, bits of shell for feet and hands, and a scrap of leather or stiff twine for a tail.

Mrs. Ostrich

A walnut makes a body, Brazil nuts for head and tail, legs and neck of matches, and feet of shells.

Continued on page 62



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What to Do With the Children on Sunday

By Marion Wathen Fox

CHILDREN must have an outlet for their activity. It is unreasonable to expect healthy children just to sit down and "keep still"—even on Sunday. Often the "mischief" into which they get is simply the only available means of utilizing their natural activity. The average parents like an opportunity to spend at least part of Sunday in rest and quiet. Indeed this is essential to our physical well-being, even apart from that other obvious necessity—our spiritual welfare. But where there are young children in the house this seems very often almost impossible. Of course, for most Canadian parents, there is the Sunday school hour, when the children are absent from the home. But this hour, with the mother, has usually to be occupied with work.

There is nothing unique in the suggestions I have to offer, but they worked so well in a family I knew that it seems worth while to pass them on. In my friend's home, by their simple instrumentality, a number of healthy, mischievous, lively, dear girls and boys spent several hours of their Sunday happily, helpfully, fairly quietly, and without demands on their parents time.

Every Sunday afternoon when the family began, after dinner, to "settle down," mother went to her room, opened a drawer in her writing desk and took out four books and four boxes of colored crayons. The books were scribbled, but "scribbled" with the very nicest covers that mother could find in the shops. And these "Sunday Drawing Books" had nice, unruled, smooth paper; but each book cost only six cents.

The books were given to the children and they drew pictures in them illustrating the Sunday School lesson for the day. They copied these pictures from those drawn on an adjoining page. These had been prepared in advance, very often by the Sunday School teacher, who was delighted to have this further way of impressing what she had taught. Sometimes the mother or father prepared them in the evenings; or a friend—particularly gifted that way. Sometimes the pictures to be copied were already colored in; then the children colored theirs the same. Now and then the proper color to be used was merely suggested on the copy—by a single stroke or daub of the right crayon. As the children became accustomed to the occupation they were usually left free to use their own colors. If the copy-picture was not colored the children colored this as well as their own.

It was part of the programme, too, that the children always drew one thing in connection with the lesson that had been omitted from the copy.

After this they were to illustrate any other Bible story they wished—and color it as they pleased.

The children were not supposed to use more than four pages of their books each Sunday. This was to encourage them not to hurry with their drawings, and to make them as nice as possible. It also enabled them to finish their books at the same time, and thus to receive new ones together. The very definiteness of the whole plan was, I think, one of its charms.

The "artists" were usually left alone at their drawing for at least two hours while their parents rested. At the end of that time the parents returned and some minutes were spent in examining the drawings, praising and commenting on them.

It was really wonderful to see with what delight, Sunday after Sunday, the children would run with their books and greet the return of their parents with such remarks as:

"Oh, papa, just see this picture!" "Oh, mamma, I made the loveliest——"

One little girl never seemed to tire of illustrating the Christmas lesson. Sunday after Sunday she chose that as her "any-Bible-story-you-like." The star, the wise men on their camels (the hump always proved their identity), the hillside and shepherds, etc., were a constant source of delight.

After the drawings were duly commented on, praised, and various improvements suggested, the books and crayons were put away, not to be taken out until next Sunday—except, of course, to show them to the Sunday school, or day school, teacher. Indeed, they were often carefully wrapped up and taken to school for that very purpose; or the teacher got an invitation to tea on the head of it—which all helped to continue the interest in the work.

Next in the Sunday proceedings usually came the "Sunday Concert." Mother generally presided at the piano, and each member of the family in turn—from the three-year-old to father, selected the piece he, or she, wished sung, and then all joined heartily in the singing.

In summer, when the days were fine, the drawing books were often taken outdoors and, sitting on the grass under the trees in the garden, or at a table there, the children went on with their interesting occupation. Sometimes the concert also took place there—minus the

piano of course; but this only served to make it more novel and therefore more interesting to the children.

After seeing how successfully this plan worked in this family I passed it on to a friend.

Instead of the scribbled she bought note-books; and thinking they looked too much like ordinary every-day ones, she covered them with bright red, and in the centre of each cover pasted a pretty picture, the head of a boy or girl; and, at the bottom, the name of the boy or girl for whom the book was intended. The pretty letters used for the name were cut from magazines, picture-books, or made of colored paper.

Those who have had any experience with children can readily see why this form of entertainment, though simple, does not easily lose its charm. The love of drawing always has been, and doubtless always will be, practically universal with children. Give almost any child a piece of white paper and a pencil—the delight is increased with crayons—and if he has had any previous experience at all in drawing, he will entertain himself for a considerable time. Even the inexperienced child will delight to make "marks" and call them things, and if a grown person only suggests that those marks are things in the outside world, the time spent by the child at it will likely be considerably prolonged—"a consummation devoutly to be desired," by most mothers.

Christmas Customs

By Charlotte Gordon

OUR Christmas customs in Canada are an inheritance from our British connection, but they come from beyond the days of record in the British Isles. The Romans in Pagan days celebrated December 25th as a special festival. Christmas, according to many authorities, was not celebrated in the first centuries of the Christian church as the Christian custom in general was to recognize the death rather than the birth of a remarkable person.

A feast was established in honor of our Lord during the fourth century, and in the fifth century it was ordered to be celebrated forever on the first day of the old Roman feast of the birth of Sol. The winter solstice was considered an important period of the year and many of the countries held their chief feast of Yule at that change of season.

The Christmas tree dates back to the Roman era and custom of giving gratuities during the festive season was inaugurated by the Romans. Boxes were hung in the churches by the priests for offerings for the poor, which explains the origin of the term "Christmas Box."

Later, when Christianity was introduced into Rome, many of the earlier customs were continued and the church called this festive season by the name: "Cristes Masse" ("The Mass of Christ").

The festivities which marked the time of the winter solstice, the turning point of the year, were held in veneration by the Celtic and Germanic tribes from earliest times. The Norse people believed that their deities were present on earth from December 25th to January 6th. To their desire to propitiate their gods at that season may be traced the burning of the Yule log and other ancient rites still preserved.

So by way of the Romans and the Norsemen, the traditional customs of the Christmas season came to Britain, where for hundreds of years they have been associated with the festivities of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

The festivities that mark the epoch are part of the universal history of the race. There are many customs that have been followed for centuries and apart from those bearing directly on the birth of Christ, are like so many of our festive rites, adapted from the Pagans. The adaptation of Pagan to Christian customs is particularly true of Christmas, as so many of the ancient customs were taken from the Roman feast of Saturn.

The custom of decorating houses and churches with evergreen is of very ancient date, the traditional plants being box, fir, holly and mistletoe and all of these are still in demand. The fir Christmas tree was first used by the Germans and from them it was introduced into England.

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little white berries last. One berry must be removed for each kiss.

In the old days, no matter how great enemies men were, if they met under the mistletoe, they dropped their enmity and greeted each other as friends. Nor would they take up arms against each other until the dawn of the next day.

Then came the custom of carrying home sprigs of holly and hanging it in the doorway, and if an enemy came they could not enter the house beneath the mistletoe without becoming friends. From this came our custom of greeting people with sprays of mistletoe.

The high regard in which holly was held is expressed in old Saxon couplet:

Whosoever against Holly do cry
In a rope shall be hung full high,
Alleluia!

Candles and Christmas are now so closely associated that they seem inseparable. Their association dates back to the earliest record of the celebration and candles are even more aged than Christmas itself for use at festivals. The Romans, before there was any Christmas, used them extensively for lights and as gifts in the mid-winter Saturnalia, a festivity which was the forerunner of our holiday.

A single candle lighted and placed in a window by itself on Christmas Eve was to commemorate the Star of the East which led the wise men to the young child. Not only were candles used for the purpose of illumination during the old festivals but were exchanged as gifts of cheerfulness and good-will.

The use of candles was an important feature of the Jewish Feast of the Dedication which was held about the same time of year as the Saturnalia and the Yule. One can imagine that thousands of candles were burning throughout Palestine at the time for the birth of Christ—a fitting though unintentional recognition of the birth of "The Light of the World." It is significant that the Catholics of the Greek church call Christmas "the feast of lights."

Art has given color to our Christmas though, in the conceptions of great artists of the nativity. Pictures have worked on our imagination, forming a vital part of our association with Christmas.

Our literature is rich in Christmas gems. No one can evade a call to Christmas joys and peace so long as there is preserved the inimitable wonders of Dickens' Christmas Carol.

To Make a Colorful Room

Continued from page 27

mulberry rug; touches of gold in picture frames, lamps, brass candlesticks and other accessories; green and tan repeated in cushions, etc.

Pale grey walls; grey draperies patterned with buff and blue; some gold, and also some deep rose or fine old red in accessories. Perhaps a deep rose rug, or one of darker grey and a chair or two done in the red or rose.

Grey walls, grey-blue rug, wicker furniture painted black and cushioned with cretonne or striped fabric in orange, green, black and blue; a little dull violet pottery.

The Dining Room

MANY of the living room suggestions will apply to the dining room. Red has ever been a popular choice in the dining room, owing to its cheerful yet dignified qualities.

Cream walls; striped damask in dull red or deep crimson on cream ground, with perhaps also a stripe of dull blue; red upholstery chairs; black lacquered furniture. Or striped fabric may be used on chairs, with more of the dark blue in it, and red damask used at the windows.

Sage green, yellow a little paler than lemon, grey-blue, with a touch of rose and black, would be good, with silver candlesticks, etc.

Blue-grey walls (plain or in a shadowy foliage pattern, in the quiet self-tones); grey-blue or grey rug; buff and rose curtains; rose coverings for chair-seats; oyster gauze glass curtains.

The Bedroom

DELICATE green walls; woodwork to match, or painted white; primrose yellow curtains; rose tie-backs; reseda

green bed-cover scalloped and bound with yellow; deep soft rose rug (or washable rug in the light pastel colors).

Oyster white walls and trim; gold gauze or sheer white voile sash curtains with side curtains of apple green; comfortable chair with slip cover of cretonne or linen, in yellow, rose, apple green and dull blue; bed-cover in soft rose taffeta or repp; furniture painted pale green and decorated in soft rose, yellow, blue and green floral design.

Walls papered in a design showing green lattice of vines on white ground; white wood work; grey-green painted floor with small rug or two in blue; furniture painted apple-green, with stripings of cream; comfortable chair cushioned with grey cretonne in which blue predominates; repp curtains with wide yellow stripes and narrower stripes in blue and rose; yellow bedspread, corded with blue and rose.

Walls and wood work painted warm yellowish-pink; flowered chintz curtains with soft blue background; cream net or fast-color peach organdie glass curtains; walnut furniture, with a small writing table or a bed-side table and perhaps a chest of drawers painted soft green and lined with the blue of the chintz; gilt-framed mirror over chest; rose-shaded lamps; chair covered in the chintz.

For a room with mellow dark oak furniture, cream or very light buff walls would be good; carpet of warm brown; rose and tan chintz for the curtains; armchair in rose sateen piped with the tan; bedspread to match; light rose covers for dressing table and chest; rich yellow shades for the lamps; touches of deep blue.



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ing Brush. This Outfit is pictured in the holly wreath at right above. It will be a welcome gift in any home.

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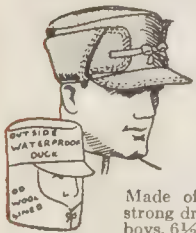


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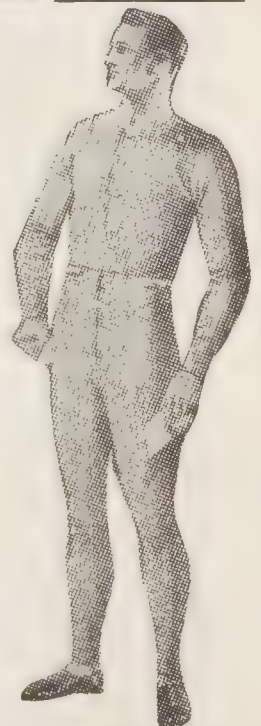
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1,000 high grade overcoats, as illustrated, made of imported all-wool dark heather overcoating with plaid pattern on inside. This is a fine quality material, rich in appearance and it is heavy enough to give great warmth and comfort in the coldest weather. It is a finely tailored coat, lined throughout with an all-wool polo cloth. Double-breasted and has an all-wool 2-button belt, deep inside pockets with flaps and tabs on sleeves. Has large convertible collar. Sizes 34 to 44. Regular price, \$32.50. Our Sale Price.....**\$15.85**

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Material is of thick all-wool check-back overcoating in dark lovat shades. Body is lined with a good quality Napa tanned leather. Has deep storm collar and all-around 2-button belt. Designed in a smart double-breasted style with 2 large patch pockets. Sizes 36 to 44. Regular \$35.00 values.
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Young Men's Overcoats with Fur Collar

High Grade Overcoats for young men, made of fine British Woolens, latest styles and shades, beautiful fur collar. Sizes 33 to 38.
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Men's double-breasted heavyweight Mackinaw Coats, large shawl collar, two large pockets with flaps. Sizes 34 to 46.
Sale Price.....**\$5.95**

Army Overcoats

1,000 reclaimed army khaki All-Wool Overcoats, to fit growing boys or small men. Used, but in good, serviceable condition. Sizes 32 to 38. Sale Price, each.....**\$2.95**
New Army Overcoats. Sizes 32 to 38. Now.....**\$4.98**



UNBEATABLE VALUES IN MEN'S PANTS

OFFICERS' SERGE PANTS

6,000 pairs genuine British Government Pure Wool Khaki Serge Trousers. The material used is the product of Britain's best looms. The wearing qualities surpass anything of a similar nature we have ever offered the public before. British Government specifications are much higher than material manufactured for commercial purposes. We do not believe these pants could be manufactured today to retail for less than \$9.00. Sizes 32 to 40.
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Very high quality tweeds and worsteds. Well made pants. Neat dark patterns of good-looking, strong-wearing fabrics, will stand hard wear. Finished with five pockets, belt loops. Sizes 32 to 44. Worth \$5. Sale Price.....**\$2.95**

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Well-tailored, firmly woven all-wool, heavy weight tweed. Includes large lot of 28-oz. khaki pure wool mackinaw cloth. Finely finished, very serviceable and specially suited for this cold climate. Sizes 32 to 44. Sold regularly for \$6.50. Our Sale Price, per pair.....**\$3.35**

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Made heavy weight closely woven khaki. Full, roomy, strongly sewn throughout; 5 pockets, belt loops, etc. Waist measurement, 30 to 44. Sale Price, per pair.....**\$1.98**

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Men's Breeches. Made of an all-wool Grey Whipcord. Five pockets. Belt loops. Lace bottoms. All sizes. Worth \$5.00. Sale Price.....**\$2.59**

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Men's all-wool navy blue serge pants. Developed from genuine Fox serge. Extra strongly sewn and well-made throughout. 5 pockets, belt loops and plain bottoms. Sizes 32 to 44 waist measurement. You will agree they are excellent value at our reduced price of per pair.....**\$2.98**

MEN'S CIVILIAN TROUSERS
A special lot of 2,000 pairs of medium weight tweed or worsted finish trousers. Made with 5 pockets, belt loops, etc. Neat dark patterns. Sizes 32 to 44. Worth \$4.00. Sale Price, per pair.....**\$1.99**

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Made of highest grade quality leather. A genuine Government issue. Lined with sheepskin. Has large leather fenders and leather covered stirrups. We guarantee you will get years of service from these saddles. An extraordinary value at.....**\$7.65**

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Made on the regulation army pattern of a good quality all-wool khaki material. These breeches are finished with belt loops and lace bottoms. Sizes 30 to 42. Worth \$5.
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15,000 All-Wool Khaki Army Tunics as Illustrated. These genuine Government uniform coats are made from the highest quality pure wool serge, with four outside pockets and one inside pocket. These Army Tunics are without a doubt the most suitable garment ever offered in Canada as a work coat. The all-wool cloth ensures extra warmth and comfort. Our complete assortment of sizes ranging from 37 to 44, now enables us to fill all orders. Original government cost of production, \$15.00 each. All sizes.
Our Sale Price.....**\$2.95**

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Made of an all-wool khaki flannel. Two pleated and flap pockets. Double reinforced elbows, with epaulet or shoulder straps. A very large, roomy shirt. Will outwear three ordinary flannel shirts. The extremely low price barely covers cost of material. Sizes 14 to 18 1/2. Very Special Bargain. Price.....**\$1.98**

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Our Sale Price.....**\$3.95**

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These smart-looking all-wool pullover sweaters are knitted from the finest quality selected yarn in snappy color combinations. Three distinct styles are included at this price. High-roll collar. V-neck or shawl collar. The extraordinary value will be immediately apparent as the regular price was originally \$6.00. Sizes 34 to 42. Our Sale Price.....**\$2.95**

Stylish Pullover For Sport Wear

Just the kind of garment men need for outdoor and sport wear. These finely finished Jumbo-knit, heavyweight, all-wool sweaters have the newest shawl collars, which may be worn open or buttoned high. Also the high-roll neck style. All sizes. Original price, \$7.00. Special Sale Price.....**\$3.95**

High Grade All-Wool Rope-Stitched Sweater Coats

Knitted in a large rope-stitched body of heavy pure wool yarn. Two large pockets, neat-fitting cuffs and shawl collar. As fine as a sweater coat as money can buy, regardless of price. Sizes 36 to 44. All popular colors. Regular \$12.50 values.
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All-Wool Men's Pullover Sweaters. High roll neck or shawl collar. Worth \$3.50. All sizes. Sale Price.....**\$1.39**



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Sleeveless Sweaters

A popular medium weight garment to be worn as an added protection under the coat. You will be agreeably surprised at the excellent value of this sleeveless sweater. Sizes 34 to 44. Our Sale Price, Specially reduced.....**98c**



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG



Candy Specials

Continued from page 57

A Man for the Tree or Stocking

Cut a suit from mosquito netting, stitch on a sewing machine, then turn so that the raw edges will be inside. Run draw-strings around the neck, sleeves and ankles. Insert peanuts for feet and hands, drawing the strings tight to hold them in place. Put a stick of candy in each sleeve and trouser leg. Fill the remaining space with small candies and pop-corn. Insert a "sucker" in the top for a head, draw the string tight at the neck and paint features on the face with chocolate.

To Decorate Containers for Candy

The value of home-made candy, cookies, jellies, etc., is enhanced if presented in some sort of attractive box or basket, which will serve a useful purpose after the contents have been eaten. Waxed picnic cups are excellent for jellies, jams, preserves and pickles. They may be purchased already decorated for the purpose at about sixty cents a dozen, or plain ones may be covered with fancy paper.

Tin boxes in which coffee, baking powder, etc., are purchased, can be given a coat of enamel. Black is very effective. When it dries, paste on a design cut from a paper napkin, crepe paper, a magazine, or even a seed catalogue, then cover the decoration with a coat of varnish or shellac. The can is excellent as a container for cookies, candy, etc. later on, especially for girls who are rooming away from home. Baskets may be made very attractive with gaily decorated paper.

School-Girl's Special

There is a recipe used by boarding-school girls when they must have some candy and are not permitted to do any cooking in their rooms. A baked potato is taken from the dining-room in somebody's handkerchief.

Mash a hot baked or boiled potato. Add a pinch of salt, and as much powdered sugar as can be worked in, and flavor to taste. Oil of peppermint, vanilla, rosewater are all good. Cocoanut, chocolate, or chopped nut-meats may be worked in with the sugar. Roll in long rolls about an inch in diameter, let stand half an hour to dry, then slice. Or pack in a pan and cut in squares. Chopped fruit may also be used to give variety.

Brittles

Children are fond of brittles and they are much better for little people than rich creams, and chocolates.

Peanut Brittle

Put 2c granulated sugar in an iron frying pan, have ready an oiled or buttered dripping pan, inverted, with 1c of shelled peanuts on it. Stir the sugar over the fire with a wooden spoon till it melts. Pour at once on the nuts. Have ready two buttered knives with which to keep the syrup from running off the edges of the pan. It will harden almost at once. Mark in squares and cut. If preferred the candy may be poured into the pan, but it is somewhat more difficult to cut than when it is put on the inverted pan.

Cocoanut Brittle

Follow the recipe for peanut brittle, substituting shredded cocoanut for the peanuts.

Chocolate Brittle

Coat each piece of peanut or cocoanut brittle with chocolate, as directed in the recipe for dipping chocolates. Brittles with an entirely different texture may be obtained by adding a pinch of soda to the melted sugar before pouring it on the nuts.

"Suckers"

Brown sugar 2c.
Water 1c.
Butter 1c.

Vinegar 2t.
Vanilla 2t.

Cook in a sauce pan without stirring till a little dropped in cold water becomes brittle. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered slab or platter, or in small buttered muffin tins. While still soft, insert a wooden skewer or tooth-pick in the side of each. Faces may be put on with

bits of nuts, fruits, etc. Before the candy begins to harden, adjust the sticks, properly. Chocolate or fruit colorings will make the candy any desired colors.

Pop Corn Balls

Pop the corn, using only the kernels which pop. For two quarts of popped corn, make a syrup by boiling to the hard ball stage.

Sugar 1c
Butter 1tb.
Water ¼c.

Pour over the pop-corn in a large bowl or pan, stirring till all are covered with the syrup, then, with the hands, form quickly into balls, and set aside to harden.

Puffed rice or puffed wheat may be used in place of pop-corn.

Salted Nuts

Almond or jumbo peanuts are used. Blanch the nuts by pouring boiling water over them, to loosen the skin, then rubbing the skin off between the fingers or with a rough towel. Have in frying pan ¼tb. butter or olive oil to each cup of nuts. When real hot, put in the nuts and stir till light brown. Remove to a pan lined with brown paper to absorb the grease, sprinkle with salt, and repeat till the nuts are done.

Stuffed Dates or Prunes

Remove the pits from the fruit, steam the prunes till plump. Fill the cavity with:

Fondant.
Cream cheese.
Nut meats.
Chopped figs and cocoanut, mixed.
Fudge.
Roll in granulated sugar.

Fudges

Vanilla 1t.
Milk 2/3c.
Butter 1tb.
Sugar 2c.
Boil the sugar and milk to the soft ball stage (238°F), add the butter, cool, add the vanilla, and beat till it begins to harden. Pour into a buttered pan, and mark in squares.

Variations:—

I. Boil 2 oz. chocolate with milk and sugar.
II. For a richer fudge substitute cream for part or all of the milk.
III. Add cocoanut while beating.
IV. Add nut meats.
V. Add peanut butter (1 to 2tb.)
VI. Add chopped dates.
VII. Add raisins.
VIII. Add Marshmallows cut in pieces.
IX. Add candied ginger.
X. Add candied cherries.

Fondant

Sugar 2c.
Cream of tartar ¼t.
Boiling water ½c.

Put in a smooth sauce pan and boil rapidly, without stirring, to the soft ball stage (238°F). Tie a piece of cheesecloth to a fork and wash down the sides of the pan while cooking, to prevent the candy from sugaring. Pour quickly into a platter rinsed in cold water. Let it cool without jarring to 100°F., or until the pressure of the finger leaves a dent. Work with a spatula or wooden spoon till creamy. With the hands, knead till firm and smooth. Roll into a ball, put in a crock or bowl with a damp cloth under the cover. This will keep for weeks if tightly covered. Add flavor when used.

Add flavor and color, if wished, roll into balls, and dip, either in chocolate or melted fondant.

A very large variety of creams may be made from this foundation.

Fondant for Dipping

Melt some of the fondant over hot water; flavor and color. Drop in it a centre, using a two-tined fork, see that it is coated all over, remove to waxed paper to dry, and stir fondant before putting in the next centre.

Chocolate Dipping

Melt dipping chocolate over hot water. Cool to about 80°F., beating while cooling. If ordinary chocolate is used, melt with 1 pound, 1/5 bar of cocoa butter. Proceed as in dipping in fondant.

The Homey Home

By Emma Gary Wallace

THERE is all the difference in the world between a truly homelike home and one which is beautiful because of the expenditure of much money. Happily, the homelike home is not dependent upon mere "things," but is made up rather of the atmosphere of contentment and harmony and homey comfort.

It is foolish for the people with a two thousand dollar income to try to live like those who have double or three times that amount. And it is equally foolish to attempt a scale of living in the least beyond our ability to maintain.

A very successful business man declares that his upward rise from a ten-dollar-a-week clerk to the presidency of a national bank dated from the time that he began to put twenty per cent of his earnings aside—the very first thing when he received them. Then he and his wife lived on the balance and paid cash for whatever they got.

The wife was industrious, happy and frugal. If she needed a rug and there was not money to buy one, she made something which answered the purpose, and in which she took real pleasure because it represented her own efforts. If she needed a dress, she made it, and so saved paying someone else to do it. Perhaps the dress she made cost as much as one she could have bought, but it would be better made and better material, and she would have pieces out of which to change and repair it. She found that in the course of time she was able to dress well on less than one-fourth of her sister's expenditure for clothes, who purchased everything, and made no effort to do for herself.

She made each room in her home comfortable, simple, but dainty. Her friends liked to visit her for there was nothing too good to use, and yet everything was beautifully cared for at all times. Her table was always set with skill, and her family well nourished, and that, too, on a modest expenditure. Our good friend made a careful study of a well-balanced ration, and gave her family what they needed in the form of foods which they could afford.

She and her husband raised a small garden, enjoying seeing things grow, and in listing how much each season, they got off this tiny patch of land. It was amazing. The husband learned to do simple carpentry and plumbing and painting and papering tasks, and before long, they owned their home, which rapidly increased in value.

The sister's husband, who thought this was foolish and beneath him, continued to live in a rented house, and as his rents went up, his income did not keep pace. Today, after twenty years, he has nothing but a bundle of yellowed, old rent receipts to show, while our friends of the thrifty ways have several valuable properties which are yielding them a fine income.

That is one of the advantages of accumulating. As soon as the snowball takes form, it increases in size as it rolls along. To make a home comfortable and the source of inspiration for all who live therein, we do not need a long purse, but we do need high ideals, the courage to have what we can afford and no more, and the disposition to work and to make the best of that with which we have to do.

Happily, the sunsets, the beauty of the stars, and choice friendships can all be ours for the taking. And, happily, the people whose opinions count most will care for us for what we are rather than merely for what we have. A knowledge of household arts is part of the training of every real woman; and a disposition to provide for the future, even at the cost of present self-restraint and even sacrifice, is part of the equipment of the man of vision.

The homey home is sincere and honest in all its dealings with those inside and out. It is the expression of people who are able to determine real and lasting values in their influence upon character.

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This 6 piece, solid oak living room set is offered at a fraction of what you would pay for this identical set elsewhere. It is a real bargain in high grade furniture. Remember you have 30 days FREE TRIAL in your own home before you make up your mind. So you take no risk in ordering right away. Send coupon and \$1.00 deposit today!

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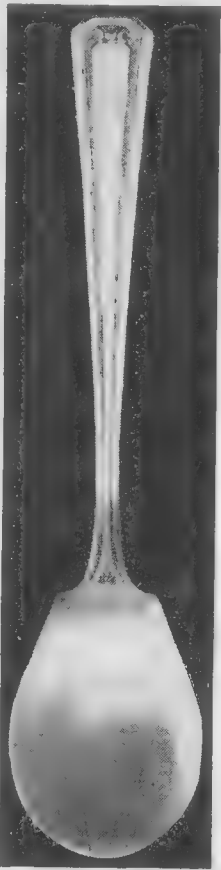
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THE PREVAILING STYLES

THE new styles convey a sense of animation and motion, in the fluttering draperies, light panels, godets and flares. Fullness is everywhere, in front, back and at the sides. When a dress is made with straight lines, it usually has some flare effect in added plaits, flare flouncing or inserts.

Sleeves grow longer as collars grow higher. The band collar, gauntlet cuffs and a plaited flounce at the hem readily transform a straight-line dress to an up-to-date expression of the "mode."

Velvet is most popular for dresses, coats and trimming. Satin and crepe are used in combination for afternoon dresses. Satin and lace combine well. Brocaded velvet and georgette go well together with a trimming of fur or embroidery. Chiffon velvet lends itself most attractively to draped effects.

Youthful and charming is the dress with a blouse waist and circular skirt. This style is equally attractive in crepe, velveteen or serge.

Cloth and satin are pleasingly combined in a day-time dress in which the satin forms the small vestee, the plaited panel, also collar and cuffs, which are trimmed with a narrow band of fur.

A dress of black satin is very attractive with bands of red crepe at the hem and neck edge.

Blue and green chiffons combined in a dance frock are very effective.

To make back fullness more striking, one could have a row of buttons at the centre. In a dress of two materials this is very attractive.

The molded princess dress is the most outstanding of the new styles. It required darts and gores to make it quite realistic. Effects suggestive of this style may be obtained by shaping at the underarm gores.

The straight-line waist remains with us, but the skirt to go with it must stand out with the prescribed flare.

One sees the waistline rising from one position at back or front to another at either of these points.

The variety of materials, the choice of exquisite trimmings, and the wonderful combinations achievable make this a very wonderful season from a Fashion point of view. Every woman may be well dressed, whether her purse is slender or well filled. The styles are youthful, skirts are brief and trimmings may be had that are becoming.

The coat with the straight back and front, and side flares seems to be the simplest expression of the new fullness. For the woman whose figure curves at the back, the back flare is most becoming.

The new epaulette shoulder, cut in one with the sleeve, gives grace and comfort to both slender and mature figures.

A very chic day-time dress is made with straight lines relieved at the centre of the back and front by inserted panels below hip length. The panels form an inverted plait at each side.

Side front and side back seams on a coat of novelty woolen, give a slenderizing effect. This coat will suit the stout woman.

The shawl collar, edged with fur is new and quite youthful, for coats.

A two-piece circular skirt on a slip-over frock that has a long waist, close fitting at the hip line, may be edged with fur or braid which may be also repeated on collar and sleeves.

The crushed collar with its soft lines is generally becoming.

Evening wraps show brilliant colorings. Brocades are fine for dressy wear, but a practical wrap may be made of black velvet, lined with gray satin or crepe de chine or with silver cloth.

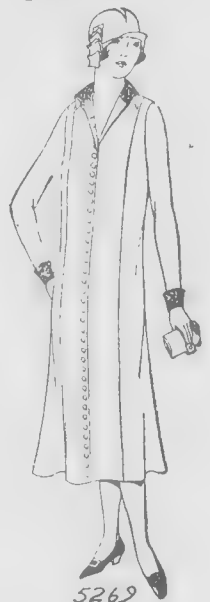
Crepe satin with a border, or flannel similarly decorated is attractive for simple one-piece dresses.

Boleros are youthful additions to prevailing styles: one may simulate a bolero on a dress by means of braid or bands.

Dresses with panels may have the seams outlined with embroidery or the panels decorated with embroidered motifs.

A scalloped flare insert at the sides or back of a dress is very smart.

Youthful and simple is the evening frock that one may wear to the theatre, to dinner or to small dances. Its material is its own trimming, with perhaps the addition of a bit of metal ribbon at the waist and a flower ornament on the shoulder. Chiffon voile, chiffon, crepe de chine or georgette are the lightest and best materials for such frocks.



5270. This will be very attractive in satin or velvet, or in flat crepe, crepe romaine or kasha. It may also be developed as a "dance" or dinner frock without sleeves. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4 3/4 yards of 40-inch material if made with long sleeves as shown in the large view. Without sleeves 4 1/4 yards are required. The width of the dress at lower edge is 2 1/2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5282. This design will develop well in seersucker or linen, or in velvet, flannel or jersey cloth. The sleeves may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. If made of one material a 4-year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. If made as illustrated in the large view 2 3/4 yards of one material are required and 1/4 yard of contrasting material for collar, cuffs, pocket and belt. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5291. Linen, jersey, wool rep or wool crepe would be good for this model. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material if made of one material and with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves 2 1/4 yards will be re-

quired. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material require 3/4 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4787. The "teddy bear" has ever been popular with the little children, and the giraffe will please equally well. These toys may be made of felt, or flannel, or terry cloth, and filled with cork, kopak, or excelsior. The "teddy" may also be made of plush, "teddy bear cloth" or eiderdown. The pattern is cut in one size. It will require 3/4 yard of 36-inch material for the "teddy" and 3/4 yard for the giraffe. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5991. In these petticoatless days one may be modestly and comfortably attired in a dress with bloomers such as the accompanying illustration portrays. The bloomers may be of the same material as the dress, or of silk, saten or serge in a matched color. The dress a one piece, straight-line model, with convenient side closing. An ideal style for business or for house work. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress of 36-inch material for a medium size will require 4 1/4 yards. The bloomers and bodice will require 2 1/4 yards. The width of the dress at the foot is 1 1/4 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4777. This model is smooth-fitting, with fullness at the centre back laid in a deep inverted plait. It may be finished with shaped shoulders or camisole top. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, if made with shaped shoulders. With camisole top 3/4 yard less is required. The width at the foot is 1 1/4 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5032. Charmeen or satin crepe would be attractive for this model. It has straight lines, and the new flare effect in added tunic portions. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes. 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-incl. material. Collar of contrasting material as illustrated requires 3/4 yard. The width of the dress at the foot is 57 inches. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4600. Tweed, cheviot, serge, khaki and linen are good materials for this model. The ample pockets will please the boy who has such good use for them. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5286. Flannel, wool rep or wool crepe could be used for this design. It is also good for velveteen or crepe de chine. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 14-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for the collar. The collar may be turned up or rolled over. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5277. Figured and plain woolen would combine well in this model. It could also be made of broadcloth or kasha, with braid or braiding for decoration. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of figured material and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of plain material 40 inches wide if made as illustrated. If made of one material 54 inches wide $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards are required. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4949. Chiffon broadcloth, velour, or velvet would be pleasing for this model. The raglan sleeves are very comfortable. Tiny inserted pockets finish the front. Braid or fur would be attractive for trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. If made of one material 2 yards 40 inches wide will be required for a 4-year size. If collar and cuffs and a facing at lower edge of the coat are of contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54 inches wide will be required. To trim with bands of fur $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5295. This model may be made of sateen, satin, drill or muslin, or of crepe or net. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32 or 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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5029. Dolls of this kind will delight little children. In this model the doll as well as the garments are supplied. A simple waist, and Dutch rompers make the suit, to which a cap is added. One could use crepe or silk for the waist and velvet for the cap and rompers, or unbleached muslin for the waist, and chambray or gingham for cap and rompers. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 22 inches in length. A 16-inch size requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material for the doll, which may be made of oilcloth, drill, unbleached muslin or gingham. The rompers and waist and cap require 1 yard if made of one material. To make the waist and cap trim of contrasting material requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5233. This pretty mode may be developed in voile, crepe, taffeta or chiffon. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5273. Percale, gingham and unbleached muslin are good materials for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5269. "Joy" blue satin with a decoration of embroidery in metal threads was used for this model. It has a new flare at sides and back and is more fitted than models of the past season. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. To face the collar and cuffs with contrasting material will require $\frac{1}{4}$ yard. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5280. This stylish model is excellent for balbriggan, jersey, flannel, kasha or crepe. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material if made with long sleeves and with collar. With short sleeves and without collar it will require 2 yards of material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4933. Imported fleece with trimming of opossum is here portrayed. The style is also good in bolivia, velours and pile fabrics. It is especially adapted to stout figures. The collar is convertible. The sleeves in bell shape are very comfortable. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 40-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. For collar facing and trimming bands as illustrated $\frac{3}{4}$ yard will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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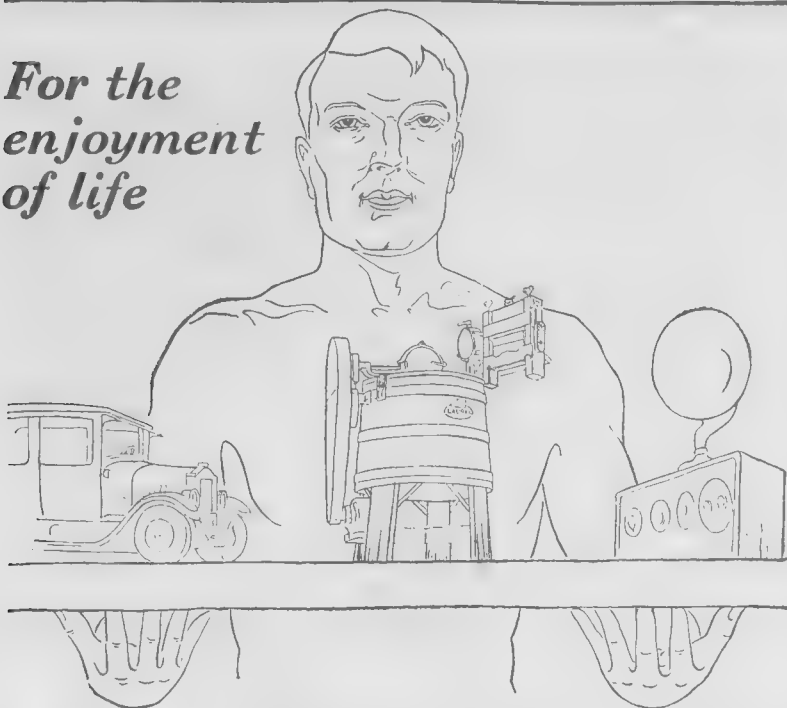
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MOTHER'S PAGE



Is There Really a Santa Claus?

How One Mother Answered the Question

By Ruth Valerie

SOMEWHERE a door slammed noisily, there was a rush of little feet, and Helen Meredith threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Helen, dear," Mrs. Meredith began reprovingly, but at the sight of the tragic little face she stopped abruptly.

"Mother, the girls at school said there isn't really any Santa Claus, and I said I knew there was, and they just laughed and I've run all the way home, and there is, isn't there?" she ended pleadingly.

For just a moment Mrs. Meredith's heart sank. She laid down the little garment that she had been making with a sigh. Christmas had always been such a wonderful time with them; the joyous anticipation of the children on Christmas Eve; the happy laughter and excitement when they had found the stockings filled and brimming over with good things; she had loved it all so, and now the question she had been dreading had come at last: "Is there really a Santa Claus?"

She drew the flushed little face to her own and kissed it tenderly. "Why of course there's a Santa Claus, Helen," she said brightly. "Let us sit right down here by the fire and I'll tell you a story all about him."

Helen drew a deep sigh of relief as she nestled close to her mother. "A really truly one?" she enquired happily.

"A really truly one," her mother laughed, "Although it all happened ever so long ago. Suppose we turn our minds away back to the fourth century right to a country called Asia Minor."

"I know," Helen exclaimed excitedly. "I learnt about it at school today."

"Well, it was right there," her mother continued, "that Santa Claus was born. Of course he was not called Santa Claus but just Nicholas, and although he was very rich, he cared nothing for wealth but only lived to serve God and make others happy."

"One day when he had become a bishop he heard of a nobleman who was in great distress. Once he had been very wealthy but had lost all his money and was now so poor he could not keep his three daughters, and did not know what ever would become of them. St. Nicholas felt so sorry for them he wanted to help them. One night while the daughters slept and the father wept, Nicholas took a handful of gold and tied it in a silken purse. He wondered how he could give it without making himself known. While he stood hesitating the moon shone out from a bank of clouds and showed him an open window. In through the casement he tossed the gold and it fell at the father's feet. Now his daughter could have her dowry and marry the man she loved."

"Soon after this Nicholas tossed another purse of gold in at the nobleman's window. The father's curiosity was aroused. Who could it be that had come to his aid so generously? He wanted to thank his unknown helper."

"So he determined to keep watch every night. For the third time the good Bishop went to the nobleman's house. Just as he was lifting his arm the father seized the skirt of his robe crying: 'Oh sir, flee not away, that I may see and know thee,' then, flinging himself at the bishop's feet he cried out: 'Oh Nicholas, thou son of God, is it thou; why seek to hide thyself?'"

"'Promise that you will tell no man what has occurred,' was the saint's answer. All through his long life, Nicholas was always doing kind things like that and giving to others without letting any one know his identity, and in time his name came to be associated with the giving of gifts. Everyone loved him and he brought so much happiness into people's lives that long after he died his kindly spirit lived on, and people loved

to take his place and bring gifts to the needy, but they always remembered his words: 'Tell no man what has occurred.'

"But about 400 years before Nicholas lived a little Baby was born in Bethlehem who was to be the Saviour of the world, and led by a bright Star three wise men came from the East to bring him presents. No one knows just what date it was; they only know the Shepherds were watching their flocks by night."

"Many years after, all the Christian world wanted to do homage and honor that wonderful day when the Christ Child was born. So about three hundred years after he died the people chose the 25th of December and called it Christmas day."

"In memory of the three wise men who brought the Baby gifts people thought they would like to make all little children happy on that day too, and they thought about Nicholas who spent all his life doing kind things, and instead of the silken purse filled with gold he used, they filled the little stockings full of gifts and said it was Nicholas who gave them, because it was really his kind and loving spirit which prompted them. And the influence of his beautiful life in which he loved to help others and make them happy without letting them know who it was has lived on all down through the long ages. People called him Saint Nicholas, and then after many years it was shortened to San-Claus, and then Santa Claus."

"So you see Santa Claus really lived, and after he passed on his spirit has lived in the hearts of all those who love little children, and because Christmas Day is a day set apart from all others to honor the Christ Child, on that day the urge to bring happiness to others and especially to all babies is very strong."

"I see," Helen said slowly, "but then he really does not come down the chimney nor have a long white beard, and everything."

"It's this way, dear," Mrs. Meredith explained: "The things that our eyes cannot see, or our hands touch, are just as real as the things we can. Love and beauty, truth and devotion are just as real as the doll you hold. We can feel our love for each other and know how very real it is, but because we are all like children we like to make a picture of people and things in our minds. You remember the song you march to: 'John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on.' We really mean the indomitable spirit of the British race never dies, and we like to picture John Brown or John Bull in our minds; you know the picture we have of him. We picture Britannia as a girl with a helmet and a shield, but she really stands for the dauntless spirit of all the British sailors. And then there is a picture of a blindfolded girl with a pair of scales in her hands; that is the spirit of justice. They are just mind pictures, that make things more real to us, and so we have pictured Santa Claus as a jolly, happy old man with a long white beard and bright blue eyes twinkling with fun and his arms full of presents, and because he was born in a cold country we think of him in a sled covered with a big fur robe and drawn by reindeer."

"Is Santa Claus real? In all this world there is nothing more real or abiding. A thousand years from now he will still live on, and because I have little boys and girls of my own I am carrying out his wishes and remembering the words: 'Tell no one.'"

"Then mother, I can still hang up my stocking. I'm so glad," Helen whispered happily, "and when I'm big, I'll be able to tell Santa Claus too."

Old Scores

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"DO you know what Eileen did yesterday," said a woman to me one day.

I love children and their bright sayings and their ways, so I was inclined to be interested. But alas! All the mother wanted to tell me was some naughty thing the child had done. I tried to interrupt her; but she would go on until the very end, in the child's presence!

I do not think, if I lived to be a hundred, that I could tell a child's faults to an elder person, in the presence of that child. The poor child has no redress. Here are two grown-ups, both against her, or supposed to be, and what is she to do?

There are women who think that the best way to amuse a neighbor is to start off a long list of Bob's or Mary's latest piece of naughtiness. Sometimes this makes the child utterly miserable, sometimes it makes him feel very important, far more important than he ought to feel if he has just been naughty! Once a mother has punished a child she should not bring up the subject all over again, just for the benefit of the woman who lives next door!

I have been told, in front of a child, of many wrong things she did months and years ago! I did not think a mother's memory could be so fertile as to remember anything against her child for so long. I know I should forget.

If your child were to get ill, would you remember all her trifling naughtinesses?

I am sure you would not. Why wait for her to be ill? Forget the little misdeeds of every day, once you have warned your child about them. You are not perfect yourself. I know I am not. Above all, do not tell a neighbor what your own child has done wrong. It is not loyal, either to your child or to the family. I think we ought to be loyal to our children. The Scotch are, at least I have remarked it with them.

Every mother who truly loves her children should keep its little misdeeds to herself.

"I cannot make Mary obey me," said a mother to me, and though I tried my best to make her stop, she would go on, recounting misdeed after misdeed! Of course the child was there! I put my arm around her and said: "I am sure Mary never meant to disobey; probably she did not understand you."

"She understood all right," went on the woman, and proceeded with another story, to prove how bad the child was.

This sort of talk is not only bad for the child, but it is unbearable for the visitor. Just because I take a keen interest in children is surely no reason why I must hear all of their misdeeds since I last saw them.

"Your little girl wouldn't do it," they say, thinking to please me. It makes me at a loss what to say! Can I turn round on a mother and add: "Of course not; but, you see, my little girl was brought up properly."

Grandparents

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

"WE cannot do a thing with the baby, his grandmother spoils him so," is a common complaint with young parents. The same criticism is made of the grandfather. Grandparents are universally condemned.

"I wish dad had been as lenient with me as he is with my kids," was one young father's rueful comment, "he surely made me stand around."

Now of these grandparents who are so unanimously indulgent to the rising generation, very few are at all senile; they are shrewd and experienced in other ways, so perhaps they are not so far out in their attitude toward children.

When people grow older, see their children mature and go out to grapple with the world—their son with the cares of a bread-winner upon him, their daughter with the worry of a house and family, they probably think: "I wonder did my children have as happy and care-free a childhood as they might have had. Was I as kind to those little creatures for whose existence I was responsible as I might have been, or was I selfish and hasty when I might have been more patient?" When the mother sees her big manly son, with cares beyond her help, she yearns over him and thinks: "Oh, if he were only little again, and I could comfort him, how much kinder I would be than I was." The kindest of mothers, from her increased experience of life, sees where she could have been kinder still, and a mother who probably has some ground for regret feels still more acutely.

And so the older people, knowing full well what the world has in store, pour all this pent-up feeling on their grandchildren. Perhaps unconsciously they try to make up to the second generation what might have been lacking in their dealings with the first. When their own children were small they themselves were young and inexperienced, hot-headed, hasty, impatient, but now they are old and wise—and kind!

One can never make any mistake in being "too kind" with children; there is never any regret for that. Children are more easily led by kindness than driven by blows or scolding. One may be as firm as a rock, and yet have more sense than a rock. The firmness must rest on kindness and sympathy or it is only stiff-necked pig-headedness, which results in a loss of the confidence of the child and drives him or her to outside

sources of consolation, often with evil results.

Kindness does not necessarily mean indulgence, for over-indulgence is no kindness, but every dealing in training or teaching a child should be done with the tender hand, with consideration for his physical weakness, his helplessness in your hands, and his small experience of life.

So I think the apparent indulgence of grandparents is not necessarily a mistake, and the reason for it rests on a good foundation. I have seen many who, of necessity, were "raised" by their grandparents and who "turned out" just a bit above the average. The kindness did not damage them. If one wants to have no regrets one must deal in the best way possible with the children and never with harshness. We will regret the harshness, but never the kindness shown.

The Bloom of the Christmas Tree

At night we planted the Christmas tree In the pretty home, all secretly; All secretly, though merry of heart, With many a whisper, many a start; For children who'd scorn to make believe May not sleep soundly on Christmas Eve.

And then the tree began to bloom, Filling with beauty the conscious room; The branches curved in a perfect poise, Laden with wonders that men call "toys." Blooming and ripening (and still no noise), Until we merry folk stole away To rest and dream till dawn of day.

In the morning the world was a girl and a boy, The universe only their shouts of joy. Till every branch and bough had bent To yield the treasure the Christ-child sent.

And then—and then—the children flew, Into our arms, as children do, And whispered, over and over again, That oldest, newest, sweetest refrain. "I love you! I love you! Yes, I love you!" And hugged and scrambled, as children do.

And we said in our hearts, all secretly: "This is the bloom of the Christmas tree!"

—M. M. D.

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A Young Girl's Expression of Peace

THIS department received the following letter from a Saskatchewan girl of seventeen summers. It is a fitting contribution to our Christmas page. May we receive other letters from our readers describing their environment!

Sunday Morning in Saskatchewan

"It is a bright summer Sunday morning—with such wonderful life as Saskatchewan only can produce.

Away from the farmyard, among the little hills with their deep cuts and ravines, covered with many different bushes, I am alone. Everywhere, above and near me everlasting stillness.

The eye sees beyond the ocean of prairie stretching miles and miles away. Above is the sky, clear as crystal. The fiery sunball is just peeping over the hills in the east, marking another new day in our great calendar of time—

And this is the Lord's Day!

Suddenly I realize I am looking down upon a picture, one of nature's obscure masterpieces, painted in brown and green and saffron against a big opal canvas. It is beautiful, not with the majesty of great mountains—like Alberta, nor the solemnity of the great plains, but with that warm, more intimate relationship which is the peculiar property of this special country. There is neither the flatness that with a change of mood could become in a moment—desolation, nor the aloofness of eternal rock covering cold space, but the friendship of small hills that can be climbed, and trees and brush that lisp in the light wind, and water that bubbles playfully over gravel ridges gleaming in the early August sun.

In the centre of this great picture I stand motionless with the wonder of silence about me. I am not afraid but I feel Some One is near me. I listen, see, hear and pray all in one. It is the great Quiet Voice. It is the Day of Rest—Devotion and Praise.

Hark! I hear the church bell ringing. The sound comes far over the hills of the south. Listen!

My Day—My Day—Come World—See You—I am Here—Be Mine—Come—Come—Peace! Peace!

Every flower—every leaf seems to bow its head.

With deep reverence I kneel while the bell still rings—God's eye above this quiet spot—I pray "O God, please send Peace—Peace on Earth!"

Beauty Supreme

THERE is in Winnipeg a woman who interprets the Passion Play so vividly that I wish she might spend her entire time going from town to town—or from city to city—with her story and pictures of the Life of Christ as portrayed in Oberammergau.

Miss Edna Sutherland has the personality and educated heart necessary to impress her audiences with the story of The Prince of Peace.

She knows personally Anton Laing and other actors of the play. In fact many of the pictures she got direct from Anton Laing.

I heard her last year and the lecture and pictures remain in my mind indelibly clear.

One memory of lasting beauty is the expression of peace and freedom from worry on the faces of those who acted their parts. They live their lives simply. They must live the parts they act. It is their very life—and the highest honour bestowed on the girlhood of the village is the choice of the one to act the part of Mary—the Mother of Christ. That is every girl's ambition. The actors are elected by the residents of the village.

The play was first acted as an offering of gratitude for protection from plague, and every ten years it is played to an audience that comes from all parts of the world. The environment of a village where girls feel they must be worthy to act the part of the Virgin Mary must be a place of Christmas beauty every day of the year.

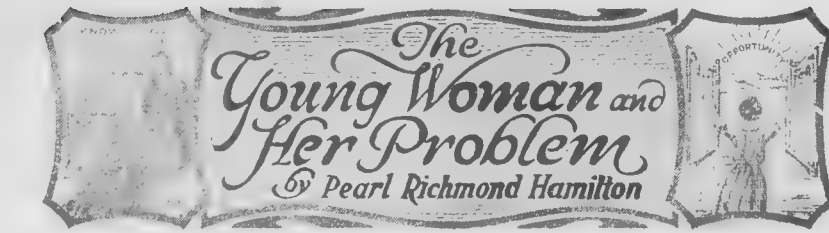
Peace

THE word "Peace" occurs often in the Bible. On Christmas day a real blessing would be experienced if every member of the family would memorize and repeat their favorite verse containing the word "peace"—at the Christmas dinner.

A Gift to Herself

ONE day a girl came to my house, pale, weary and lifeless.

"I wish you would tell me what is



wrong. I am unpopular—unhappy and tired all the time."

She did not need to tell me this. Anyone could read it in her face. Her disposition had carved daily its expression.

"My dear girl," I urged, "you must practise patience—kindness—consideration. You are thinking continually of yourself. You are unhappy. Let us imagine a year from today after you have bestowed these gifts on yourself. I think I see you with rosy cheeks, full of life, popular and happy."

I wonder if every girl who reads this will hang a mental Christmas tree full of presents for herself till its sparkle will radiate through the home and the community. At the very top the gift of joy that brings out the very best in every girl—for a happy disposition can be cultivated—and a happy disposition heads the list of gifts in girlhood.

Pilgrims of Peace

"NOT by might, not by power, but by my spirit, said the Lord"—

these were the closing words of an address delivered recently by a Canadian woman before an audience of university women. The enrolment of this university numbers about eight thousand students—coeds climbing fast to an equal percentage. I think back twenty-five years when women students formed a small percentage. Today, then, when women students are interested in a movement it means an influence that shall bless the whole world.

We are approaching Christmas Eve which reminds us of the wise men who followed the star that led them to Him who brought peace on earth.

As I listened to the speaker that evening the atmosphere seemed charged with a united interest in a movement that in a few short years has grown from a little group of Canadian women to a great organization composed of university women of twenty-six different nations.

A remarkable international relationship is growing up through this federation of university women that is becoming a large factor in the question of world peace.

The "understanding mind" of the educated women of the world is working definitely for peace on earth, good will to all. And Canada gave birth to this remarkable organization!

A few years ago a little group of Canadian women discussed the possibility of a federation of university women. Mrs. R. F. McWilliams of Winnipeg was the woman who brought about definite organization. The women elected her for their first president. Some day that will be important history. From the very beginning it moved rapidly toward world-wide success. Soon four countries formed branches of the federation. That was only five years ago. Today twenty-five countries send delegates to the international convention.

Mrs. McWilliams explained the ways in which the women of the world were coming in contact through the International Federation of University Women. She said college women the world over have remarkably a similar point of view. The attitude of the understanding mind is acquired in college and is the basis for the strong international organization.

"By the understanding mind," Mrs. McWilliams explained, "I mean the mind seeking to push out the borders of differ-

ence." It is the only mind that will bring peace to the world. It is the mind that is needed to save the world. University women have a great part to play in international affairs today. The term university women means not only women who have university degrees, but also women who through experience in the world have acquired an open minded attitude. The difference between the European attitude on war and the attitude on this continent is that we grow up with a peace conscience, and, thinking that our civilization is well advanced, believe it to be safe. The European who has always the fear of attack by his neighbor, knows that our present civilization is not yet safe, and that trained minds must set themselves to create forces to offset the dangers. An international mind and attitude is necessary, first of all, and to acquire this Mrs. McWilliams suggested three methods besides the most direct method of women's entrance into politics.

For those who can afford it, the greatest thing they can do is to travel in foreign countries, to know the people and their lives. For those who cannot travel, the reading of literature of foreign countries and foreign authors. The third method is to study foreign languages. Mrs. McWilliams emphasized that we must set ourselves definitely to acquire an open mind which will understand the peoples of other countries. Very interesting were her personal experiences of her travels abroad which convincingly sealed every point she made. One of her finest illustrations was the story of a Finnish woman who asked her to name some Canadian authors for children. This Finnish woman was a teacher and Mrs. McWilliams discovered in her the character and mind of a wonderful teacher. At home in Canada now, when she sees anyone from Finland, no matter how menial is his work, she has respect for him, because she realizes that he may have had a teacher like this Finnish woman. Other illustrations were equally impressive, proving the constructive power of an understanding mind toward world peace when the usual Christmas wish shall be genuine in accomplishment. It was an unusual experience for the writer, whose heart is in Canada, to be in the audience of university women in the States, listening to a Canadian leader of this world-wide federation of women. After the lecture a reception was held for the speaker in a room in another part of the building. I shall never forget the thrill of the first sight of that gathering. The room was crowded with college women in reunion to honor the speaker guest. It was indeed a practical demonstration of the sisterhood of women in spiritual bond.

There was the Canadian flag above a group of Canadian women, where Miss Grace Wales and Mrs. Arthur Beatty from Canada were hostesses genuine to their country. Under the Union Jack Mrs. Chas. Sisson and Dr. Coward greeted the guests with that fine hospitality that always reflects the culture of British inheritance. Over at another side of the room a sweet dark eyed woman from Turkey received under the flag of her country—Miss Adrienne Tateossieu. The Chinese university woman, Miss Hvei Lau Chang, of the faculty of Gin Ling College, China, greeted everyone with a dainty sweet smile. She was inspired by her flag.

There were other hostesses from foreign lands: Miss Olga Rias and Miss Elizabeth Curtis from Chili; Miss Ernst and Miss Roseberg, Leipzig, from Germany; the gracious fascinating French hostess; Italian and other university women from foreign countries—everyone under her own flag, united under the leading hostess, Miss Lydia L. Brown, to make this international reception, given in honor of Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, a social event of marked distinction in the calendar of college activities.

What was it in the atmosphere that made one sense deep spiritual strength? Did the inspiration that thrilled every woman as she stood beneath her own flag come from the divine source of soul strength? It was there. It cannot be recorded in words. It was an "understanding" gathering of women. The language of the soul touched everyone present. An affectionate bond woven in golden cords of love! Shall we say wise women guided by the star of Christmas to world harmony of action?

These university women who go to different lands to become acquainted with one another, with people in general, are "pilgrims of peace," as expressed so graphically by the Canadian woman leader.

THE MEANING OF THE MANGER

By Canon Farrar

IF a short sermon does not suffice for Christmas Day no sermon can be of any avail, for the longest sermon ever preached could not adequately set forth the vastness of the truth that God became man that man might become as God. I ask you for a moment or two to stand with me on this Christmas morning beside the cradle of your Lord, in the manger at Bethlehem, and catch something of what we there may learn.

Some of you are poor. How glad for you, beyond all utterance, should be the meaning of Christmas! Your Lord was, as you are, poor—as poor as any of you. The lot which He chose for His own was your lot. Look at your own little children with love and reverence, for He, too, was the child of the poor. Try to make them sweet, and pure, and unselfish like Him. If they are ever cold and hungry, He was cold and hungry too.

Let Christ's cradle teach you to respect yourselves, to reverence with a nobler self-esteem the nature which He gave you and took upon Himself, and which, by taking upon Himself, He redeemed.

And some are rich. Oh! come ye also to the manger-cradle of your Lord, for rich men did come both to His cradle and to His tomb. From the far East came those three wise men—the "three Kings of the East," as they were called—they came as the rich should come, with the gifts, willing and humble gifts, not doled forth with murmurs as a burden, but lavished as a privilege with delight—gold and frankincense and myrrh: gold for the king, frankincense for the god, myrrh for the sepulchre. And, first of all, they gave, as we all may and must give, themselves—the gold of worthy lives, the frankincense of holy worship, the myrrh of consecrated sorrow.

But, if some are poor and some are rich, many are sorrowful. Come ye also to the cradle of your Lord, for you need it most. Are you sorrowful? So was He; "exceeding sorrowful even unto death." In human life, at one time the wind blows, the rain falls, the frost is cruel; at another the sun shines, the birds sing, and all is May; but through shadow or through sunlight we are travelling onward—they have not changed the end of our journey.

But, lastly, if some of you are rich, and some are poor, and many are sorrowful, all, all of you are sinners; and to you the news of that birth is, indeed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." While you may see there how much God hates the sin, you may see also how tenderly, how earnestly He loves the sinner.

Let us stand, high and low, rich and poor, sinful or sorrowful, one with another, common brothers, equally guilty, equally redeemed, by the cradle of the Infant King, that in His light we may see light, and may leave that cradle more wise and hopeful, more cheerful and undaunted, more pure and loving.



A Christmas Song

By M. Jessie Leitch

IT was Christmas Eve, and across the Manitoba fields snow was falling heavily.

In the old farmhouse, where Mary Dobbs was getting supper for her husband, who had gone to the village a mile away, for the mail, time hung heavily, in spite of the fact that she was making an apple pie and doing all the last minute things that women do on Christmas Eve. Not that it was going to be the kind of Christmas Eve that Mary had hoped it would be. For the letters she had wanted most, the letters that marked off the days for Mary and John Dobbs with gleams of sunshine, had not come. The letters from Paris, where their daughter Frances had been studying music for the past five years.

She was a concert singer now, and as Mary Dobbs patted her pie crust, her eyes brimmed with tears, and she dabbed at her face with floury hands.

"Frankie wouldn't forget us at Christmas time," she told herself, half aloud, though her voice shook a little at the thought. "She's written, right enough, but these foreign mails are so heavy at holiday times, with so many folks away across the sea there, writin' back to their home people."

And so, while the snow whitened hedges and highway with the softness of a benediction, hissing softly against the window-pane as Mary parted the white curtains and placed the lamp on the window sill for John to see, Christmas Eve fell across the countryside.

Mary glanced at her well-scrubbed floor and sighed a little as she moved the table nearer to the stove.

"John will be chilled," she meditated, spreading the red and white tablecloth and setting out the blue dishes that always made her think of Frances, because they were her parting gift to her mother before she went away, five years before.

She poured boiling water on the coffee and fried potatoes as she had done for years at supper time. In the spotless old kitchen, firelight glinted on the rag rugs, on the black cat purring on the hearth, but Mary Dobb's thoughts were far away, in a city she had never seen, in that wicked land called France. Mary had always felt, a little vaguely, that France was wicked, though she did not know why, unless it was on account of the red wine they drank there instead of tea.

She thought of Frances, her only child, who, from the time she was four or five, had warbled about the old house like a bird. Of the times, when, dressed in her Sunday best, she had sung at the Sunday School concerts, until, at the age of ten, Mary and John became aware of the golden thing in their child's throat, the voice that her teacher had spoken of in awe, as "a gift from God."

Then of the lessons, paid for by scrimping and saving, by butter and egg money, and of the girl who had grown into earliest womanhood, sweet and unspoiled with a voice that was never still, always flooding the house with its lovely melody.

Mary and John were always conscious of the goodness of God when they heard their child sing, and when her teachers said that Frankie must go abroad to study, and when one scholarship for study abroad followed another, they had let her go. It had been very lonely. Mary had a trunk almost filled with letters upstairs. Frankie had written so regularly all these years! Surely, surely, she would not let a Christmas time go by without writing home!

Hearing John's step on the back porch, Mary hurried to the door.

But she did not say, "Is there a letter?" because she knew by the look on John's face that there was none.

Instead, she bustled about, helping him off with his coat, assuring him that

supper was ready, and saying, with a glance at the fields as she lowered the window shade, "We are going to have a white Christmas John, just like the ones we used to have years ago in Ontario."

John nodded and sat down to eat.

Each made a pretence of eating, and Mary was glad when at last John rose, and settled himself by the oven door with the paper.

Neither spoke.

Mary washed the dishes and spread the old red tablecloth before she summoned courage to say, "I can't understand why Frankie didn't write."

John fumbled in his pocket. "This card, I forgot all about it," he said.

It was from the Express office telling of a parcel that had arrived for John Dobbs.

"Did you go for it?" asked Mary. "Perhaps it was from Frankie."

"I was that upset over getting no letter from her that I never thought of going for it," admitted John, but he rose at once and began to struggle into his boots. "It's not eight o'clock. The office may be open late tonight," he said. "I'll take the team and hurry in."

The sound of sleigh bells brought the old couple to their feet. Surely Frankie was not coming home to surprise them? The unspoken thought flashed to both minds as they hurried to the door, but it was only Jim Wright, a neighbour, whose voice greeted them heartily from the yard.

"Christmas box on you!" he shouted. "I was in to the Express office and they said this box was for you folks and I just brought it along, being as I was passing on my way to the Christmas Tree in the schoolhouse."

They dragged the huge box into the kitchen, trailing snow across Mary Dobbs' spotless kitchen.

On the packing case, great black painted letters bore the legend, "Paris-France." Also, "Halifax".

"It's from Frankie!" said Mary Dobbs, and John's hands trembled a little as he got the hammer and with Jim's help opened the box.

"It looks just like a piano," gasped Jim, as the wrappings fell away disclosing a music box of polished wood.

There were records, carefully packed in an inner box. And when Jim finally, because he knew more about music boxes than the old couple, adjusted a needle and set the machine in motion, a woman's voice, gloriously familiar, began to sing, "Mother Machree."

"It's Frankie's voice," sobbed Mary, and John reached for her hand, as the golden notes sang on.

Jim was frankly dumbfounded, and contented himself with wiping his eyes on his red mittens and clearing his throat savagely. "Well, I'll be gol darned," he said, when the song was over. "Little Frankie Dobbs, away off in Paris, singin' to us tonight."

There were other songs. "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," and "Old Kentucky Home," and "Come All Ye Faithful."

But it was the song at the bottom of the pile of records that set Mary Dobbs sobbing softly, then sent her to John's old shaky arms with smiles shining through her tears.

It was "Home Sweet Home."

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," sang their girl's voice, and John and Mary, with Jim standing by, hat in hand, played it over and over again. At the end there was a pause, then: "Merry Christmas darlings!" fell upon their unbelieving ears.

They looked at each other. In their eagerness to repeat the song, they had not quite finished the record in previous playings.

Continued on page 75

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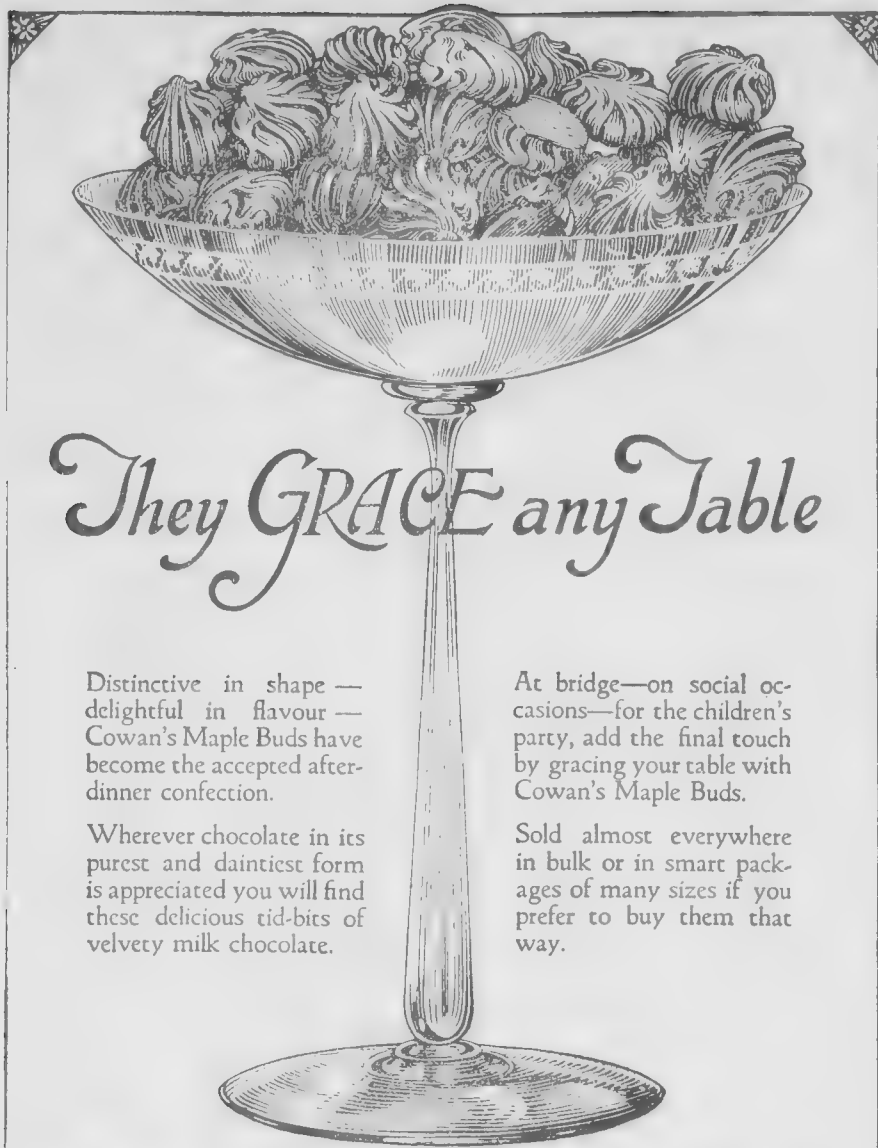
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The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada

The Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, 1925

By Mrs. David Watt, Honorary President of F. W. I. C.

THE Federated Woman's Institute exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto is still in its infancy, having just taken part for the second time, but so popular has this movement become in that short time, that the authorities in charge of this world-famed exhibition are now exceedingly anxious to have us make our part an annual affair, and already the Board of Management at Toronto are making plans to enlarge our part of the building, thus giving us great additional space, which will enable us to broaden out into wider fields of activity, to expand our exhibits and make them well worth any trouble or expense to our organization and most valuable to every province that takes part.

Can anyone for one minute doubt the value of this work? Value to every province as an opportunity for bringing before vast crowds the assets of each province. As one official from Western Canada remarked, after seeing this for himself, "No province can afford not to take part in this work that the Women's Institute of Canada, assisted by their provinces, are putting on. For it is possibly the best advertising agency it is possible for any part of Canada to have, the bringing before vast numbers of people from all parts of the American continent the valuable products of each part of our country."

For instance, "The Alberta Pantry" showed in a very attractive way everything one could find in any pantry: glassware, glass sealers, crockery of every shape and kind, large and small, cereals of many kinds, flour, beet sugar. Also showing the different processes of making: soaps and washing powder, canned fruits of native variety, canned vegetables, pickles, meats, chicken, fish, cheese, and many other things that are found in a well-stocked pantry, and every article made in Alberta; and in the talks and demonstrations given two and three times every day by Mrs. Stewart of Peace River, a brilliant, capable and popular woman, only a few years out from Scotland with the delightful accent of that country, the province of Alberta, Alberta Women's Institutes, Alberta's fertile lands, natural resources, and its wonderful future, lost nothing in the telling. This picture was made so interesting, so vivid, that the crowds listening could not fail to visualize Alberta in all its beauty and richness.

British Columbia was in charge of Mrs. V. S. McLachlan, the very capable Women's Institute Superintendent of that province, a woman gifted in public speaking, and who made all who listened to her thoroughly studied subject see in the future a cure for many diseases in the plans Mrs. McLachlan is promoting in the building of a Solarium. The idea is to provide treatment for the prevention and cure of crippled children, possibly for the whole of Canada. It is proposed to give the children treatment similar to that which has proved so successful in the south of England and Switzerland. Photographs of the marvellous effects of this treatment were shown by Mrs. McLachlan and appeared in front of the booth. A miniature Solarium showed all the buildings when the reality will be built. The treatment at this place consists of a gradual exposure of the children's bodies to the sun's rays, especially in the early morning, because these are ultra-violet and reflected from snow or water, having double curative effect. B. C. climate conditions are especially fine for this treatment and Mrs. McLachlan is very enthusiastic over the outcome of this wonderful plan.

Not only the Solarium was dealt with, but a full outline of all the vast and rich resources of that favored province were given in these demonstrations and addresses.

Space will not permit a full account of all the provinces which took part, but, needless to state, all did full justice to the space allotted to them.

Quebec, with her maple sugar products, for which the central figure in this exhibit was a life-sized head and bust of "His Majesty, our King George," made in solid maple sugar. This exhibit was in charge of Miss Jarvis, the Superintendent of Women's Institutes of that province, and Miss A. Pritchard, a popular officer in Quebec. This exhibit was a big attraction and much was learned of this famous and outstanding province in the splendid addresses given by these capable women.

New Brunswick showed not only the the most exquisite handicraft of over a hundred years ago, but the most beautiful of modern hand work as well—loom weaving, rush weaving, and so many new ideas of interest along various lines outstanding in that province. This exhibit was in charge of Miss Wetmore, a charming cultured woman with a truly loyal appreciation and affection for her native province, New Brunswick.

Ontario again featured the farm kitchen. This kitchen was of great interest to the many housewives who truly love an ideal kitchen, with all its modern equipment and conveniences. But aside from this, the chief life and attraction of this kitchen was the genius in charge, Mrs. H. M. Arthur of Beeton, Ontario, a young woman who has demonstrated in a thoroughly practical way how a woman can make a success in many lines of farming, such as poultry. Her flock of over two thousand is famous in Ontario. On her small farm she grows quantities of small fruits and vegetables, all of which are utilized in her canning plant, and made into jams, jellies, pickles and sauces. For these she finds a ready market in the city of Toronto. In her pure bred Jersey dairy herd she shows her capabilities along another line of success. During the two weeks of this exhibition Mrs. Arthur demonstrates for two and three hours every day—cooking, canning, and almost every line of home life, and never during all this time does she ever repeat any demonstration the second time. Here are some of the interesting titles to these programmes: "Company Desserts," "A Dash of This and a Pinch of That," "Mrs. Smith Serves Tea," "Company Coming for the Week-end," and, to this demonstration you will find an exceedingly large crowd every day.

Naturally we are proud of the part our province of Manitoba took in this, the largest annual exhibition on this continent and presumably in the world, where over a million and a half people come each year to see the exhibits of Canada.

The Manitoba exhibit under the direction of Mr. H. Wood of the Extension Service of this province showed the agricultural products of Manitoba, arranged and grouped in a very artistic manner. In addition to this there were also samples of our natural resources, vegetables, fruit, honey—all this showing the wonderful fertility of our soil and the wealth yet to be produced in our country. In this setting, six of our Manitoba girls demonstrated along several lines three and four times each day. These were members of the Girls' Clubs of this province, under the supervision of Miss Edith Gray of that department. From Dominion City, under the capable training of Miss V. Simpson, came Gladys Simpson, Fanny Ditlovitch, and Thelma Spence. From Elgin, with Mrs. Douglas, responsible for the splendid training of these Elgin girls, were Vera Kerslake, Katherine McDale, and Marguerite Bailey. These demonstrations were in charge of Miss Gray, of whom we were very proud, for the capable manner in which she supervised this part of the exhibition, looking, as she does, like one of the girls herself. The first team to take part was Dominion City. They put on the Natural Resources of Manitoba. This was most cleverly done, with the added attraction of lantern slides, showing many of the outstanding features and facts regarding this province. They explained our minerals, our forests, our fisheries, our industries, as well as the beauty and

richness of it all. So very attractive and educative did they make this that, at the close of this exhibition, these girls were invited to put on this demonstration before the pupils of one of the large city schools of Toronto.

This same team also gave a lecture on eggs, egg grading, the care, packing, shipping, etc., while also demonstrating a great variety of dishes which they prepared before the public, with great success.

The girls from Elgin were equally clever and interesting, showing in their paint and suitable house decorating demonstration that they had their subject well in hand. In the history of paint, its uses, the mixing, combining, the proper treatment of wood and surface to be painted, one felt after hearing this talk that they had learned a great deal on this subject.

The same might be said in regard to the general outline of house decorations, which was put on in a most capable manner, showing the combining of colors suitable in wall-paper, hangings, etc. This team also showed what one could do with tomatoes, the cultivation and the many useful and dainty ways of serving this delicious fruit, thus giving every one in the large audience each day something new to try in her own home with tomatoes. These six girls with their attractive costumes and manners, their sweet pretty faces, their splendid capabilities, were a big attraction to the crowds who came to our building, and made all who came from this province proud indeed of the efficiency of our Manitoba girls, who, like the Teulon girls, Ella Carson and Islay McKennel, of the Honey Demonstration of 1924, bring such credit and fame to our Girls' Clubs, and to those in charge.

To our great National Railways we are indebted for free transportation—to the Canadian National, for free car-

riage on all the exhibits from every province in Canada; and to the Canadian Pacific for taking our girls and their leaders to Toronto without charge. Without this assistance, one can realize how impossible would be our part in this great Exhibition.

The Board of Management of the C.N.E. at Toronto offered a prize to the province, outside of Ontario, whose register showed the greatest number of names of former residents of that province. At the close of the exhibition Manitoba, with nearly five hundred names, won the prize, thus showing that a number of former Manitoba people visited our building. The other provinces also numbered several hundred.

Besides the different programmes mentioned in this article, we had a main platform, from which we put on a programme for one hour and a half every afternoon, and on this we had over forty speakers, prominent people of Canada, who spoke on subjects pertaining to every-day life and problems.

Among some of our distinguished guests from this province were, first, our Premier, Hon. J. Bracken, who unfortunately could not spare time to give us an address. Mr. J. H. Evans gave two splendid addresses. To these were paid flattering tribute by all the Toronto dailies. Mrs. Nellie McClung (former Manitoban) also gave one of her brilliant and interesting addresses, which captivated every one who heard her. Dr. Thornton of Deloraine, former Minister of Education, and Mrs. Victoria Williams who was there in the interests of the C.P.R., gave us the greatest support possible.

In this, I have tried to give you a true picture of the part the F.W.I.C. played in this National Exhibition, showing the value of the work in bringing outstanding features of each province into such prominence.—J. M. Watt.

Alberta Notes

THE season of W.I. constituency conferences in Alberta has just come to a close, these proving of utmost value to the work. The four directors made their annual visits helping in every way by giving addresses, leading discussions and answering questions. In some instances the provincial president, Mrs. Wellington Huyck of Strome, was able to attend. Miss Jessie MacMillan, Home Bureau secretary, was also a welcome visitor, bringing with her much helpful information.

Mrs. Lynch Staunton, southern district director, emphasized the need of keeping up fees, being faithful in reporting regularly for the publicity department, supporting home industries. She outlined the work of standing committees.

Mrs. Jas. Boyd, of the north, traced the history of the W.I. movement from its organization days in Ontario to the Dominion Federation.

"The Women's Institute," she said, "situated as they are in every part of the province, are the greatest asset to the government in carrying out their home bureau service. The local branch arranges the classes, engages the hall and advertises the course."

"The home bureau service is run at a much greater expense to the government in the United States. There an advance agent is sent to the district to work up the class, advertise the course, etc.—all this costing a considerable amount. In Canada, for the other provinces have the same system, the Women's Institutes, mostly, take the responsibility, seeing that this service, which is a direct benefit to the home-makers, especially in rural districts, reaches every part of the province. It is a case of bringing education to those who have not otherwise the opportunity of going where they can get it."

Mrs. H. J. Montgomery, Wetaskiwin, spoke of the benefit and value of music in the home and how the mother can do much to aid the children in the appreciation of good music. Mrs. Montgomery contributed a number of enjoyable solos to the programmes.

Mrs. C. A. Gates, Stony Plain, was also another welcome director. She confined her talks to W.I. work, emphasizing particularly girls' work.

Another subject discussed was the demonstration lecture courses, these being sewing, millinery, basketry, foods, nutrition, cooking, household administration,

home nursing, treatment in emergencies, and different branches of child welfare.

To get the best results both educationally and economically, it is necessary to have the closer co-operation between these women's organizations that sponsor the course for their districts, and the department of agriculture.

To receive the maximum of service from this department, constituencies, or various well-settled areas have concentrated on one subject a year, in order that the demonstrator might arrange her itinerary with a minimum of time and expense.

Following is a short resume of the various conferences:

West Acadia—The plea for a short course in the agricultural schools, to train women for emergency household helpers, in order to decrease the death rate of mothers and children, met with defeat, at the annual conference of the West Acadia constituency, held at Cereal last week, as the delegates felt that only the very best professional nurses and doctors would be adequate to meet this need.

The Community Property Bill was also read and discussed, but owing to the poor representation from the outlying institutes a resolution was passed to recommend that each W.I. study this at an early meeting and pass their resolutions to the convener of legislation, who will present them to the local member.

The conference decided on basketry as the 1926 demonstration. Mrs. Hille, convener, presided, while there were 50 delegates present.

Kitscoty—Delegates from Minburn, Vermilion, Islay and Kitscoty attended the annual constituency conference held at Kitscoty in September, this proving helpful and enjoyable. Mrs. W. Huyck and Mrs. C. A. Gates were present, both speaking and leading discussions on W.I. work.

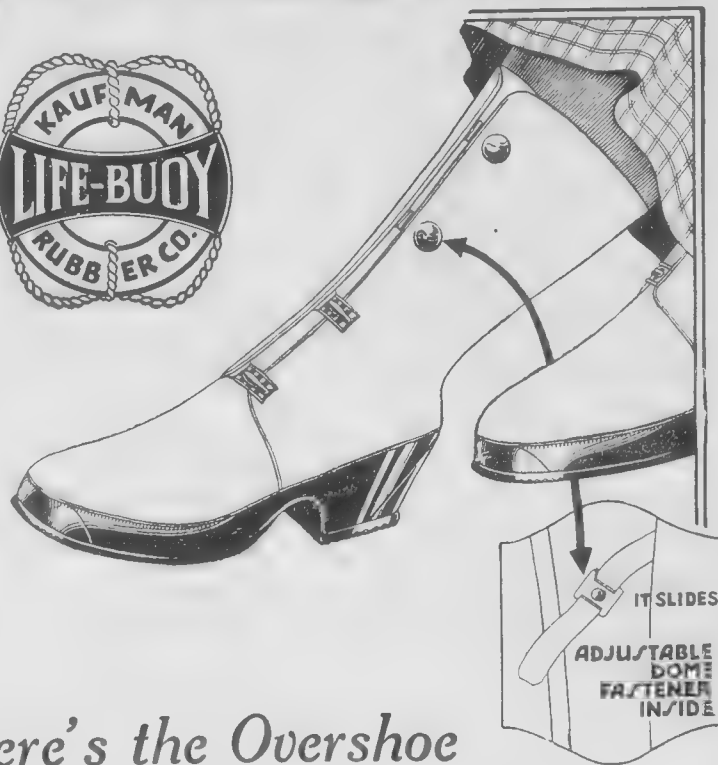
Reports of standing committees were read by the chairmen—Immigration, Mrs. R. Davies, Islay; Canadianization, Mrs. R. B. Hiltz, Kitscoty; Child Welfare, Mrs. W. Rodwick, Minburn.

A resolution favoring a short course training for emergency home helpers was discussed and passed.

Hand Hills—A display of Canadian art, and contests, were the features of the Hand Hills' constituency conference, which was held this month at Delia, this

Continued on page 72

ADJUSTO OVERSHOES



Here's the Overshoe That Solves the Question!

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- The question of adjustability to any size leg.
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The
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Winnipeg

The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada

Wainwright—Papers on "Child Welfare," by Mrs. J. Milne, of Edgerton; "Agriculture," by Mrs. Trammer, of Edgerton; "Legislation," by Mrs. Armour, of Chauvin; "Canadianization," by Mrs. Freeman, of Chauvin; "Home Economics," by Mrs. White; "Education and Better Schools," by Mrs. Gates, together with an interesting address by Mr. Geo. Hudson, ex-M.P., were programme features of the recent Wainwright W.I. constituency conference, held at Wainwright.

The conveners elected for the following year are: Mrs. M. McCrea, of Ribstone, for the constituency; Mrs. J. Milne, of Edgerton, child welfare; Mrs. Smith, of Edgerton, education and better schools; Mrs. Armour, Chauvin, legislation; Mrs. W. A. Knowles, Wainwright, immigration; Mrs. White, home economics; Mrs. Freeman, Chauvin, Canadianization; Mrs. Trammer, Edgerton, agriculture; Mrs. M. McCrea, of Ribstone, publicity.

Delegates and visitors, along with those taking part in the entertainment features, were entertained to a supper, served by Wainwright Women's Institute in the U.F.W.A. rest rooms.

Next year's convention will be held at Ribstone.

Wetaskiwin—Delegates from Angus Ridge, Wetaskiwin and Millet gathered at the W.I. rest room at Millet last week, at the annual Wetaskiwin constituency conference.

Mrs. H. J. Montgomery, who has been constituency convener since the inception of the conferences, presided, much regret being expressed that she retires this year to take up the more important office of district director. She and Miss Jessie MacMillan, secretary of the Home Bureau department, were the principal speakers, both speaking on music, its value in the home, especially on the child mind.

The various committee conveners gave excellent reports. Mrs. John West, household economics, stated this work was being carried out by talks, exchange of household ideas, recipes, etc. Miss MacMillan suggested that one meeting be given over to the making of a fireless cooker.

Mrs. J. I. Poole, legislation, gave a resume of the amendments relating to child welfare. Considerable discussion took place over Mrs. Parly's bill, "an act to establish community property rights between husband and wife," and it was decided to refer the bill back to the W.I. branches for discussion, they to send recommendations to the constituency convener who, in turn, will forward the same to the Wetaskiwin M.L.A.

Mrs. J. Arnold, convener of Canadianization, said good work had been done along the line of welcoming new settlers.

Mrs. Mellet, immigration, made a plea for still more effort in being friendly to the newcomers in the district.

Mrs. A. J. Rix, agriculture, emphasized the importance of growing small fruits and exhibited a box of beautiful strawberries which she had picked in her own garden, September 11, while last year she had fresh strawberries as late as October 15, these culled from ever-bearing strawberry vines, obtained from Manitoba. Literature pertaining to this is procurable from the home bureau service, or any of the experimental stations.

Mrs. A. Rodell, child welfare, recommended that iodine salt be used in food to prevent and cure goitre and had a sample of same with her.

Mrs. A. McLean, education, urged that the members try and get the set of Canadian history readers (Grades I to VIII), written by Miss Donald Dickie, of the Calgary Normal School, for the rural schools.

Taber—Among the various things discussed at the recent Taber constituency conference, held at Grassy Lake, were the Home Bureau short courses, the delegates voting to take millinery during the coming year; planting and growing trees, this brought forward by Mrs. Lynch Staunton, who was supported by Mrs. Anderson, who thought that more attention should be given to this in the community; home canning, this arising out of a paper given by Mrs. A. Walker, several taking back with them valuable recipes; and a discussion of the Community Property Bill, which was recommended as a topic of careful study before the "fifth session of the fifth provincial legislature."

Alberta Notes

Continued from page 71

Warner—Some eighty-six delegates attended the Warner constituency conference, held at Milk River last month. Mrs. Stanley Graham was in the chair, while Mrs. Lynch Staunton was a welcome and interesting visitor and speaker. An instructive talk was also given by Mrs. Skeath, of New Dayton, on art, illustrated by beautifully tinted pictures. Mr. Paris, of the experimental farm at Lethbridge, was another speaker, his talk being on trees and shrubs, while Dr. Jennings also gave a splendid and most helpful address on "The Cause and Prevention of Infectious Diseases," stating that if parents would follow his directions of isolating even a bad cold and take the precautions of washing hands, obtaining medical advice, the death roll of Alberta would be cut in half.

At the evening meeting, at which over 150 were present, Mrs. Stanley Graham was presented with a silver berry spoon, as a token of appreciation during her term of office.

Redcliff—The Redcliff constituency conference, held at Buffalo last week, was honored and made interesting by the presence of both the provincial president, Mrs. W. Huyek, and the district director, Mrs. Lynch Staunton. Mrs. Huyek urged upon the members that in order to promote success in the work they must have a definite programme, not let personal matters enter into the meetings and to be punctual and back up elected officers.

Three branches were reported—Cavendish, by Mrs. Cook; Bindloss, by Mrs. Robson, and Buffalo, by Mrs. Stone. Cavendish has devoted its energies chiefly to relief work, replenishing the medicine chest, a pie social, a buttonhole contest, etc. Bindloss' activities included hospital work, helping the school, welcoming newcomers, while Buffalo has helped to pay off the Memorial hall, done relief work, helped with the school, etc.

Mrs. Dillworth, president of Buffalo W.I., welcomed the delegates, while at the close of the conference Buffalo W.I. entertained the delegates to a sumptuous supper.

Mrs. MacKay contributed a number of delightful solos to the programme.

Claresholm and Macleod—Much business was accomplished at the fifth joint Claresholm and Macleod conference which was held at Claresholm recently. This was summed up by a number of resolutions that were discussed and passed. District and constituency funds will be levied at the rate of \$10 per branch from the constituency and \$1 per W.I. will be recommended to meet the district convention expenses, this to be held at Lethbridge in March.

Short courses and demonstrations came under discussion and it was decided to ask for a short course in millinery—this to be given throughout the constituency. It was decided to have an exhibit from each branch of the members' handiwork as the result of the government demonstrations.

Other resolutions included that "the federal government take steps to make the courses of study in the public and high schools uniform throughout the Dominion; that the Alberta legislature be asked to amend the Dower Act at the next session; that a resolution be sent to Mrs. Parly asking for a redraft of the Community Property Bill; that Miss Jessie MacMillan, Home Bureau secretary, be asked to give a series of lectures in the constituency on Health and that the next constituency conference be held at the Agricultural College at Claresholm."

Calgary and Okotoks—Miss Jessie MacMillan, Home Bureau secretary, was the principal speaker at the recent Calgary and Okotoks constituency conference held at Calgary, when she outlined the services offered by this department of the government. These include: first, arranging for short courses, thus bringing help and education to the women to make them more able to help themselves, this being done mainly through the Women's Institutes; second, the library course, which includes the circulating libraries, clippings on art, books on plays, and so forth, to help them in planning their yearly programmes; third, launching an immigration scheme whereby each W.I. appointed an immigration committee which has done a very practical work in welcoming new-

comers, and getting new settlers for their district, one convener writing 60 letters to eastern Canada, with the result that she has induced one family to come to her district, while three others are planning to do so; fourth, keeping constant touch with the Dominion department and international societies, which results in giving to the women of Alberta information on health, immigration, the labor situation, and so on. She cited an instance where a young English girl was materially helped and encouraged by a cablegram from her overseas immigration department. Concluding, she advised women to be "Good listeners with short memories," in order that they might listen to other people's troubles and give them sympathy when they most needed it.

Edson—Business and pleasure were combined at the recent Edson W.I. constituency conference, held in the United church, Jasper Park, when there were present eight delegates from Edson, two from Mountain Park, one from Wolf Creek, three from Mahaska and last, but not least, four from "Unity," the baby branch of the constituency, all branches giving excellent reports.

Mrs. C. A. Gates, district director, was present and contributed much to the conference. She urged a greater celebration of our national holiday, July 1, more flag demonstrations, study of Canadian authors and other notable national characters. In W.I. matters she emphasized the importance of paying up the provincial fund and outlined the work of constituency committees. Miss J. MacMillan was another speaker, giving an instructive paper on "Music and Poetry in the Home."

Mrs. Thurber, of Edson, outlined the work the constituency had been doing along the lines of child welfare and public health, this including Mountain Park helping to finance an X-ray in the hospital there, of Edson sending the wife of a young homesteader to the University hospital and paying her sustenance ever since and of Mahaska securing a public health nurse, Miss Lefler, for the Shining Bank district, where since June 5 forty minor operations had been performed by the visiting doctor, besides much dental work.

The visitors will never forget the welcome and royal entertainment by the Jasper branch. This included a drive to Pyramid Lake, while the final session was held at the beautiful home of Mrs. Chase, where a two-act play was put on by the Jasper members, this causing much merriment. At the close of this, a dainty tea was served.

Grouard—Some fifteen delegates were present at the Grouard constituency conference, held at High Prairie last month, Mrs. Thompson, the convener, presiding. "This was a very enjoyable and inspiring conference," says the convener, "and the six ladies who went from McLennan were royally treated by the High Prairie ladies. Unfortunately the district director, Mrs. Jas. Boyd, Vanrenna, was unable to be present." The following officers were elected: constituency convener, Mrs. Butler; secretary, Mrs. McCue; and conveners of standing committees: Mrs. McIntyre, public health; Mrs. Fair, education; Mrs. Bissell, Canadianization and national events, all from High Prairie, while the following conveners are from McLennan: Mrs. Thompson, legislation; Mrs. Dickson, immigration; Mrs. Benoit, household economics; Mrs. Bromley, agriculture.

Lacombe and Ponoka—The fourth annual Lacombe and Ponoka constituency conference was held at Lacombe last month, Mrs. W. Newton, the convener, presiding. Mrs. H. J. Montgomery, district director, was present and gave a talk on music in the home, besides answering questions and leading discussions on W.I. work, and rendering several much appreciated vocal solos.

Five W.I.'s reported, these including Alix, whose principal activity is keeping up a rest room, where there is a good library; Blackfalds, which has done a good deal of relief work; Mirror, which is raising funds for a building, which they have taken over from the Library Club; Lockhart, which specialized in home economics by putting on the play "From Danger Valley to Safety Hill"; and Lacombe, which reported donations to the Sunshine fund and the Red Cross.

East Olds and East Didsbury—To date there has only been one Women's Institute constituency conference that has placed

itself on record as approving, in any way, the much discussed Community Property Bill. This is the East Olds and East Didsbury conference, held at Three Hills a short time ago, with some 75 members in attendance.

This approval was expressed in the following resolution, after a discussion led by Mrs. Holdsworth, who pointed out that, instead of recognizing the economic position of woman's independence in the home, the bill seems to deprive women of the economic position they now hold: "Whereas under our present social customs, property acquired by the joint efforts of husband and wife usually becomes the property of the husband alone; and whereas there is no law for the protection of the wife to secure her share in the ownership and enjoyment of such property, which she helps to acquire; and whereas a Community Property Bill was introduced during the last session of our legislature by Hon. Irene Parlby, under which property acquired by the joint efforts of husband and wife will be recognized in law as belonging to both husband and wife; be it resolved that this conference approves of the principle of community property, without in any way committing itself to the details of the bill."

Ribstone—A demonstration of a fireless cooker, made from a cheese box, by Mrs. A. Redman, and the visit of Mrs. H. J. Montgomery, district director, were the features of the recent Ribstone W.I. constituency conference held at Provost, there being an attendance of 100 delegates from Hughenden, Hayter, Milren, Provost, Buffalo View, Metiskow, Emerald and Hardisty. The same officers were returned, being: Constituency convener, Mrs. A. Redman; secretary, Mrs. H. B. Wood, both of Hardisty; conveners of committees: child welfare, Mrs. Thompson, Stainsleigh; agriculture, Mrs. Farquharson, Provost; education, Mrs. Emil Hayter; Canadianization, Mrs. Gould, Buffalo View; legislation, Mrs. A. Ross, Amisk, and household economics, Mrs. Richardson, Hayter.

Dr. McAllister, of Red Deer, gave an instructive address on mental hygiene at the evening session.

Leduc—Members of the Leduc, Conjuring Creek and Conjuring Lake W.I.'s, to the number of 70, gathered at the sixth annual W.I. constituency conference at Conjuring Creek school-house last month. Mrs. A. Lindberg, convener, made an excellent chairman. She was assisted by Mrs. C. A. Gates, Stoney Plain, director; and Mrs. McClelland, secretary-treasurer, of Leduc. The delegates were welcomed by Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Dalglish replying.

The branch reports were presented by Mrs. Torrens, Conjuring Lake; Mrs. Wierzbka, Leduc, and Mrs. Ferris, Conjuring Creek. The following conveners of committees reported: Mrs. Dalgarno, child welfare, giving a resume of this work done by W.I.'s, referring to Fairview W.I., which owns a hospital; by Mrs. John Blonheim on education, tracing the history and reforms of education, and stating improvements needed in the schools; Mrs. Carroll, legislation, who brought to the notice of the delegates the principal points of law which affect women, urged married women to make their wills, and gave a resume of the proposed Community Right Bill, having given this much study. Mrs. Kane, Mrs. R. M. Coote, Mrs. Faulkner and Mrs. Alpaugh presented reports on immigration, household economics, agriculture and Canadianization.

Medicine Hat—Wonderful enthusiasm and interest, with a wider knowledge of all that concerns Women's Institute work characterized the Medicine Hat constituency conference. The majority of reports from the eight branches of the constituency were good, but several, where leadership was strong, were excellent. The reports of the standing committees on Legislation, Household Economics and Public Health and Child Welfare gave evidence of how the practical things that affect home life are receiving the attention of the women of Canada.

The event of the programme, which was eagerly anticipated, was the report of the part the Women's Institutes, particularly Alberta, took in the National Exhibition at Toronto, and this was given by Mrs. Bellamy, by means of lantern slides.

"The same place little girls go who make faces. Anyone as beautiful as you shouldn't wrinkle up their nose like that."

"G'wan with your blarney!"

"Aw, Jane, don't act like an ordinary cook!"

"What else am I?" asked Jane quietly, with downcast eyes that displayed soft lashes half-an-inch long.

"You're an extraordinary one. It's early yet. Put on your things and let's go for a walk."

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

"Do you mean you'd actually be seen walking out with your brother's cook?"

"I'd marry my brother's cook if she'd have me."

"You—you must be crazy."

"I've been that ever since I saw you."

"I—I thought that was your regular manner."

"If it had been I'd have been introduced to the interior of a padded cell long ago! That time I hid behind the potato barrel—"

"We don't keep potatoes in barrels."

"Well, whatever it was. D'you mean to say you thought I was in the habit of hiding behind barrels? Oh, Jane, you were never in love."

"Well!"

"You threw a carrot at me!"

"I'd heard so many stories of young men getting fresh with the household help—"

"Come on for a walk."

"I can't. The children would be left alone."

"You don't want to. You don't like me, but I'm gonna make you like me, see?"

Bill smiled till he showed all of his excellent teeth. He had a teasing smile and blue eyes that were full of little twinkles. He had been lounging against the cupboard, but now he straightened up to his full six feet. Jane eyed him mockingly, her arms akimbo, her small nose in the air.

"Take yourself out of here," she said.

"Not till I've taken something else first," said Bill.

He seized the cook and kissed her.

* * *

IF you want to slip away from a party the best time to choose is that period when the refreshments are being passed. Everybody is so intent on eating that the most popular individual present would never be missed. Bill took his sneak between the sandwiches and the ice-cream. Of course he was missed after a time and the search for him continued till everyone was tired. At first they thought it was merely a gay little game of hide-and-seek. Then Mrs. Conroy found the note that Bill had pinned to the chocolate cake.

Now Mrs. C. was not the fainting kind but Bill's missive, roughly scrawled in pencil on wrapping paper had such a pronounced emotional effect that two gentlemen rushed chairs to her side. She sank into one and limply tendered the bit of paper to her husband.

"Dear Folks," read Mr. Conroy, "we're leaving in something of a hurry but some day we'll come back and explain properly. I had to run away with Jane because I couldn't get her any other way. When you read these words we'll be married and heading east on our honeymoon. Jane would have left you when her month was up anyway. She is one of a group of domestic science school students who have been out gaining practical experience and a knowledge of working conditions. She hopes you will like her as well in the role of sister-in-law as you did that of cook-general.—Yours regretfully (but not too regretfully) Bill."

P.S.—Thanks for the use of car. You'll find it parked at the depot.—B."

"The nerry young scoundrel!" howled Mr. Conroy.

"The unreliable little minx! All these dishes to wash!" moaned Mrs. C.

But time softened their wrath and mitigated their sorrow. An hour later on their way to bed they had grown philosophical.

"Didn't I tell you there was something unusual about her?" Mrs. Conroy reminded her lesser half.

Mr. C. drew a long and weary sigh.

"I s'pose," he observed with intense gloom, "that it's me for the hiring-line again tomorrow!"

Conroys' Christmas Cook

Continued from page 41

"Why, sure thing, old-timer!" said Mr. Henry Conroy. "You just stick around as long as you like."

"Glad to have you," echoed Mrs. C.

"Coming down town with us this morning?" asked Mr. Conroy on the twenty-eighth.

The twenty-eighth of December is the day that turkey hash figures on the lunch menu of the great Canadian family.

"No, I guess I'll stay home and write some letters," answered Bill casually. "You two have lunch downtown if you like. I mean, don't rush home specially for me. Jane—er—the cook can give me a pick-up meal."

New Years came and went and Bill was still in their midst.

"It's the cooking," Mr. Conroy observed to his better half. "The poor fellow's been eating so much canned stuff out there on that ranch of his he hardly knew what real meals were like. It's the cooking, Min."

"It's the cook," declared Mrs. Conroy grimly. She seized Mr. C.'s arm in a close grip and in a low, sibilant voice went on: "Are you absolutely blind and dumb, Henry? Eat? He's got to the stage where he doesn't know what he's eating! She could serve up fricasseeed whale and pickled Pekinese, and he'd never know the difference!"

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Conroy.

"I tell you I'm right. Didn't you notice him at lunch stirring his tea with his knife?"

"What! That hardshell bachelor? Why, he's never been known to look at a girl. Besides, she's only a cook."

"Only!"

"Well, I don't believe she gives him much encouragement. Last night I heard him begging her to let him wipe the dishes and she wouldn't have him in the kitchen at all."

"He follows her round like a shadow."

"Never mind. I'll bank on Jane."

Mrs. Conroy sighed.

"The trouble is," she sighed uneasily, "that nobody can bank on Cupid."

Thus the Conroys, torn between their desire to be hospitable and the constant fear that they might lose their household treasure, put in two or three worried days, particularly Mrs. C. Then a bright idea occurred to that astute lady. "Let's give a party," she suggested.

"What for?" objected Mr. Conroy, who hated soup-and-fish.

"Why, to work up some counter attraction. I'll ask a dozen pretty girls. There's nothing like competition, you know."

"I dunno," Mr. C. shook his head. "Bill's a one-girl man. If so be he's taken a shine to our Jane—oh well, go ahead."

* * *

JANE had just finished icing a three-story chocolate cake and she stood back, regarding it proudly. It was the night before the big party. She turned suddenly at the sound of a step behind her.

"Do I intrude?" asked Bill very humbly.

We regret to say that Jane stuck out her tongue.

"You always intrude," she said.

"I—I came out to lick the spoon."

Jane handed it to him.

"There, baby."

"Thanks," said Bill. "I kinda hoped too that maybe you'd let me wipe the dishes."

"They were done an hour ago. Mary helped me."

"Mary?"

"My girl friend who was over."

"Didn't she leave sort of early?"

"Yes, they're giving a party tonight where she works."

"Hen and Min are throwing a party for me tomorrow. Wish I could get the mumps or something."

"Why, you ungrateful—"

"Me, I'm just a plain cowboy. I don't hanker for these high-hat affairs. Tonight the folks are off somewhere. Wanted me to go along, but I told 'em I had a headache."

"Do you know where little boys go who tell fibs?"



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WHAT a pretty grouping we find here in Christmas present schemes—something for every taste, beaded bags, hooked rugs, bead necklaces, chokers and our wonderful new swing for Baby. Every article is provided with full instructions for its making, and the materials are such that you will be proud of.

No. 4005. The upper picture, a knitted bag of the smaller style, five inches long. It contains nearly five hundred of the beautiful lustrous Radio Beads, which are nearly quarter-inch in size, and requires less than a full spool of tie silk, which knits so much better than any other lustre silk thread. The work is a flat knitting about 11 by 5 inches, sewed up the sides, the top turned, in which is a frame of whalebone stays and a snap fastener for a perfectly practical, neat, hand-made bag. The lining is any material you choose to use, fine silk, of course, being preferred. Full instructions, with a chart of the design are included and special instructions for making the neat cord handle, which is very simply crocheted. This is offered in beads and purse twist in the following colors: gold, amethyst, dark blue, light blue, green, black and new red, and the entire package, with instructions, is priced at \$2.50 postpaid.

No. 4004. The lower picture is a crocheted model worked spirally, easily completed, and the bead is slightly smaller than the Radio Bead, being about an eighth of an inch in size—lustrous cut beads. It requires nearly a thousand beads of this size and our packet includes the brass chain handle, the necessary beads and purse silk twist, with full instructions. It is offered in the following colors: blue, gold, green and red, with purse twist to match, and is priced at \$3.00. A bag of this sort, when completed in hand-work, readily obtains twelve to fifteen dollars in the stores.

No. 831R. This beautiful hooked rug is produced in yarn, using yellow, blue, red, violet and green in its various flowerings, with a gold inner border and black edging. The burlap pattern is the proper quality for working the hooked rug and is stencilled to follow these colorings. Its size is 28 by 44 inches oval, and is priced \$1.00.

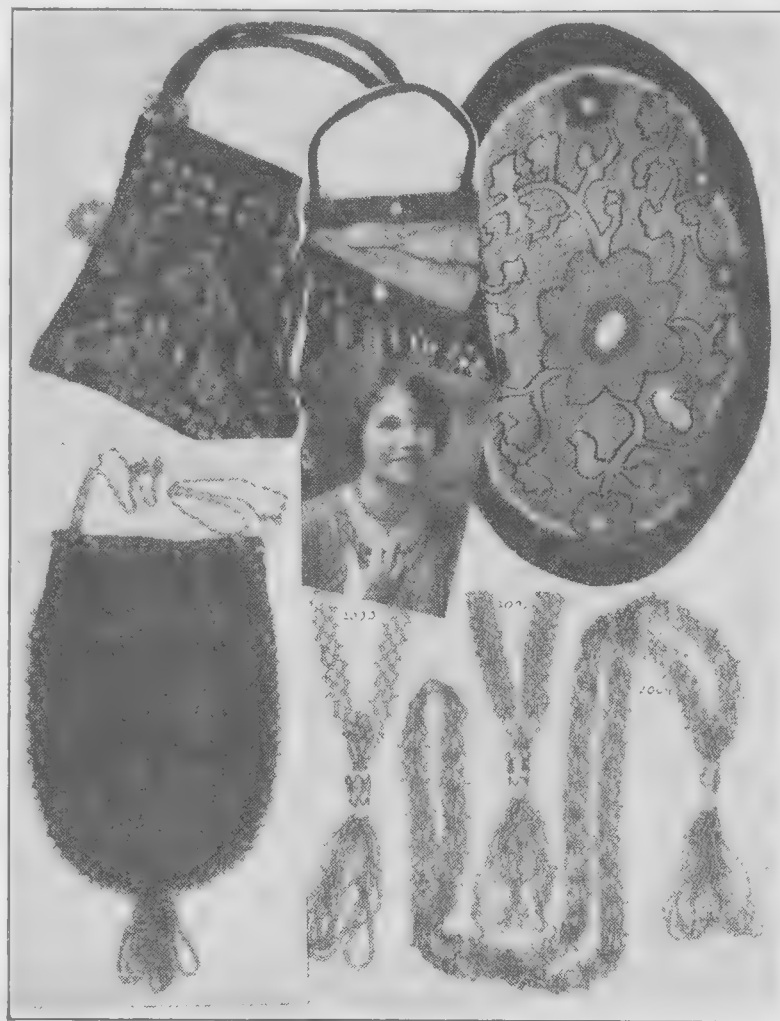
No. 40. The Antique Needle shown is used in making hooked rugs, and does the work in one-tenth of the time of the ordinary knitting hook. It is a two-piece machine, which lifts and drops, much the same as a pair of crutches, leaving the stitch in its patch, and is easily operated, if the instructions are carefully read and practised for a short time before undertaking a prized piece. The Antique Needle is priced at seventy cents, postpaid.

Inquiries regarding yarn for this work will receive special attention.

No. 4050. Is one of the new Chokers, very simply made, with our instruction sheet and the supplies are in the packet, which include the plated patented clasp, silk twist and the necessary quarter-inch Radio Beads in your choice of gold, blue, red, green or black. The packet is sent postpaid for 50 cents.

Nos. 2000, 2002 and 2004. The full necklace shown in our picture is No. 2004 and any of these are neat motifs in flat necklaces so popular this winter. Our packets include an abundance of the choicest beads in colors that are not readily obtained: gold, red, blue, green and black, and we particularly recommend for your choice the small gold beads, which in tone and size make up a necklace that compares with rare heirlooms of Grandmother's day, but the motifs are prettier than those used in that age. Needles, silk twist, beads, and the imported jewel pendant are included in these packets, which are securely packed within our sixteen-page booklets, affording other ideas in bead and embroidery work. Any one packet, 60 cents, postpaid.

No. 1119. Luncheon set. At our club parties we are always proud to show something new in a table setting and this delightful luncheon set, No. 1119, is just as dainty as it can be. It is a layette for four, with napkins, stamped on an excellent quality of unbleached muslin, its pretty teapot design with sprays nicely carried out in colors. While the



napkins are to be cut out, the piece can be preserved as a full square for a full card-table cover, or the full square luncheon set. It is priced at 75 cents including sufficient floss to complete it.



No. 1175. Shows a large tray cover, 12 by 17 inches, two oval hot-dish pads 8 by 12 and 9 by 5 and four circular pieces, two of 9 by 9 and two of 6 by 6. These seven pieces will provide for the most elaborate table setting. These pieces are stamped and tinted in bold colors of blue, red, yellow and lavender flowers.



No. 4065. This swing will delight Baby, and both mother and father will be glad to lend a hand to the making of it. Ropes and stays are provided, ready to attach the cloth swing, which is stencilled in colors for the elephant and duckie. The material is a very heavy white art cloth, as strong as canvas, but of a very pretty weave. It is stamped for the sewing lines and outlining the stencil in colored

threads makes it a most exclusive toy. All necessary materials and full instructions are in this packet at \$1.00. A safety strap is provided, and if daddy will provide a hanger in the doorway between any rooms, baby will be his own nurse and delighted with his new swing, and on cheery days, baby's place will be

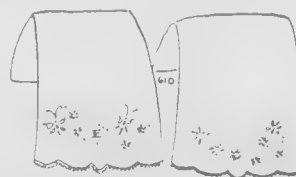
on the porch in the open air, but safe from harm.

with heavy intertwining sprays and leaves in brilliant green. The material is a very heavy white art cloth of a peculiar crepe weave, which lends itself admirably to this particular purpose, without



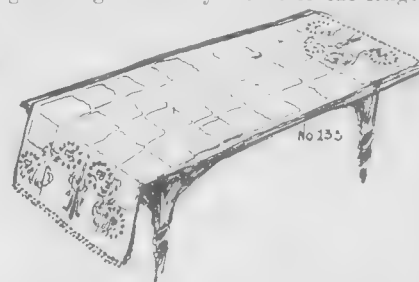
requiring the usual asbestos lining and it is readily finished by simply placing a few stitches of bold colors of thread in the centre of the different flowers and buttonholing or whipping the cut-out edges, without hemming. This set is a novelty that will make a most unusual Christmas present and the entire set is priced only 45 cents postpaid.

No. 610. Towels. A group of two guest towels, each 17 by 27 inches, stamped in the neat designs shown on selvaged 17-inch light-weight cream linen toweling. This is the purest of Irish linen. The size is larger than usual and



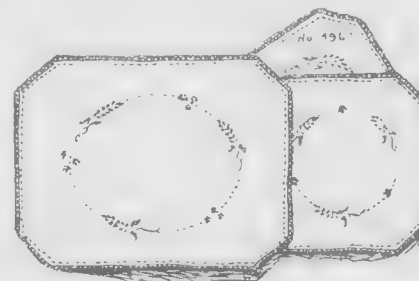
they are towels that you will be mighty proud to present to your best friend. The two towels are included in one packet with a liberal supply of embroidery floss in six colors, at 75 cents for the two.

No. 509S. The New Long Pillow. This pillow, No. 509S, is made of a cylinder of four pieces. The design is stamped on a good quality of tan art cloth 9x22 inches, with a second piece of this art cloth of the same size. Joining these are two strips of sateen 5 by 30 inches. These sateen pieces are hemmed, using a light rope or cord in the hems and gathering the thirty inches to the length



of twenty-two. These four banks sewed together make a flat piece of 22 by 27 inches, and the ends are then attached, being sateen strips, 7 by 27 inches—these, too, have the cord in the hem, and tassels of heavy yarn complete the cylinder after stuffing. All materials, except the cotton filling, are supplied in this offer. The basket design is unusually pretty in its colors of rose, blue, lavender and black. A pillow of this kind will add charm, comfort and pride to your living-room. It is priced 75 cents postpaid.

No. 124 is a dainty pink tea apron stamped in a pretty floral pattern with panel effect on sheer, colored fabric, which has the appearance of organ-die. Embroidery thread in suitable colors is supplied in quantity more than enough to afford you a choice in working out the design. The entire edge is hemmed with a running stitch in two colors used in the needle at one time. The bib may be fastened as shown with tiny bow knots, or you may use the dainty little rosette pins which are popular now. The material includes ties, but one may substitute ribbon for more elaborate finishing. For the nominal price of 45 cents, we are sure you will be tempted to choose this for several of your Christmas presents.



No. 1496. Bullet Set. Another item of pride in the way of a gift is this new and unusual bullet set on Aline cloth, an imported, heavy, pure white art cloth, with the most exquisite weaving in quarter-inch squares. It will launder beautifully and last for years. The centre, 13 by 17 inches, and two 11 by 11-inch side pieces in this wistaria design can be made one of the handsomest pieces of work with our four-strand floss, included in the package. The price is 60 cents.

No. 135. Scarf. Our Long Scarf, No. 135, is the best unbleached muslin we have ever seen. It has a corded line woven into it, daintily dividing it into about four-inch squares, and the design is very specially applied to fit within these squares. It is a full 18 by 52-inch scarf. The design is bold. Flashy colors of four-strand floss are included in the package. The price is 50 cents. Unbleached muslin has proved well its value as a serviceable material. Now that we have obtained this fabric in corded squares, we are able to offer service and beauty combined.

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Christmas on The Farm

By Allan Campbell

CHRISTMAS DAY is one of the days that should be prepared for and not allowed to just come around however much it is kept up when it does come. As it comes at practically the darkest period of the year it should be made a bright spot in the lives of the farm household, its brightness increasing as it comes nearer, and then, after it has passed we turn from its happy memories with hope and expectancy to the New Year and watch with interest the just perceptible lengthening of the days. Do not let the old Pickwickian spirit of Christmas vanish from the English-speaking race, for by making this day a bright one the winter will lose part of its dull reputation.

In the towns and cities with their various diversions it is somewhat different, but on the farm the Christmas spirit seems to have more significance and there is certainly the material on the average farm for the providing of a feast. It is hard on the hired man if he finds his Christmas much the same as any other day with stock to feed and water, stables to clean out and other necessary chores. Hired help in many cases comes from the Old Country and the East, and a slow Christmas will bring a yearning for the old-time festivities. On the other hand, if the farm family make a good-natured "bee" of the chores at the start of the day, so that all hands will be able to clean up and be able to do justice to the dinner, good fellowship will be the order.

Do not omit a few evergreens to hang on the walls so that the season and its little tree will be different from the usual routine. It is an old custom to leave the decorations up until twelve days have elapsed. This custom might well be followed.

In regard to the day itself, if visitors are expected, it is well to be prepared so that there may be no last-minute confusion, for instance, a spare stall or two should be prepared in the horse barn or cow barn.

These are not days for expensive toys for the children or for adults for that matter, but if funds will allow, a few extra luxuries should be indulged in and such children's presents as hockey sticks, rubber balls and skipping ropes and other enduring presents in lieu of the flimsy gew-gaws that are soon broken, will, in the long run, be more appreciated and be of more benefit to the possessors. The evening may be made memorable by playing some of the many table games that are on sale at the stores at reasonable prices, and, with the turkey and plum pudding disposed of, the day may be brought to a happy conclusion by some interesting encounters over the table, and then as the sound of the departing guests, sleigh bells grows fainter in the distance we can place on record another Happy Christmas.

The Christmas Song

Continued from page 69

It was Frankie's voice, bidding them "Merry Christmas" from across the sea!

Then Jim discovered the package in the record box. Portraits of Frankie, no longer the slim girl they had sent abroad, but a tall, beautiful woman, with bare rounded arms, and a happy face.

"That must be one of her party dresses that she wears when she sings at concerts," breathed Mary.

"She looks like her mother," asserted John.

"But she has your eyes, John," said Mary, loyally.

And so it was, that when Jim had gone and the old clock on the kitchen shelf had struck twelve, and it was Christmas morning, John and Mary were still listening to their daughter's voice.

And with happiness shining in their eyes, they held hands like sweethearts, and heard their Frankie's voice come to them across the sea, saying "Merry Christmas, Darlings," as if she were with them once again, in the old farm house that was still home sweet home to her.

"It's the happiest Christmas morning in my life," said John, as he turned out the lamp and followed his wife up the creaking staircase.

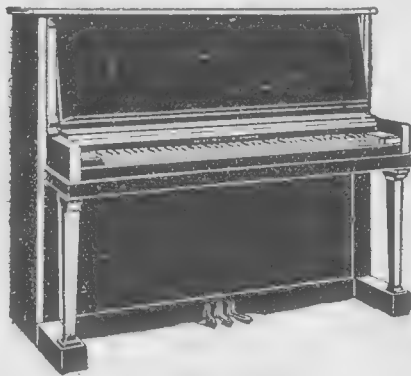
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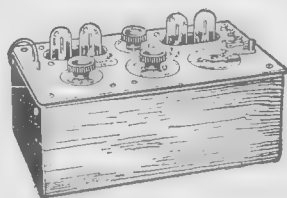
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Bells at Evening

Continued from page 20

Edward had left it. Under the inkwell, which she had always kept filled, were the notes of the last sermon he had preached. The text was: "At eventime it shall be light." She read the notes again and the clear flowing hand seemed to speak of hope and calm. Unconsciously she nodded her head as she often had done when listening to Edward's sermons. She never knew how anyone could resist the clear logic of them....

The carpet in the study was red and black—there had been enough left over when the new church pulpit had been done to cover this small room. The worn place beside the chair was the place the visitors had sat, and what queer visitors Edward had! What strange people he found in his midnight prowlings around the little town. She remembered some of the terrible people he had brought home with him and fed. She was never sure whether the spare room was occupied or not.... She smiled when she thought of how Edward defended them no matter who they were. He called them the brothers for whom Christ died. One of them stayed a week once and when at last he did go it was in the night. Jim it was who discovered that the guest had gone and broke the news by announcing: "Dad, the brother for whom Christ died has gone and taken your tweed suit with him. At least I cannot find it and I wanted to borrow it." But nothing discouraged Edward. He still brought them in red-eyed and drunken; poor wrecks of humanity. He fed and clothed them; prayed with them and loved them, found jobs for them, scolded and counselled them.... She remembered the day of Edward's funeral how they came, some of them respectable men now and some of them still red-eyed and miserable; but they came in swarms, and they wept bitter tears when they looked at the still white face of the man who had been their friend.

The worn place on the carpet brought it all back. Often she had heard Edward praying with them. She put her hand reverently on the place where the pile of the carpet was all gone for she knew many a time a poor sinner kneeling there had received salvation.

Mender of souls Edward had surely been, and now Edward was gone; his chair was empty; his pen was rusty; the room was silent.... "At eventime it shall be light!"

THE kitchen was in some ways the hardest to leave. Here she had got ready for the bean feeds for Jim and his hollow young friends. Here she had made the angel cakes, hardly daring to breathe when they were in the oven, and keeping Jim out of the kitchen. Here she had reigned supreme and sure. She fingered the brown Betty teapot lovingly, breathing on the silver shamrocks and polishing them with the corner of her apron to see them shine once more. The teapot which had been a present from the Ladies' Aid on one circuit seemed to have in it the very essence of the pleasant kitchen for it spoke of friendly chats when a few of the neighbors gathered. The conversation had always grown more animated when the cups were filled.

In the pantry she looked again at the jam pails where the groceries were kept—some of them were twenty years old or more, but what of it, they were still shining. Typed labels told what they contained: rice, lentils, barley, cocoanut. Jim had typed them for her when he was going to the Commercial High. Down below were the crocks—the big sugar crock and the flour crock and the little squat one for salt. There they were, so solid, secure, ageless and serene, so undismayed by time or weariness.

She turned away from them with a shudder. Edward was gone. Jim, the glorious young Jim was gone. She was going—but that little gray snub-nosed salt crock would last forever. How dreadfully permanent things are!

Millicent had told her it would be better if she did not bring any of the old stuff with her. It would not go well with the furniture in the room she was going to occupy. Anyway Millicent said it would be better for her to have entirely new surroundings. Millicent was so practical and sensible and right and told her mother how old things would bring too many memories and above all things she must not let herself lament and repine.

Millicent was right of course. Millicent was always right. Millicent was so

successful and prosperous and abundant that her mother had often looked at her with wonder. She had grown to girlhood and womanhood in the same way. She had walked triumphantly through the grades at school. She had floated through fractions into decimals; mensuration had come so easily to her the teacher did not know what to do with her while he was teaching the others. She seemed to sweep down all the barriers as fast as they could be raised. Millicent was never discouraged, cast down nor afraid.

Millicent would be sure to ask her if she had had her breakfast and if she were to admit that she had not Millicent would make her eat something. Setting a few dishes on the table she put some cornflakes in a dish and poured cream on them. She spread them around the dish to make it look as if the dish had been full. When she had it all arranged it looked as if someone had had a full meal. This was as near to deception as Mrs. Pierce had ever come in her life but she dreaded Millicent and her practical mind; she knew that she could not get a mouthful past the lump in her throat.

Promptly at the hour came Millicent in her shining new car, which glided to the door with a velvety murmur and seemed to come to a stop by its own intelligence. Millicent could see herself as the bountiful princess who had come to take her mother from the cold gray life of toil into all the delights of a king's palace. The morning sun hitting the windshield shone into the room like a flash of lightning in slow motion coming to rest on the illuminated address which announced itself in red and gold letters as having been presented to "The Reverend Edward and Mrs. Pierce on the eve of their departure from Deloraine."

The "estimable wife" referred to in the third paragraph stood looking at it now in the radiance of the car that was waiting to take her away, looking at it in a sort of dazed wonder as if she had not seen it before. One phrase stood out from the others, and she repeated it over and over: "On the eve of their departure."

Millicent came grandly to the door, her high heels making a luxurious tapping which blends so well with the rustle of silk.

"Are you ready, mother dear?" said Millicent in her creamy voice. It also was the sort of voice which suggests silk linings.

"Ready," said the old lady promptly. "Every goodbye said, every tear shed, every last look taken at what was a very happy home."

"Now, mother," said Millicent very firmly, "whatever you do, do not get sentimental—you cannot live alone and we are going to make you *very* comfortable."

With a firm step and never a backward glance, the relic of the late Edward Pierce stepped into the waiting car. Up to that moment she had been a distinct and colorful personality. Now she knew the truth—the bitter truth—she was a relic now; a detached relic; a woman without work in all the world.

It was Millicent's idea to have her go without the formality of saying goodbye to any of the old friends. Millicent said the effort of saying goodbye, and the expenditure of so much nervous emotion would be hard on her mother. Millicent was always right.

THE first morning she was there her breakfast was brought to her room by a white-capped maid. Mrs. Pierce voiced a protest. The maid was firm. "It is Mrs. Skelton's wish that you should breakfast in bed each morning," said she as she swung a mahogany table over the bed.

"But I detest the habit," said the old lady warmly as she sat up hurriedly. "I am not an invalid, and besides it is sinful to spend the morning hours in bed. The morning is the best part of the day when one is fresh and rested."

Anna repeated the formula. "It is Mrs. Skelton's wish that you should remain in bed for your breakfast."

The old lady looked closely at her, interested at once in a new personality; here was a young girl probably away from home in a big city who might be

lonely, too, just as she was, and glad of companionship.

"Well never mind Anna, I will do my best," she said kindly. "I suppose there are harder things in life than having to eat breakfast in bed. I will poke it down some way and if you will promise not to bring me too much I will be your friend forever. Mrs. Skelton is a powerful woman and always gets her own way and I know better than to try to change her. She always got her own way. When she was six years old we got her a little red wagon—we saved soap coupons to buy it with—and her father and I often remarked that no matter when we looked out of the window at the children playing, Millicent was riding and some other child pulling. It was a way she had and she has it yet. And the other children were satisfied." Mrs. Pierce was smiling at the memory.

"Yes madam," said Anna coldly, and yawned. She had been out late at the firemen's ball the night before.

Mrs. Pierce got the full significance of the yawn and said no more. "At least I will not be a bore," she said to herself as she bravely struggled with her breakfast.

Anna might not have been so absorbed in her own affairs that morning if it had not been for the fact that the henna wash she had used the day before had gone wrong and made her hair, which had been golden, an ugly color like burnt sugar, and her gentleman friend had been quite nasty about it and there had been words between them.

Mrs. Pierce intended to speak to her daughter to see if it would not be possible to have her breakfast order reversed but each time she started to speak of it the phone rang. Millicent was convenor of the Fish Pond Committee for the Rotary Street Carnival, and spent the greater part of her time at the phone.

"Can I not do something to help you, Millicent," her mother had said the first morning. "I used to be rather good at arranging things for the church. Do let me try, Millicent, I would love to think I could be of some use."

Millicent smiled her superior smile. "Mother, dear, I am afraid you do not speak the language and I am too busy to try to teach you though I know you are very willing and that is sweet of you but just now I have a big job on my hands, and if you will just rest and be as happy as you can Anna will attend to your every want. She has her instructions."

Then she tried to get the unapproachable Anna to give her something to do, but Anna lifted her plucked eyebrows in surprise and told her there was nothing, positively nothing. Anna's manner was so distant and haughty she felt she should apologize for the presumption.

She had been three weeks in Millicent's home and had seen her son-in-law twice at dinner. He was a grave man with a preoccupied air. When she spoke she could see he was not listening. It seemed impossible for people to be friendly in a room so large and high. The meals were served by the butler. She could not believe this was Millicent's home, or anyone's home, for that matter. It had no personality. There was no sound of human occupation except the ringing of bells. There was no dog, cat or bird.

SHE spent long hours looking from her window to the narrow length of the street which she could see through the trees. Sometimes the street sweeper passed and she envied him his job. He was a bent old man with a lame step who sometimes sat on the curb to eat his lunch which he carried in a newspaper. Mrs. Pierce wanted to ask Anna's permission to send him out a pot of tea but some way she had not quite the courage. She tried to interest Anna in the old man by drawing her attention to him and his newspaper lunch but Anna assured her it was probably all he had ever been accustomed to and quite good enough for him.

Millicent faithfully invited her mother to come driving with her each day when she went to the golf club, but the conversation of her friends who came too was unintelligible to the old lady and rather terrifying. It was all about put-

ting and mashies and foursomes and bunkers. And they all seemed to think that she was deaf and roared at her in a way that was embarrassing. They used short words too, well spaced.

"Do — you — find — cold — days — trying?" Mrs. Clairmont had said to her one day as they sat together in the car at the golf club, in her high-pitched voice.

"No," Mrs. Pierce said, "I do not find cold days trying, and I do not find it hard to hear ordinary conversation either. The only thing I find trying is living such an idle, good-for-nothing life. How do you do it?"

Mrs. Clairmont afterwards told Millicent that she was positively afraid of her mother, she had given her such a start in answering her back like that.

The hardest part of her exile was that her own grandchildren seemed to avoid her. Betty, aged sixteen, bob-haired and cynical, was given to discussion of complexes and something which she called the frat. Ted, two years older, was filled with rage at the iniquities of umpires. She tried to talk to them and once seemed to be getting a point of contact with Betty on the subject of a knitted sweater when Millicent interposed.

"No, mother," she said, "you are not going to start knitting. After your long years of working and slaving yourself for other people you are going to have a rest. Betty can buy her sweater at the Woman's Exchange."

Sunday was the most terrible day of all. The first Sunday the chauffeur had driven her to church, but would not come in. All the time of the service it worried her to think of leaving the young man outside. None of the family had come with her. Ted had gone with a party of boys to the lake; Betty told her she never got up till noon on Sundays and Millicent and her husband spent the day at the country club. The church service was disheartening. The hymns were not familiar; the choir wore surplices; the minister read his sermon and nobody spoke to her.

All afternoon she sat in her room watching the cars that swept by. Her heart was heavy and burdened.

The days went by the same way. She got Anna to buy her yarn and she began to knit stockings for Sunshine, but she soon found out how slavish knitting can be when it is all one has to do, but she set herself to the task as she had done everything, and the long days wore on. Edward's sermon was the spar to which she held: "At eventime it shall be light."

Millicent had a complete new outfit of clothes made for her, telling her as tactfully as she could that she might send the old ones to a rummage sale. At that the old lady flared up.

"My clothes have always been considered quite good enough for my station," she said with dignity.

To which Millicent replied sweetly: "Yes, mother dear, but your station is changed now, and I want to have a little tea for you next week to meet some of my friends, and you must look very sweet."

No person loved pretty clothes more than Mrs. Pierce, but she had no thrill in the new garments which Millicent had gotten for her. They seemed to be the uniform of her prison, beautiful though they were.

She often wondered why she could not talk to Ted, remembering how interested she had been in Jim's sports when he was Ted's age. She had loved to go and see Jim play lacrosse and often cheered herself hoarse in her excitement. What strange black wall was this which seemed to shut her off from everyone?....

Sometimes she asked herself if she were already dead and gone to some sort of purgatory where the punishment was complete isolation, but that thought she put away as a wicked one and read her Bible and the Christian Guardian, except when she was watching the little stretch of street which she could see through the trees.

ONE morning when she awakened she seemed to lack the ambition to arise. Why should she get up at all, or ever again? No one would miss her if she did not. Indeed, they might be glad to have her safely out of the way. Millicent's plan for her was to have her rest all the time. Anyway, the bed seemed the friendliest place, for when she lay in bed she often dreamed and always in her dreams she was back in the old life of activity. Perhaps now, though it was daylight, if she lay very still the old

dreams would come back, bringing Jim and her old home and the boys and girls she had known. Perhaps even Edward would come.

When Anna came with her breakfast she pretended to be sleeping for there seemed to be a glorious dream almost within reach. She must have slept then, for when she awakened the room was full of sunshine so golden and bright it seemed to coax her to rise and come out.

She stretched herself luxuriously. It was good to be alive even if she was away from home. Alive and in possession of all her faculties—strong enough to oppose Millicent, if necessary.

"I must get up," she said aloud, "I am a lazy woman to be lying here on this lovely day, but that was a great sleep, and I feel years younger."

There was a knock on the door to which she cheerily called "Come in," expecting that Millicent had come to see what was wrong with her. A young man in uniform carrying a small black doctor's bag entered.

"Good morning," he said, "I hope I have not frightened you." His voice reminded her so much of Jim's that for a moment she could not speak. "No, you did not frighten me one bit," she said, "but you remind me so much of my son that you have taken my breath away."

"I knew Jim," said the young man pleasantly. "That is why I wanted to come to see you. I am a doctor and I wanted to see how you are. Now will you do something for me?"

Would she? It seemed a hundred years since she had been asked to do anything for anybody.

"I will do anything you say," she replied quickly.

"Well, then, get up and get dressed and then come down stairs and I will join you there. My car is outside and you and I are going for a ride. I have a surprise for you. You always liked surprises, didn't you?—you see I know all about you."

"I love surprises," she said ecstatically. "Jim and I were always planning them for each other. I will be down in ten minutes."

It did not take her long to get dressed. Her excitement made it easy for her to stoop and tie her shoes and every hook seemed to fasten without the slightest effort. Luckily no one was around to ask questions or tell her what to wear.

She ran down the stairs like a runaway schoolgirl and with as much joy in her heart as any child ever had.

The car bore them swiftly through the city streets. Every breath she drew was sheer joy. Passing the football grounds they passed Ted and in her new-found happiness she shouted to him and although he turned and looked straight at them he did not seem to see them and turned away with a puzzled look.

"Ted is wondering if you would like to go to see a game of rugby; he is thinking of asking you tonight," said the young man.

"This must surely be my happy day," she exclaimed gaily. "I would be delighted to go to a game or anywhere that anyone asked me to go. My complaint is that no one thinks I need anything but absolute idleness and plenty to eat."

"There will be no more idleness for you where you are going," said her young companion with a chuckle which sounded strangely familiar.

"You are so much like Jim," she said. "I suppose you grew to be alike by being together. Now notice I have not even asked you your name. I do not want to spoil the surprise."

"That's right," he said. "We want this surprise to come off without a hitch, for it is a good one."

They were driving through the country now and it was harvest time. Great fields of grain billowed and waved in the wind. Blackbirds on glittering wings circled and wheeled over a field of ripe oats and a delicious smell of ripe grain came to them through the open windows of their car.

A young girl driving a horse and buckboard was making her way through a stubble field to the stack where the men were working.

"Oh, I know that girl," cried Mrs. Pierce. "She is taking the afternoon lurch to the men and won't they be glad to see her. I know what she has, too."

Continued on page 78

When the Gifts are Opened —

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

Bells at Evening

Continued from page 77

She has saskatoon pie and ham sandwiches and a great blue enamel pot of tea with a blanket around it to keep it hot. I know, for I have been that girl. This place is all so familiar to me...."

A country church with a glistening spire pointing heavenward seemed to be drawing nearer and nearer to them. A modest white parsonage stood beside it. A vine, turning red with autumn, grew over the porch.

"Why, boy, it is Bethel! Good old Bethel, our first circuit. How did you know to take me out to Bethel? They were so good to me and always called me the Bride—I did not know that Bethel was so near—I thought it was in Ontario. You are a wonderful fellow to know so well what I would like to see.... Tell me, how did you know?"

"I didn't," her driver laughed. "It is this car which is the witch—it knows everything. It is called the Memory car. It should really be yours and then you can go back and visit all the old circuits."

"Millicent says it is not good for me to have my feelings stirred and too many old memories revived," she said smiling. Some way she could smile about it now, for Millicent and her restrictions seemed so far away.

"Hang Millicent," said the young man promptly.

"Did Jim tell you about her—she always was rather hard on him."

"He told me more about you," he answered, "but I know Millicent too."

After they had driven through a leafy woodland road which had a glimpse here of a silvery stream, the young man said:

"Now we are getting near. I want you to shut your eyes now and get ready for the surprise. Keep your eyes closed tight—no fair if you cheat."

SHE felt the car stop and knew that she was getting out as easily as ever she moved in her youngest days—there was no stiffness of her joints and she had no fear of making a mis-step. Then she knew she was going up stairs, spaced just as stairs should be. Her hand was on a door-knob which turned as if someone inside had been watching for her. She stepped in with a cry of delight.

"Now you may open your eyes."

With a cry of rapture she looked about her. Everything was the same, but it seemed bigger and more beautiful. The rag rug which she had made was still at the foot of the stairs, gayer and more beautiful than when it was new. The stairs seemed wider and the ceilings higher, every picture on the wall sparkled its welcome; the farewell address given "on the eve of their departure" had a light shining on it which made every word glow and burn. It was an address of welcome now.

"It is my own home," she cried, "and it knows me!"

She passed into the kitchen and found it all the same only more beautiful. It seemed like an ideal she had always had in her mind. The walls were painted the robin's-egg blue which she liked so well; the wainscoting sparkling white; the sink was made of some material which glistened like snow. The round window in the pantry had been changed to a stained glass one in which there was a cornucopia of fruit through which the sunshine fell; the shelves still held her old friends the jam pails, and as she looked at them they seemed to speak their names.

"It is all because I am so glad to get back," she said to herself, "that everything looks so glorious; these tin jam pails look like pure gold to me."

The kitchen floor was of blue and white tiling—the kind she had often looked at longingly in the colored pages of the magazines, and at the windows hung shimmering curtains of white silk which did not keep out one ray of sunshine and yet made a welcome and restful shade.

"Who has done all this?" she asked.

"Did the church people send for me? Did they miss me and want me back?"

"Wait till you see the whole house and then I will tell you."

He led her to the study door and opened it. There she stood transfixed with wonder. The red and black carpet was gone and in its place there was a floor of what seemed like transparent velvet through which she could see buried roses, white and pink and deeply crimson.

"Walk on it," said the young man reassuringly. "It is a carpet that father wove when he was on earth. You are

not any more surprised than I was when I saw it. Do you remember all the poor miserable people father used to gather in and pray with? Every rose is the tear of a penitent sinner."

"Whose father do you mean?" she asked breathlessly. "My father," he answered, turning around suddenly and: "Mother, don't you see who I am?" She flung her arms around him and held him close.

"Oh, Jim," she sobbed. "Don't leave me the way you have done so many times. You are plainer this time than ever. I cannot bear to wake up and find it is all a dream. Try to stay with me, Jim dear, I am so lonely and miserable there all alone."

"This is no dream, mother," he said with his happy laugh which filled the whole house with music. "This is the surprise I told you about and I have kept the best for the last. Look who is coming in."

She raised her head.

"Edward," she cried. "Edward. Tell me what this means, Edward? Where are we?"

"Don't be frightened, Edith," he said, taking her hand. "It is all right. This is what we used to sing about in our hymns. This is Heaven, but we did not know it was so close and so real."

"Will I have to die to get here and cross a dark river? May I stay here now, or must I go back and die?"

"You are here, dear. You will not have to go back—you are here and we need you—Jim and I—for there is much to be done."

"What sort of work is there?" she asked, after a pause.

"Much the same as we did when we were on earth. I have charge of the

people who come over unprepared and who have terrible remorse over their wasted lives and all sorts of bad habits to overcome. They are not so different from the poor souls I used to have in this very room."

"But Edward, how does it come that the house is here? Isn't this house still where we left it in Brandon? I do not understand."

"This is the spiritual conception of the house on earth and because we used it for God's work it became immortal. Everything that has been used in God's service lives forever. Nothing is thrown away or wasted only through sin. We did not know God could be so good as He is, Edith. We thought we believed His promises, but His goodness is greater than anything man can conceive."

"And you are young Edward," she said after a long pause. "You are not an old man any more. Will I be young too?"

He opened the door and led her to the crystal mirror which hung in the hall. She started back with a cry of gladness.

"You did not have to wait," he said.

"You have entered into your inheritance without any delay because you have lived a life of prayer and every force could work on you at once—there was no resistance on your part. You will be ready to go to work at once. You are going to help with the children who have had deformities on earth and whose hearts have been embittered. You will show them how it is going to be made up to them here."

"Oh! Edward, I am so happy to have you and Jim again, and work, blessed work!"

"Is this what your text means: 'At eventime it shall be light'? I held to it and held to it, but there were times when

I was almost in despair. But Edward, tell me, what about Millicent—will she come to us too?"

"She will come," he said, "though it may be a long time, but she is trying to serve in her own way. There are many ways of serving God and He never fails in His rewards though He is grieved to see people spending their money for that which is not bread. Millicent will come. We have more knowledge here and so have more patience. Now come outside. There are many of the old friends waiting to welcome you. Listen, they are singing now. That is for you, Edith. We have been looking for you and wanting you a long time."

She stood with him on the verandah and saw stretched before her a great sunlit country with yellow harvest fields. Many men and women were at work and their happy songs came to her ears. Coming towards her were a great company of people who waved their hands in joyous welcome. She ran down the steps to meet them.

MILlicent slept late that morning.

For she had been the toastmistress at a banquet the night before. It was noon when she awakened. Anna brought her a cup of coffee in answer to the bell and told her that her mother had not awakened yet. When she had dressed, Millicent went into her mother's room, vaguely alarmed by Anna's report. It was not like her mother to sleep so late.

She lay facing the window through which the sunshine was pouring. Her white hair was spread out on her pillow, and her lips were smiling.

Millicent's friends came in large numbers to the funeral, and sent many beautiful wreaths of flowers. They told Millicent she had one great comfort in her bereavement, and that was that she had been able to give her mother every comfort and care.

Travelling De Luxe

Continued from page 33

For those who like to be free to find their own way "around town," time for independent action is usually arranged at the principal ports, in addition to the regular cruise programme of sight-seeing.

Then there is that congenial companionship and those delightful friendships which are prevalent on a cruise. Everyone is care-free and happy, and you reluctantly say goodbye, wishing in your heart that you were just starting out.

And with all these advantages your expenses are considerably less than to make the same trip independently.

At each port there will be a comprehensive programme of sight-seeing, and trips into the interior will be made at several places, all of which are included in the fares for the cruise. At each point visited, a competent staff of guides will be on hand, the best motors or carriages available and special trains engaged, and meals and rooms at principal hotels provided for. Every detail has been carefully planned and arranged in advance to make every moment of the shore excursions count.

The specially arranged trips this year include one round the world which starts in the early part of December, while in February the Empress of France starts on her third annual Mediterranean cruise. Referring to the former, it may be remarked that sailing eastward in early December has many advantages in regard to seasons, and it must be remembered that the enjoyment of a cruise largely depends upon visiting the various countries at the right season. The Mediterranean ports are visited while the gay Riviera season is on; Palestine while it is cool; Egypt when it is gayest; India in the cool season, January being the ideal month for this fascinating country; Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, Straits Settlements, Philippine Islands, China and Japan when sight-seeing may be done with a maximum of comfort.

The Mediterranean trip, of course, consumes much less time, but even so fifteen countries are visited, sixteen ports of call being made, while no less than ninety days are spent in the Holy Land.

We feel sure that those of our Western Canada readers who are fond of travel will be interested in these two remarkable itineraries.



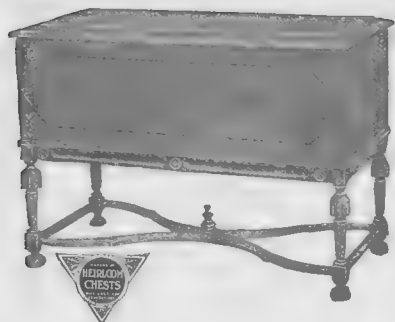
Her Glimpse into the Palace Beautiful: Hans Andersen's "Little Match-Seller"

Drawn by N. Samson

"She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and coloured pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them, and the match went out."



"Santa, you're a dear"
They're
CHOCOLATES
by,
Moirs



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At the Sign of the Rose

Continued from page 42

He paused, and realizing for the first time that he was tired, leaned up against one of the huge old trees, grateful for its support. His eyes travelled up and down the broad wall of gray stone, smooth, cold, hard and impenetrable, it resembled the circumstances he found himself in now. Every way he turned there seemed mystery and intrigue. He could not take steps to find out about his father's whereabouts without disclosing his mission, neither could he hope to deceive the servants and his father's friends indefinitely. He was trapped whichever way he turned.

His eye, travelling over the smooth, hard stones that formed the wall, suddenly focussed upon one particular rock. It looked as though it might have been loosened and cunningly replaced so that it would not attract attention. It was certainly a good place to secrete messages if nothing more. His face brightened perceptibly. Maybe after all this was the answer to his supplications to high heaven to extract him from his difficulties, this loop hole in the wall. Perhaps it signified that there would also prove a loop hole in his wall no matter how impenetrable it proved to be.

A noise from without the wall attracted his attention once more to the rock, and even as he looked it fell with a crash. A moment later a hand was thrust through the opening. It remained there motionless for a time, then released something, and disappeared. The boy saw the object fall, and he started forward, but checked himself to make sure that he was unobserved. Then, stepping cautiously, he stooped, and from the place in the grass where it had been dropped, he picked up a scarlet rose.

He stood perfectly still for a time, listening intently. Once he imagined he heard the swift staccato of horses hoofs, but as the silence continued, he decided he must have been mistaken. Having satisfied himself on this point, he turned his entire attention to the rose in his hand. It was then that he noticed for the first time a piece of silk wound round the stem. He removed it, to discover that it held a bit of parchment in place, but before he examined this, he spread the silk out with eager fingers. It was a deep cream color, in its corner embroidered in gleaming silk a graceful "L." He studied it intently, while the color came and went in his cheeks. There was no doubt about it, it was part of one of his father's handkerchiefs. Having assured himself of this much, the parchment claimed his attention. It was covered with writing in a strange hand difficult to decipher. It was with conflicting emotions that the boy read—

"To Robin Adair,

"It is imperative that you be at the crossroads near the old ruin within two hours. The journey must be made in absolute secrecy, as it is believed you are being watched. Come on foot, there will be horses at the ruin. Destroy all evidence of this communication."

It was all perfectly plain to Charles. Robin Adair was a nickname of his, survived from nursery days, which his father had given him because of his fondness for that old ballad. The crossroads by the old ruin was a favorite rendezvous of his father and himself. This was evidently an answer to the mystery of his father's absence. He turned with a singing heart and light footsteps. Having first secreted upon his person the rose, parchment and bit of silk, he wended his way to the castle.

After a brisk walk of several minutes he came in sight of the castle, and paused for a moment in the shelter of the huge trees in the park. He had decided definitely upon several things. Having reached the castle he must first destroy the message. Then he must change his attire, for the elaborate satin and lace of his present costume would never do for the undertaking before him. He would also have to arrange things in a fashion that would arouse no suspicion if he were away for a considerable length of time. With these thoughts in mind, he continued his walk towards the castle.

The young Marquis encountered several of the servants in the hall. Careful to keep his bearing careless and unconcerned, in case there were eyes that watched, he announced that his father had ridden to Camden Castle the night before as his

brother was ill, and that he probably would not return for several days. He said that he had rested poorly and had been out getting some fresh air, that he was now going to see if he could sleep, and that he did not wish to be disturbed the rest of the morning.

ONCE in his room, however, he made sure that he was alone. Then he turned the key in the lock and crossed quickly and nervously to the hearth. In a few moments he had coaxed a blaze out of the charred ashes, and extracting the rose, parchment and silk from his clothing, he flung them into the fire, his dark eyes never leaving them till they were consumed in the flames. Having disposed of these, he regained his composure, and calmly began to make his preparations.

He stepped lightly about the room, removing his elaborate attire and exchanging it for plain dark clothing, far less likely to attract attention to himself. Next he selected a sword, testing the blade's edge with grim precision. Then he bound his unruly dark hair well back from his face with a satin ribbon, pulled a wide velvet hat well down over his eyes, and wrapt himself in a voluminous dark cape. He stood at last regarding himself in the pier glass. It was a pleasing reflection that looked out at him. Tall and slender he stood, his wide dark hat, long cape and high spurred boots giving him a distinguished air. There was a daredevil light in his eyes, and excitement had lent color to his cheeks and lips.

He paused before the mirror for but a moment, then with rapid strides crossed the room and lightly pulled a silken cord which hung behind one of the heavy tapestries near the doorway. Almost at once there was a sound of footsteps approaching along the hall. He was at the door before the sound of the footfalls had fairly reached it, flinging it open to admit a thoroughly surprised old man. Old Malcolm had been the elder Marquis' trusted servant long before the advent of Charles, and since that time he had been the same to the boy, whom he frankly adored. As soon as Charles had him well in the room he closed and locked the door and began to speak in a low excited voice.

"Listen, Malcolm, you have always said that if I ever needed you, you would be ready. Well, I need you now."

"I am ready, sir, what is it I must do?" His gaze rested upon the boy adoringly. "You grow more like the Marquis every day, sir, you'll be a man before any of us know it," he added fondly, little realizing that the boy had grown years older in the last few hours under the strain of a man's responsibility.

The young Marquis hardly waited for the old servant to finish speaking before he continued, "Good Malcolm, there will not be much, but it will be very important. For certain reasons which I cannot explain, I must absent myself from the castle for a time. I do not know for how long, probably not more than several hours at the most. I have given the servants to believe that I am asleep in my room, and am not to be disturbed. It will be your duty to continue this deception. I shall leave this room and lock the door, one key I shall take with me, the other I shall leave in your care. See that no one enters it under any pretences whatsoever. Also see that no one suspects that I have left the castle or had any communication with you beyond the ordinary. I must be off now, Malcolm. Since father is not here to do it, wish me luck."

Gradually an awed expression came over the old man's face, and before the lad could prevent him, he had knelt and raised a corner of his cloak to his lips.

"So the call has come to you too," he murmured in a husky voice. "I thought as much when the Marquis did not return as he had expected. You are not the first, and I pray to the Holy Virgin that you shall not be the last of the young blades of Scotland to answer this call. Of course, I wish you luck and God speed, Charles, Marquis of Lorne, as I do each and every daring gallant that rides at the sign of the rose."

For a moment the boy gazed straight into the old man's eyes and knew that he understood. He sighed with relief,

he knew his secret would be safe in these hands. Then, the old servant going ahead to make sure that the hall was clear, they passed stealthily into the corridor and shut and locked the door after them, and Charles bid the old man good-bye, feeling as if he had left behind the last friend he had in the world.

He took his way stealthily along the corridor, at last reaching the door that led to his father's apartments. He passed through and closed it softly behind him. Crossing the room rapidly he ran one hand lightly up and down the wall, till at last, apparently having found that which he sought, he brought the weight of his arm to bear upon it, and immediately the long panel slid smoothly and noiselessly back. For a moment he stood there, straightening his cape and adjusting his sword. Then he threw his head back, and like the true Lorne that he was, he stepped through, to meet certain danger and possible death with a smile on his lips, and the panel swung noiselessly to behind him.

THE young Marquis paused for a moment after the panel had closed behind him, that his eyes might become accustomed to the gloom. Then he rapidly descended a long flight of stone steps, that curved back and forth like a great serpent, until they ended abruptly at a small door set far back in the stone wall. Charles undid the intricate belts and chains with practiced fingers, and a moment later he was standing in the brilliant morning sunshine on the river's bank.

Tangled ivy vines, clambering over the wall, almost concealed the doorway, which was also surrounded with the thick shrubbery that grew along the bank, so the young Marquis had no fear of being observed. He skirted the river closely for a time, keeping well within the screen of bushes. Finally, however, upon rounding a sharp bend that shut the castle from view, he glanced around him apprehensively, and having first removed his heavy cape and flung it over his shoulder, he waded boldly into the stream. In a very short time he had reached the opposite bank, and replacing the cape to hide his dripping attire, he plunged into the woods.

It was not a great distance to the old ruin, and he knew that he must be nearly there. He also realized that his time was almost up, and he quickened his pace. After following the river bank for a brief space he turned abruptly to the left, and began to follow a barely perceptible little path that clambered on through the woods and up the hill beyond. It was longer than the way he generally came with his father, but he must avoid being observed, and the little path kept in the close thicket most of the way. On up the hill he toiled, to him every movement of the leaves, whispering voices, and every cracking twig, the sign of pursuit, until it was no wonder he sighed with relief when he glimpsed the old ruin through the trees.

Breathless, at last he reached the clearing that surrounded it, and paused among the sheltering trees. He hesitated for a moment, then stepped forth and stood waiting, his dark eyes upon the old ruin. For long moments he stood thus, but, try as he would, he could see no sign of life anywhere about.

Charles was beginning to feel uneasy when, suddenly, something moved among the black shadows of a shattered Gothic doorway, something which he had first believed to be a part of the shadow itself. Now, however, with a startling suddenness it turned to life in the shape of a tall man, who stepped lightly from among the gloom, and crossed the grass in long strides towards the young Marquis.

He was a picturesque figure in his rich attire and floating plumes, the bright color of the former lighting up his vivid face, which bore the scars of more than one conflict. He swept his wide hat off, loosening his black hair, which was dressed in an elaborate series of puffs and curls, this being the fashion preferred in France at that time.

He made the young Marquis a low bow and then began to speak in a soft slurring voice, accompanying his words with a quaint foreign accent.

"Good morning, Monsieur, I hope you have enjoyed your stroll."

Charles grasped at once the role that

he must play. They must be discreet, as the very trees had ears, so he followed suavely in the stranger's lead.

"It was most pleasant, sir, and I trust our ride will prove pleasanter. I surely will not find it dull in such company," he added with a smile.

The stranger smiled readily in return. He had already begun to entertain a strong liking for the lad. The boy was clever, no doubt about it. How quick he had been to follow up the lead given him in the casual conversation. He had a grace of figure and a charm of manner that was irresistible. Knowing the Marquis, he had been prepared for some resemblance between the two, but not to such a great extent.

"Shall we go now," he suggested. "It is too bad to waste this glorious morning. The horses are this way, Monsieur."

The boy assented, and turning they crossed the grass towards the ruin. Just around the corner in the shadow of a crumbling wall the horses were tethered. The young Marquis vaulted into the saddle with practiced ease, and turned to smile at his companion. He was startled by the change in the man, him easy non-chalance had dropped from his like a cloak, he had grown keen, intense, and a fierce light burned in his black eyes.

"You ride well, Marquis," he observed, his keen eyes on the boy's face. He turned and mounted his horse, swinging it around with the grace of a finished horseman.

"Let your horse out to his utmost," he ordered in a low tense voice. "Let nothing stop you, follow me as closely as you can. Ride, Marquis, ride as if your very life depended upon it. As perhaps it may," he added as an afterthought.

The horses took the road with a rapidity that was breath taking. Conversation was impossible, though Charles kept his horse neck to neck with that of his companion. Sitting his saddle firmly he managed to keep his horse in control, but it took all the skill and strength he was capable of to do it. So with a flash of plumes and a flutter of capes they passed like animated streaks of color down the road.

Their pace was so fast that it seemed to the Marquis that they had ridden but a moment when the other, with a breath-taking rapidity, swung his horse from the road into a narrow bridle path that led, from all appearances, straight into the wilderness. The pace was less killing now, the narrowness of the path and the impediments of the shrubbery causing them to slow their horses almost to a walk. The path ran up hill as well, and the boy realized that they were in the midst of one of the wildest spots of country in the Scottish highlands.

For some time they journeyed thus without speaking. Then the stranger signalled him to stop, and dismounted from his horse. After Charles had done the same, his companion concealed the horses among the trees, and having tethered them securely, he laid a silencing finger across his lips, and beckoning the boy to follow he disappeared into the woods.

How he ever kept his direction was a mystery to Charles, for there was no perceptible path, but ultimately they came abruptly in sight of a clearing, where, at the foot of a hill there smuggled a tiny vine covered cottage. An old Scot sat at the door, a rugged fellow, striking after a fashion, in his bright plaid and jaunty head gear. He arose and came towards them, a questioning look upon his grizzled face, which changed to one of great deference when he recognized the boy's companion. He turned without a word, and flinging open the door, stood aside that they might enter. The stranger stood back that the boy might pass through first, and signing to the old Scotsman to keep guard without, he followed him, closing the door abruptly behind him.

THE contrast of the dim cool interior, after the dazzling sunlight without, momentarily blinded the boy. But as his eyes became accustomed to the less brilliant light, the place cleared before his gaze, in all its dignified simplicity. At first the room appeared to be unoccupied save by his companion and himself. At a second glance, however, he discovered a man's figure lying full length upon a long couch pulled up before the hearth. A graceful figure it was, the long dark hair falling about a face strangely pale.

Continued on page 82



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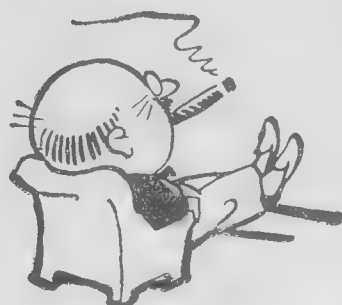
When it comes down to refurnishing and redecorating a home, an appeal to *The Western Home Monthly* will bring you quick results. Miss Katherine Caldwell, who edits this department, is only too glad to give of her vast experience. We have been privileged during the past month in answering a great number of enquirers to this department, and we count these as our most responsive readers.

Kindly address your letters to Home Furnishing and Decoration Department and you will have a reply by early mail.

The Western Home Monthly,
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When shopping for Christmas

—use this List



THERE is nothing a smoker appreciates more than something good to smoke. But to be sure the quality is right—use Tuckett's name as your guide in buying. This list gives the packages and usual prices of many of the famous brands of cigars, tobaccos and cigarettes manufactured and distributed by Tuckett's. Every dealer has these brands in stock, all in attractive Christmas wrappings.

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C11

At the Sign of the Rose

Continued from page 81

He turned at the sound of their footsteps, and his firm lips parted in a smile. The boy stopped where he stood, his eyes riveted on the other's face. Then as his amazement wore off, an answering light sprang to life in their dark depths, for he was looking into the pale upturned face of the elder Marquis of Lorne.

With quick steps Charles crossed the room and dropped on his knees beside him, murmuring, "father, father," in a choked voice. After the boy had become quieter the Marquis placed his arm around the slight shoulders, and began to speak to his son in a low hurried voice.

"Listen, dear lad, I sent for you for a very definite reason, and as it is imperative that you know a great many things, and our time is short, we had best begin at once."

"But father," the young Marquis interrupted, his troubled dark eyes upon his father's face, "you are hurt, wounded."

The Marquis smiled and stopped the boy's speech with a courtly gesture.

"It is nothing, Charles, a mere scratch. Later you shall hear how I came by it, but now we must get on with the real reason I sent for you."

He drew the boy close and continued in his low pleasing voice, his dark eyes on the lad's earnest face.

"You know of the mysterious rides I am often forced to take. I have told you that some day you should know all about it, well that time has come. Of course you know of Prince Charles, God save him, I am in his service lad."

He paused to see what effect his speech had upon the boy, and was rewarded by a growing glory that sprang to life in his son's dark eyes.

"Father, how wonderful, but then I might have guessed. Knowing both sides of the cause I am sure that you could serve no other."

"Yes, lad, the Lornes have always prided themselves upon being the loyal servants of the house of Stewart. The Prince's followers have a sign, the scarlet rose. Red is the sign of triumph, it is also the sign of blood, hence those that ride in his service carry out their mission if it takes their life. I am explaining this to you, for from now on, son, you shall be enlisted in his service. I shall be forced to remain here several days on account of my wound, and there must be somebody at Lorne Castle who is loyal to the Prince and enlisted in his service. I could ill afford to be wounded at this time, as for many reasons there must be some one at the castle to ride in for the Prince. You must take my place lad until I return, which cannot be until my wound is healed sufficiently to escape detection, for there are those in our very midst who are traitors. Come lad, are you willing to take the oath?"

The young Marquis arose, drawing himself up to his full height.

"My whole life has been lived for this moment," he said in a voice filled with passion. "It has been my greatest hope and fondest ambition to serve the Prince."

The tall stranger who had been the boy's companion moved towards the two. The Marquis turned to him with a smile.

"Le Duc de Langaise, Charles, one of the Prince's most trusted followers from France, and a very sincere friend of my own. He will administer the oath for you. I will witness it."

The elder Marquis lay back, a look of pride upon his pale face, while he watched his son take his vows, one hand upon a silver cross which the Duke had given him. At the end he knelt, and the Duke raised his hand high above the boy's dark head. He clenched it slowly until the knuckles showed white, opening it suddenly to release a shower of crushed rose petals, which fell upon the boy's dark hair and remained there, glowing like rubies, while the Duke finished the ceremony in a tense voice.

"Behold, are you marked Charles, Marquis of Lorne, with the scarlet of our Prince's rose, to which cause you shall devote yourself entirely, withholding nothing, not even your life, should necessity demand that you make this sacrifice."

The ceremony over, Charles arose. But the elder Marquis saw him only indistinctly through a blur of tears, another Lorne stood ready for the Prince's service, another Lorne—his son. He smiled up at him, his eyes misty. The boy made a gallant

figure as he stood there, tall and strangely dignified.

"You had better go now Charles, it will not do for you to be gone from the castle too long."

"But your wound, father, how came you by it?"

"The wound is not worth mentioning lad, save that it is an inconvenience at this time. However, if you must know—I was delivering an order to one of the Prince's officers, nothing of importance. I delivered it safely and was returning along the main highway. I saw no reason for making my way back in secret, I had no evidence on me if I was captured, besides I did not believe that the King's spies had any definite suspicions in my direction. Imagine my surprise when upon reaching a particularly narrow place in the road, where it ran to a mere thread between the hills, suddenly several horsemen rode at me from either side, and I saw others coming from behind and in front of me. It looked like a trap, and had evidently been intended as such. One of them, evidently the leader, brought his horse abreast of mine, and called out, 'Death to all those that ride at the sign of the rose.'"

"I swear lad, that the voice was familiar, but I cannot place it, try as I will. Their trap was cleverly set, but I had not been born and bred in these highlands for naught. Before they realized what I was doing, I turned my horse and made straight for the wilderness. It looked like wild untrodden timber to them, with any number of pitfalls, but I knew better. I rode on blindly through the woods for a time, but not for long, as I soon discovered the trail I sought, a mere cattle path, but a path all the same. I suppose they thought that I was mad to try such a thing, as in that uneven hill country if I had made a slip it would have been fatal. Anyway they did not follow, and just as I was beginning to feel certain that I had shaken them off, I heard hoof beats behind me. I had only time to wheel my horse facing my enemy, and draw my sword, before he was upon me. The actual sword play lasted but a few moments, he was a wonderful swordsman. And in a brief moment when I was off my guard I received a thrust in the shoulder. I grew desperate then, and watching my chance I wounded him deeply upon the right wrist, causing him to drop his sword. Then turning my horse I urged it forward at its full pace. There was nothing else to do. I was fast losing blood, and it would have been death to stay, much as I would have liked to run my sword through the dastard's heart. I reached Holly Hall, where I had delivered my message, by a roundabout way, and Le Duc de Langaise brought me here, where I could be safe from discovery till my wound healed. The mystery about the whole thing is, that I am positive I know that man's voice. How he knew that I rode upon a mission last night, and where to ambush me, I cannot understand."

The young Marquis had remained silent during his father's story, a shrewd look coming into his eyes at the mention of the spy. He said nothing, however, and upon its completion he looked at his father, a new light burning in his eyes. If he had adored his father before, he worshipped him now. Something of what he felt crept into his voice, causing him to speak softly, almost reverently.

"What a glorious adventure, sir," and adding with the bravado of youth, "I would that I might have one like it, my sword shall drink the heart's blood of one of the King's tools for your revenge. As for the one with the wounded wrist, I have marked him for my own."

The Marquis laughed heartily. "You will do lad, I can see that you are a true Lorne." Then he added more seriously, "You had best return to the castle now, in case you are needed. I do not think your services will be required, as the Prince rides tonight to the Duke of Surrey's lodge in the highlands, to rest for a few days before taking up his activities again. He has had a hard three weeks in this part of the country. He has been hunted continually, and has spent most of his time in flight from one place to another. The strain has begun to tell on all of us, and we will be glad for a respite. Good-bye, now, son, I shall return within two days at the most, and we will

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continue in the Prince's service together, you and I. Meantime, all I ask of you is to carry on as a true Lorne should."

The young Marquis straightened himself and brought his hand to his heart in salute. "I go, sir, in the Prince's service and yours, and rest assured that I will consider no service too small, and no sacrifice too large, if it will further the cause for Prince Charles Stewart."

So they parted, father and son, dark eyes telling dark eyes that which lips dared not speak. Then Charles turned, and with a smile that was a bit forced, he passed through the door, closing it softly behind him.

He stood irresolute for a moment. It was a big task that his father had given him, this living up to the Lorne traditions. Well he knew the stories of their past, when time and again a Lorne had brilliantly served his sovereign. Such service had cost one of them his land and position after the defeat of Charles I. He had practically died in poverty. Another's life blood had been spilled in the service of Mary, Queen of Scots. So it was, all down the line of his descendants, and now his father lay wounded in the Prince's service. Yes, it meant a lot to carry on in the Prince's service as a Lorne should. He was aroused from his reverie by a hand on his arm, and turned to find the Duke de Langaise at his elbow. The Duke smiled reassuringly and began to speak in a cheerful matter of fact voice.

"We had best begone, Marquis, see it is high noon now. It will be well on in the afternoon as it is, before you can reach the castle."

Charles turned with a smile of assent, and they took their way rapidly through the woods to the place where they had tethered their horses. They mounted at once, and began the descent of the narrow bridle path, in time reaching the highway, and at last the old ruin. Here Charles dismounted, and took leave of the Duke. He was genuinely sorry to part with him, as they had already, during their short acquaintance, become fast friends. However, they wished each other God speed, and the Duke, leading the two horses, disappeared among the shadows of the ruin, while Charles plunged into the woods.

He followed the tiny path through the woods to the river, forded it, gained the other side, and was soon in the vicinity of his own castle. At length he cautiously approached the small door set deep in the wall behind its curtain of ivy. He was so near, and yet a little slip and all would be for naught. His hand was thrust far into his pocket, and he was in the act of extracting from it a long iron key, when he stood suddenly alert, crouched among the shrubs quickly, and began to make his way cautiously among the tall bushes and trees beside the castle wall.

He continued thus for some twenty-five or thirty feet, then stopped abruptly, screened by a thicket of bushes. Directly in his vision and completely unaware that they were observed, stood two men. They were conversing in low tones which had attracted his attention when he had been upon the point of opening the secret door a few moments before. One man was tall and uncouth, evidently of the peasant type, and obviously the tool of the other. To him the boy paid scant attention. The other, however, interested him strangely. Short of stature, graceful and foppishly attired, he reminded him vaguely of someone, and yet his keen intense manner was alien to the familiar personality. A puzzled frown crossed the young Marquis' brow, which suddenly melted into a surprised recognition as the man turned, and Charles beheld the familiar insipid features and keen eyes of the Duke of Brandon.

BUT Charles was to receive a second surprise, for as the Duke made one of his familiar gestures, the wide frill of lace at his cuff fell back, disclosing his right wrist, which was heavily bandaged. The sight of this brought back vividly to the young Marquis the story of his father's fatal journey. As clearly as if he had been standing beside him, Charles seemed to hear his father's voice repeating the story of his ride, "I grew desperate, and watching my chance I wounded him deeply upon the right wrist, causing him to drop his sword—the mystery about the whole thing is that I am positive I know that man's voice." His young face hardened,

and a fierce light was born in his eyes. Had the Duke but known it, from that moment he was marked for the sword of a Lorne.

Try as he would, however, Charles could not hear what they were saying. Having discovered the Duke of Brandon to be a spy in the King's employ, he was determined to play the role of eaves-dropper if possible. His eyes travelled slowly over the high wall which surrounded the grounds of his estate, and suddenly fastened upon the gnarled branch of one of the huge trees in the castle gardens. A closer examination proved that it was almost directly over the heads of the two men, but that the thick foliage would screen him from view, and yet he would be able to hear their conversation perfectly if he might only reach it without being observed. There was no time to be lost, as they might leave at any moment. He began to make his way cautiously through the bush, certain each rustle of the leaves and cracking twig would mean his discovery. He pushed on, however, until at last he stood at the foot of the tree which had been his goal, where he rapidly divested himself of his cape, which he decided would be an impediment to him in his climb. Then he paused for a moment, frowning thoughtfully as his gaze rested on his sword. The rattling of the blade against the scabbard might prove to be his undoing, yet he did not dare to be without a weapon. At last, however, he unbuckled it, and having first drawn the blade he placed the sheath upon the ground beside his cape. He turned, the blade still in his hand, and made ready to climb the tree, then placing the sword firmly between his teeth he began his ascent, as lithely and nimbly as a cat. He made his way among branches until finally he secured his coveted place upon the boughs. The men were almost directly beneath him, too engrossed in their own conversation to have noticed anything amiss.

Their voices came clearly to the boy where he crouched in his hiding place. The Duke of Brandon was doing most of the talking, in a low decisive voice.

"I tell you there is no danger in that direction, I got him last night. I didn't kill him, I would that I had. He escaped entirely, as our men were unable to find any traces of him in that vicinity this morning. At any rate, his wound will keep him quiet for the next few days wherever he is, and after tonight it will make little difference one way or the other. We have all plans made to surround the Prince as he rides to the Duke of Surrey's lodge, he is taking the hill road, it will be simple enough."

"No one suspects?" the boy inferred rather than heard the actual question.

"Of course no one suspects. Most of the Prince's followers have ridden ahead of him to make ready for his arrival and silence curious tongues. That is, the most dangerous ones, the ones that are dangerous to our cause. The others are with him, with the exception of the Marquis of Lorne, who is out of the running anyway, and the Duke de Langaise. I admit that I am worried about him. He is at large somewhere. I would that we could locate him. I do not feel safe about the outcome of our plans until we do. These French are clever dogs. He has thwarted us more than once. It will be your work to dispose of him. Get him without fail. As for me, well all the arrangements are made for tonight, and my task will be to watch the only other source that may cause us trouble, the young Marquis of Lorne. I must confess, as far as he is concerned, I am distinctly in the dark. What he knows or what he suspects, whether he is in the service of the Prince or not, I cannot discover. However, I shall play on the safe side and see that the young gallant remains safely within the bounds of his own castle until it is too late for him to warn his father's friends."

They strolled away toward their horses, all unconscious that the object of their conversation sat in the branches above them. He smiled grimly. It was a clever plan, this capture of the Prince. There was no plausible reason that it should not be a success. He wondered with a growing astonishment how the fellow had managed to gain such a detailed knowledge of the movements of the Prince and his followers. He watched them mount their horses with an assurance that was unmistakable, and a mocking smile curved his lips.

"Ride, gentlemen, ride, and well you

Continued on page 84



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At the Sign of the Rose

Continued from page 83

may, for your plan is already lost if you but knew it."

He descended the tree slowly, for he was stiff from his cramped position. Reaching the ground in safety he picked up his cape and scabbard and made his way through the woods, anxiety lending wings to his feet. A few moments later he was thrusting the long iron key into the lock of the secret door. It swung back at his touch, and he passed through, shooting the bolts with flying fingers, and speeding rapidly up the long winding stairs, which seemed to climb endlessly before him. At last, however, he stood at the panel. He listened intently for a time, but all was silent upon the other side, and so, slowly and cautiously he pushed it back, breathing with relief to see that the room was empty. He passed through it and crept stealthily along the hall, gaining his own door at last, and entering his room unseen. He flung his cloak and sword upon a chair and sighed deeply, but there was no time to lose. He crossed the room at once and pulled the long silken cord. Then he began to rid himself of his dusty travel stained attire with flying fingers.

OLD MALCOLM was some time in answering the ring, and the young Marquis had completed his dressing and made his plans before the door opened to admit the old servant. He stared in amazement, and well he might, for Charles had put away with his dusty clothes his tired strained look. Dressed in an elaborate suit of black satin and gold lace, which contrasted vividly with the gleaming whiteness of his powdered wig, he was a perfect picture of a well groomed young aristocrat, without a care in the world. But there was that in his face that belied his easy manner. He looked strangely matured, and his straight young shoulders sagged wearily as if the entire world rested upon them.

The old servant brought a well-filled salver with him, and Charles realized for the first time that he had eaten nothing that day, and it was long past noon. But he decided that the food must wait in the face of the thing that was more important to him than his life. But old Malcolm insisted that he eat first and talk afterwards, and he finally gave in, realizing that the frequent spells of dizziness that assailed him were caused by his long fast.

He had made his plans while dressing. He could not warn the Prince himself, as he did not know where he was. The only thing that he could do was to get the message to his father, in which case De Langaise could carry it to the Prince. Old Malcolm could deliver the message with far more efficiency than he. He was so young and inexperienced that he feared he might cause more trouble than he did good. Then it was absolutely imperative that he show himself about the castle, to avert all suspicion from himself, and he also wished to be there when Brandon came. He smiled ironically, wondering vaguely what excuse the Duke would give for his call. Meantime he would go about the castle as usual, and once the Duke of Brandon came he would play his part to the end. Never should he suspect by word or action that he knew anything whatever about the intrigue. He laughed. The Duke might be coming to prevent him from leaving, but he also intended to prevent the Duke from doing that very thing, at least until he was sure that sufficient time had elapsed for De Langaise to have delivered the message. Such were his plans, and having rapidly finished his meal, he began to confide them to Malcolm.

In the course of their conversation he learned that the old man had long been a follower of the rose, and that he had borne numerous messages for the elder Marquis. In an incredibly short time Malcolm stood ready for his journey. He gazed at the sun ruefully. It would be later afternoon before he arrived with his missive. He hoped that this would give De Langaise sufficient time to reach the Prince before he started upon his ride. Having secreted the message securely upon his person, the old servant left upon his mission, with the God-speed of Charles ringing in his ears.

The sun was setting rapidly among the Scottish highlands, its last rays staining the sky in blood red and orange like a

conqueror's pennants. Charles stood watching it slip down the western sky in a haze of molten gold. He was standing in one of the high turret windows that were set at either end of a long hall, from which he had a view of the surrounding country for miles. He had taken himself up to this, his favorite window, to await Malcolm's return, also the arrival of the Duke of Brandon. But the latter had been almost forgotten in his anxiety over the prolonged absence of the former. If Malcolm failed, the cause was lost. His own hands were tied, he was helpless.

He wheeled abruptly at the sound of footsteps upon the stone flagging behind him, but disappointment flamed in his eyes when he saw it was only one of the castle servants. He had been sure that it was Malcolm this time.

"Well?" he questioned, his disappointment lending an edge to his voice.

"Beg pardon, my lord," the man said respectfully, "But there is a young person in the hall below who is selling flowers, and she insists that you shall see her roses. We have all but ordered her from the place, but she got into the hall and there is no getting her out. If you would come, my lord, doubtless you could persuade her to leave."

Charles gestured his assent and turned down the stairs. In the hall below he found a young girl, garbed in peasant fashion, carrying a basket of fragrant bloom on her arm. There was nothing unusual in her appearance or manner, and he felt rather annoyed at her persistence. When he spoke, however, his voice was courteous, for he was on all occasions the perfect gentleman his father had taught him to be.

"What would you maiden? Could you not have dispensed your wares without troubling me to this extent?"

She smiled and held out her flowers invitingly, answering him in a low pleasing voice.

"I thought it a shame that you should not see this perfect bloom, Marquis. Besides, your servants might not have selected such flowers as would please you."

She placed her hand in the basket, running her fingers lightly among the blossoms as if to select one to suit his fancy. At last, however, she withdrew her hand from amongst the fragrant masses, bearing a single bloom.

"I think you will not refuse this, Marquis," she said, letting her blue eyes rest gravely upon his face. He looked, and in spite of the control he had learned to exert over himself, he started back in surprise. For like a blot of blood upon the fair whiteness of her hand, there lay a scarlet rose.

He stood so for only a moment, then he recovered his poise, and with a fierce light in his eyes he took the rose. Deftly he thrust it among the laces upon his breast, but not before he had spied a pellet of paper in its heart. He extracted this under cover of fastening the rose in place, and slipped it into his pocket. The servant was still in the hall, and he must guard his every word and action. He smiled at the girl and made a sweeping bow.

"See maiden, I wear your rose upon my heart, as a sign," he said, his dark eyes telling her that which he could not say aloud. He drew a long silken purse from its place at his girdle and called the servant.

"Douglas, reimburse the lady for her bloom, and see that she is allowed to leave the grounds without further annoyance." While the servant was thus engaged he procured the note from his sleeve and read it. Its text was short and concise to the extreme.

"Watch the window of ruby glass without fail."

He stood for a moment perplexed, then his brow cleared, for he had recognized the handwriting to be the same as had been used on the message he had received earlier in the day, which he knew to have been written by De Langaise. Something unexpected must have happened, and the Duke was using this means to give him some important message. He raised his eyes to find himself looking into a pair of questioning blue ones. For a moment he looked straight into her eyes, and he saw that she knew that he understood, then quietly and gracefully she left the hall, accompanied by the servant.

THERE was a long narrow window in the library of Lorne Castle, composed entirely of a rich ruby colored glass. It was truly an exquisite thing, fashioned of myriads of tiny pieces of glass cunningly fitted together. How it came there, none knew. It was supposed that some distant ancestor of the present Marquis had caused it to be placed there upon a whim. It would seem, however, that perhaps he had afterwards tired of it, for it was entirely hidden by a heavy tapestry. It stood alone and unnoticed in its solitary loveliness, overlooking the distant moor, yet almost screened from a view from without by thick shrubbery. It was this window that the Marquis approached now. He hesitated for a moment before pulling the tapestry aside, then having made sure that he was unobserved, he boldly flung it back. He scrutinized it thoroughly, a puzzled expression gradually spreading over his handsome face. Then suddenly he bent over, a look of keen intentness creeping into his eyes. For a good bit over half way down the length of the window he had discovered white marks upon its gleaming surface, which bending nearer he saw to be writing. It was in the French tongue, and he slowly translated, expressions of surprise, anger and determination following each other across his face as he read.

"I am transcribing this in my native tongue, as it is the only thing the prying eyes of the Duke of Brandon cannot decipher. You would do well to beware of that dastard, one of the cleverest spies in the King's employ. Be it your task to get vengeance upon him for your father and myself. I was ambushed on my way to warn the Prince. De Langaise can hold his own against any sword that is trained in the King's court, but five swords, be they ever so poorly trained, are too much for one man. I am sorely wounded, I cannot tell how badly, but I feel the life's blood draining from my veins, so I must finish this while I yet have strength. You are the only one left to warn the Prince. He is now at Dunstan Hall. Take the tavern road and let nothing stop you until you reach him. Make haste, for he may perchance start upon his fatal ride at any time. I leave it all in your hands. The cause lives or dies upon your decision. Will you ride, Marquis? I do not hesitate to say it will very likely mean your death. I shall remain concealed among these bushes to await your answer, the fate of the Prince rests within your hand."

Charles hesitated not a minute after reading the message upon the window. Bending above the glass, the rosy light falling upon the graceful flares of his full-skirted coat, he pulled a ring from his finger and cut three words into it with its sharp setting. When he straightened himself to his full height his face wore a strained look. For a full moment as he stood there it seemed that in those words he had signed his own death warrant. Then he pulled the rose from the laces at his breast, and once more seemed to hear the girl's voice saying, "I think you will not refuse this, Marquis." He threw back his head, pressing the rose fiercely to his lips. There was a rustle in the bushes without, and they parted as a man crawled through them, and painfully made his way to the window. He approached it slowly and painfully until he was near enough to read, then he pushed the heavy curls back from his vivid blood-stained face with a hand that trembled. His keen black eyes discovered the fresh writing at once, there were but three words, simple enough, yet they voiced the spirit with which the Lornes had always responded to their sovereign's service. "Au la morte, to the death." He could see the straight tall figure of the young Marquis from where he crouched. Even though he were but a lad of seventeen, the cause was safe in his hands. He dragged himself closer to the window just as Charles pressed the scarlet rose to his lips. His eyes wandered past the boy to the open door and the hall beyond, and the cold hand of fear gripped his heart, for he could see that which the Marquis with his back turned could not hope to discover. The short, foppish figure of the Duke of Brandon was entering the castle.

But Charles was ever upon the alert, and the Duke had a peculiar voice. He recognized instantly the low tones he used in addressing the servant at the

door. Up until the present his only plan had been to detain the Duke as long as possible, but now his plans had all changed, and he knew that his only hope lay in avoiding him. If the Duke once saw him, the cause was as good as lost. So as he heard Brandon approaching the library with the servant, he quickly stepped behind the tapestry and drew it before him, fervently hoping that the Duke would not discover his hiding place. All his fears and gloomy forebodings had fled at the sight of the Duke, leaving the blood singing madly in his veins and a feeling of exhilaration at the thought of the adventure before. A dare-devil smile curved his lips, and a fierce light shone from his eyes. His hand was upon his sword hilt, and he had to restrain himself to keep from springing from the curtain and confronting the Duke with his drawn blade. He smiled grimly. His time would come, and when it did, his sword should drink blood.

Meantime the Duke and the servant were conversing in modulated voices.

"The Marquis is not here?" It was Brandon's suave tones. "Are you sure he is in the castle?"

"Most certainly, my lord." It was the servant's voice this time. "Did I not meet him coming in this direction myself. He may, however, have gone to his own apartments. Shall I call him, sir?"

"Yes, by all means, search the castle till you find him. I must see him at once, and mind you do not deceive me, for if he is here I will know it. I will wait for your return. Make haste fellow."

Charles stood behind the tapestry during this dialogue, a mocking smile upon his lips.

"So if I am in the castle you will know it, my lord. Well, we shall see."

He heard the servant depart and then the Duke's quick nervous footsteps around the room. Several times he passed so near the boy's hiding place that he was almost certain he would be discovered. Finally, however, he heard him cross the floor towards the door and pass out into the hall beyond. This was his chance. He knew he was taking a great risk, but it was the only way, so he stepped cautiously from behind the tapestry and stealthily crossed the floor.

He reached the door and glanced up and down the hall. At last his eye found that which it sought, in Brandon's familiar figure swinging with a light catlike tread along the terrace. Charles smiled. So that was his game. He had evidently not arrived as soon as he expected, the fight with the Duc de Langaise having detained him, and now he was making up for lost time by giving the castle and grounds about a thorough examination in the servant's absence. Charles hesitated for but a moment, then he stepped from the door and crossed the stone flagging of the hall with light footsteps. He had gone but a short distance, however, when a noise in the entry warned him of the Duke's return, and he slipped quickly behind a tall chair just as the Duke passed him on his way to the library. Things were becoming too exciting even for the Marquis, and he decided that if he was to go at all he must go, and go at once. Quickly his eyes searched his surroundings, noting several things which he could use to advantage in his escape. He had but to wait for the return of the servant to put his plans into practice. Meantime his eyes rested upon the small table with its writing materials directly above him. The temptation was too great, and pulling parchment and quill towards him, he scrawled rapidly, a mocking light in his eyes. Having finished, he hastily dried it and thrust it into his pocket.

The sound of footsteps on the stairs proclaimed the servant's return, and warned him that it was time to make ready. He got to his feet, crouching behind the chair, a vivid figure, ready to make his gamble with fate, freedom and his cause at stake.

The servant had barely entered the library and engaged the Duke in conversation when Charles stole from his hiding place. He went stealthily and yet with all speed possible along the hall. At last, after what seemed to him an endless eternity, he reached his first objective, a chair beside the entrance door over which Brandon had flung his cape. He was out of sight of the library door now, but he could not tell when the Duke and the servant would emerge. With fingers that trembled with haste, he pulled on the long riding boots which Brandon had discarded along with his cape upon entering the

Continued on page 86

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Good News

During the past few months readers of the Western Home Monthly have been literally devouring Martha Ostenso's story, "WILD GEESE."

We have been informed that it is the most popular serial that has ever appeared in any Canadian publication, but every letter of praise we received—and we received very many indeed—made it all the more difficult to obtain another continued story which would come up to the expectations of our readers. The wrinkles on our editorial forehead betokened worry.

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Next month we present the concluding chapter of "WILD GEESE" and then we start right in with the new serial.

Take our word that it is something worth looking forward too!

At the Sign of the Rose

Continued from page 85

hall, then he took up the cape. He stood smiling while he extracted the parchment from his pocket and spread it out in the chair where the cloak had been. His smile broadened when he pictured the Duke's feelings upon discovery.

"To your Lordship, the Duke of Brandon," it read. "I wish to thank you in the name of our Prince for the loan of your boots, cape and horse, which are sorely needed by myself in his service. Signed, Charles, Marquis of Lorne." Beneath it another line added as if by afterthought, "Remember, that sometimes the trees have ears, and know that I ride to warn the Prince, you dastard, and I stop at nothing. I ride to warn the Prince, even though the King and his whole army bid me stay."

PLACING the parchment in a prominent place, the young Marquis crept stealthily from the hall, still smiling. He ran lightly down the short flight of steps, reached the courtyard and Brandon's horse in a single bound, vaulted into the saddle, and was off down the road that led to the gates, riding like mad.

It seemed but the fraction of a second to Charles before he had dashed through the gates and was off down the highway. He knew the country perfectly, and by taking several short turns and by-ways, he at last found himself upon the Tavern road, then letting his horse out to its full speed he rode like one demented. He hoped to reach the Tavern before night-fall, as in that case he could in all probability arrive at Dunstan Hall before the moon set, and he knew his greatest danger lay in riding in the narrow gorges of the upper road in the black of night. Besides, his only hope lay in speed, as Brandon would probably be after him with a hue and cry the moment he discovered his losses. If he could continue at the same pace he was travelling now, he thought there was slight danger of his being overtaken before he reached Dunstan Hall. Most of Brandon's men would be congregating along the hill road to ambush the Prince. If he was accosted by a stray one or two—well, his sword was trusty, and was he not the adept pupil of one of the most brilliant swordsmen of the continent?

Nevertheless, he could not thrust aside a vague uneasiness when he heard the rapid staccato of hoof beats behind him. He was nearing the tavern and it was fast growing dark. The moon would soon be up, and he could ill afford an interruption now. One moment he was riding a solitary figure along the road, the next he was surrounded by a group of gay horsemen. They rode about him, gay banter upon their lips like froth upon wine. One blonde fellow on a spirited horse crowded close, calling in a gay voice,

"Let's include this young gallant in our company, methinks he looks gloomy. Come with us, sir, it is the chance of your life. We ride to the hill road to ambush the Young Pretender. First we stop at the tavern to make merry. This is a night of great rejoicing, for this night shall the King triumph over his enemies. The new dawn shall see the end of this Prince of Stewart and his followers. Long may the red rose bloom over their graves."

Charles looked at the speaker in surprise, they must indeed be sure of themselves to boast of their intentions after this fashion. He did his best to rid himself of their company, but at last he gave up in despair, fearing they would grow suspicious if he said more. He would probably be able to lose them at the tavern, and he might be able to secure a fresh horse, in which case he could soon make up for the time lost. They paid slight attention to him, and he rode along for the most part in silence. Dismounting at the tavern, he noticed over the door in gaudy letters a sign, that bore the name, "Tavern of the Red Rose." He wondered—his heart leaping, but he was careful to let no facial expression betray his thoughts.

Once inside the tavern itself, the revelry reached its height. Sitting about crude tables they drank heavily from thick goblets. Charles had withdrawn to the wide stone hearth, and stood gazing into the ruddy flames, tapping the stone floor impatiently with a spurred boot. From time to time he glanced furtively at the riotous group behind him. He had about

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Instead of taking harsh or drastic internal medicines, that upset the stomach, you simply inhale the pleasant, harmless smoke of Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes.

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How Smoke Penetrates

We all know the penetrating nature of smoke. As an illustration—the smoke from a leaky stove, smokepipe, or chimney, will make its way into every nook and corner of a room, into the closets, and it will even saturate the clothing. Your nose will detect it quickly and your eyes will feel it. Exactly in the same way the smoke of DR. BLOSSER'S REMEDY, when drawn into the mouth and exhaled through the nose, will penetrate remote and hidden tubes and cavities, nooks and recesses of the head. In order to get rid of catarrh it is necessary to secure the proper smoking remedy, and use it regularly for a sufficient length of time.



Fig. 1.

The black in Fig. 1 shows how little can be done with a spray from an atomizer. See how much of the catarrh remains untouched.



Fig. 2.

The black in Fig. 2 shows how little can be done with a salve (ointment or balm). See how much of the catarrh remains untouched.

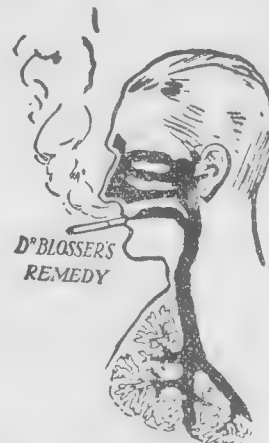


Fig. 3.

Fig. 3 shows the same parts that are shown in Figs. 1 and 2, but it is shown black because the smoke-vapor from Dr. Blosser's Remedy can be made to reach parts wholly inaccessible to a spray or an ointment.

How to Know When You Have Catarrh

An uncured cold results in catarrh.

If you catch one cold after another; if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed or the loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh.

Catarrh frequently leads to failure of hearing with ringing, roaring, popping noises in the head, or even total deafness.

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decided that they were sufficiently occupied in their own orgies for him to slip away unnoticed, when his blonde befriender swaggered towards him with a brimming goblet, accosting him in a riotous voice,

"Why so gloomy. Come, it is time you put away some of this wine, you will fight the better for it."

The young Marquis forced a smile to his lips and raised the goblet to drink. The wine had merely touched his mouth when one of the men jumped to his feet, raising his goblet.

"A toast," he cried, "a toast to the destruction and death of Prince Charles and all those who follow the rose. May their blood stain our swords this night."

An ugly light flashed in Charles' eyes, and in the next moment there came a tinkling crash as the goblet fell to the floor where he had flung it. He drew his sword, his eyes upon the face of the man who had offered the toast.

"Draw sir," he commanded in a ringing voice. "I let no such vile talk pass unchallenged."

The others fell back amazed, surprised into speechlessness. Then the man drew his sword with an ugly laugh.

"Good, my young gallant," he jeered, "so you would be the first to stain my sword with your blood. I didn't think I should have that pleasure until later in the evening. By the saints above," he cried, his eyes upon something that lay at the feet of the Marquis. "What have we here?" Charles followed his gaze to see the rose, which he had been wearing ever since it had been presented to him by the little flower vender, lying upon the floor where it had dropped unnoticed by himself.

"A follower of the rose," the man continued in his leering voice. "He and his rose shall both be short lived."

He advanced upon Charles with drawn sword, and a moment later would have ground the rose to powder beneath his heel. The Marquis was too quick for him, however, and he sprang back with a cry of pain, the blood streaming from his hand. The boy thrust the rose between his teeth and gripped his sword. He was none too soon. They were on him at once, their swords crying for blood. He fought with dexterity and a bravado that was born of despair. More than once his sword found a resting place, but gradually they backed him to the wall, his clothes stained with the blood of several minor wounds, the red rose dripping scarlet from between his teeth.

The innkeeper had rushed into the room at the first sound of the clashing swords. He took the situation in at a glance, the tall slender boy with the red rose between his teeth, fighting with the light of desperation in his dark eyes, and his own eyes flashed in response. He was a true Scot, and the Tavern had not been called after the red rose for the sound of the name alone. One moment the room was filled with the soft glow of candle light, the next, everything was enveloped in a pall of darkness which the keenest of eyes could not penetrate, while the innkeeper, his hands still smarting from their contact with the flames of the candles, groped his way through the darkness in the direction he had last seen the young champion of the Prince.

The room was filled with the shouts of sharp voices and curses calling for light. Finally, one feeble candle flared out of the darkness, and they looked about them. Sir Howard Belingbroke, who had offered the toast, was severely wounded, and a number of the others bore minor wounds. More candles were lighted and the room thoroughly searched, but there was no sign of the young gallant who had been the cause of the disturbance. When some minutes later they got Belingbroke upon the couch and went to summon the innkeeper, he could not be found either. He finally did appear, however, and having extracted a promise from him to care for their wounded comrade, they strode out into the night. But though they searched diligently, they could find no trace of the youth they sought, and they were forced to give up their search at last, and turn their horses toward the hill road and the appointed meeting place.

MEANTIME, Charles rode on towards Dunstan Hall, thanking high Providence for his narrow escape. He was upon a fresh horse, and his wounds were not serious enough to prove troublesome. At the innkeeper's suggestion he was taking a trail which came into the tavern road about a mile below Dunstan

Hall. It was a trifle longer than the main highway, but as the innkeeper had suggested that by now the tavern road would be alive with the King's men, and this way he could go unmolested, at least until the last mile. After that he must trust to luck, and the skill of his sword.

The sound of the hoof beats had barely died away from the tavern when a single horseman rode into the yard and strode into the room, demanding wine in an imperative voice. He was about to address the innkeeper when his eye fell upon the prostrate figure of the wounded Belingbroke.

"Sir Howard," he exclaimed in surprise, "what means this?"

"Brandon," the other cried, and poured forth the story of the ensuing events. The Duke of Brandon listened intently. At the end of Belingbroke's story he smiled sarcastically.

"So you thought that he was a harmless young dare devil," he said. "Well, here is a sample of his work," and he handed Sir Howard the bit of parchment. "I followed him as soon as I could procure boots and a horse. I knew the Prince was hiding somewhere in this vicinity, and I was positive that he would take the tavern road. Curses on the lot of you for letting a mere boy slip through your fingers. If he gets through with his message all is lost. Have the others gone over to the hill road? Good, then they can carry on



their work as planned. I will outlive this young gallant myself, and put an end to his nonsense."

In a short time, as good as his word, he was speeding along the tavern road, wondering vaguely as the miles flew beneath his horses feet why he did not come upon at least some sign of the Marquis. He could not be more than a mile from Dunstan Hall, surely he had not come this far. The moon had set, leaving only the starlight to shimmer in pale silver upon the road. He pulled in his horse. To his left a trail swung into the Tavern road. This was the answer to his problem. The boy had given him the slip, but he had the upper hand now. Urging his horse onward, he drew rein across the opening of the trail, and keeping slightly within the shadow, he waited as a tiger waits to spring upon its prey.

Meantime, the Marquis neared the Tavern road, his worst fears realized with the setting of the moon. However, he would only have a mile to go. A reckless smile curved his lips as the Tavern road came in sight. Let them do their worst. They could but kill him, and death came sooner or later to everyone. He would live long enough, even if severely wounded, to get through with his message, that he knew. He could do that with sheer will power, after that, ah, well—. He shrugged his shoulders and urged his horse forward.

Like a flash a horseman leaped from the shadows before him, and a voice accompanied by an ugly laugh, which he recognized as Brandon's, accosted him.

"Enough of your tomfoolery, my gallant youth. I have you this time. Surrender at once in the King's name, or else your blood stains my sword."

"Not so, Brandon," the young voice

came back fearlessly. "Better death than to languish away in one of your devilish dungeons. Draw, sir, we fight to the finish. I have vowed that your blood shall stain my sword, for the Prince, my father, and De Langaise."

They both dismounted, and their swords flashed from their scabbards like streaks of flame.

They closed upon each other, and Charles soon realized that he was dealing with a finished swordsman. "Au la morte," he murmured between set teeth, as the Duke's sword pierced him like a needle.

Minutes later, each of which had seemed like an hour to the boy, he dragged himself towards his horse, gaining the saddle with an effort that wrung a groan from his lips. He urged it on at its full pace, sticking in the saddle through sheer desperation, and leaving behind him in the road an ever widening scarlet stream.

On and on he rode, a glaze coming before his eyes, a strange weakness creeping over him. A dark mass loomed ahead of him in the road, which he knew to be Dunstan Hall. Then he was at the gates, he was through them, he was off his horse surrounded by an eager excited group.

"The Prince," he kept repeating in a tired voice. "The Prince must not ride."

Strong hands helped him up the steps and along the corridor to a firelit room. A slight young figure, fully dressed for riding, sat gazing into the fire, his profile standing out like a chiselled cameo against the dark shadows beyond. There was about him, even in repose, a regal air, and Charles knew that he was in the presence of the beloved Prince.

The young man turned at the sound of footsteps, and the Marquis struggled free from the helping hands to stagger forward and drop on one knee before him.

"You must not ride, sir, the King's men are on the hill road. I have but now slain the Duke of Brandon. You must not ride, you must not—" his voice trailed away into silence, and he lay quiet at the Prince's feet in an ever widening pool of blood.

Weeks later, a merry group was gathered together in one of the spacious rooms of the Duke of Albany's retreat in the highlands. The room was full of familiar faces and figures famous for one daring episode or another. The vivid scarred visage of De Langaise was very much in evidence, as were the pale distinguished features of the Marquis of Lorne. The tall slender figure of the Prince was there too, but for once he was not the centre of interest. He was a willing abdicator in favor of a slight boyish figure reclining in a large chair, upon whom all eyes were turned.

But the young Marquis, in his turn, had eyes for none but a slender graceful girl, with laughing blue eyes, the daughter of the Duc de Langaise. He still wore over his heart a faded rose, the one she had given him on that long ago night, when she had come disguised as a peasant maid to his castle.

Once more the Prince had miraculously escaped, and the people were rejoicing. Few of them knew, and most of them never learned, that he owed his escape to the gallantry of a lad of seventeen, that once more a Stewart owed his life to a member of the house of Lorne. The Prince's army was fast being put into shape for his final stand, and as the cups were raised in toasts of victory for the Prince and his cause, a voice suddenly rang out:

"To the red rose, gentlemen, long may it bloom."

There were many loyal hearts in the room as the toast was drunk, but none more loyal than that of the daring young gallant Charles, Marquis of Lorne, as he raised his goblet to his lips at the sign of the rose.

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Christmas in Serbia

Continued from page 29

all the good wishes that have been uttered will be firmly affixed to the house. The chair is again offered to the Polaznik and this time he is allowed to be seated while a thick blanket is wrapped around him. This is to ensure thick cream during the coming year. Those who are to act as shepherds next year now embrace across the Yule log; thus, it is supposed, securing the attachment of the sheep to their lambs. This ceremony concluded, the Polaznik is free to return to his own home.

Before seating themselves at the table all the members of the family, with lighted tapers in hand, gather round the head of the house while he offers an extempore prayer, applicable to the season. At its conclusion all embrace and kiss each other, saying: "May the peace of God be with us, for in truth Christ is born." These preliminaries concluded, all are free to do justice to the good things of the Christmas dinner table, the meal being one of many courses, with the pig, carried to the table whole as the chief attraction. At the conclusion of the meal a cake is brought in, the "Cheenitsa" or "Cake of Partition," and a small portion is given to all present, and other portions put aside for any members of the household who may be absent. This cake, which is the symbol of family unity, always concludes the chief meal of Christmas day.

With the conclusion of the meal a well-earned rest is taken by the women of the family, and the remainder of the day is spent in singing the songs dear to the Serbian race, or in telling tales to the younger members of the household of the heroes of national history, thus carrying on the great traditions of racial pride and love of home for which the Serbians are famous.

THE TRUE MORALITY

By Robert Louis Stevenson

CHRISTMAS is not only the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination: it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face.

Noble disappointment, noble self-denial are not to be admired, not even to be pardoned, if they bring bitterness. It is one thing to enter the Kingdom of Heaven maimed; another to maim yourself and stay without. And the Kingdom of Heaven is of the childlike, of those who are easy to please, who love and who give pleasure. Mighty men of their hands, the smiters and the builders and the judges, have lived long and done sternly and yet preserved this lovely character; and among our carpet interests and twopenny concerns the shame were indelible if we should lose it.

Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor other. It was the moral man, the Pharisee, whom Christ could not away with. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

A strange temptation attends upon man: to keep his eye on pleasures, even when he will not share in them; to aim all his morals against them. The sight of a pleasure in which we cannot or else will not share moves us to a particular impatience. It may be because we are envious, or because we are sad, or because we dislike noise and romping—being so refined—or because—being so philosophic—we have an overweighing sense of life's gravity; at least, as we go on in years we are all tempted to frown upon our neighbor's pleasures. There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

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The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Wild Geese

Continued from page 17

you care about, except yourself? What does anybody care about? Every man for himself; that's what I say. What do you think of that, my boy?"

ON a Sunday morning Lind and Mark walked to the farm of Fusi Aronson. It was very quiet on the wood trail, as if the trees were keeping the hour. Already many of the birds had gone south, and there was not so festive a singing. They walked slowly and talked over their plans for the coming year.

"I'm beginning to be so impatient, Mark," Lind told him. "But I'm in honor bound to stay here till the end of the term."

They walked on past the slough with its little bright tufts of islands, and came finally to the farm of Fusi Aronson. The great Iclander strode down to meet them and ushered them into the rude cabin where he and his brother Bjorn lived alone. Bjorn had gone to church in Yellow Post.

"Anton Klovacz will not live, they say at Yellow Post," Fusi said slowly, looking questioningly at Mark.

"I'm afraid not, Fusi," Mark replied. "I wish you had been able to buy his hay instead of Caleb Gare. He forced him to sell it for almost nothing."

Fusi scowled. "One day I shall do for Caleb Gare. It is bad for the world that he lives."

Lind shook her head. "It would only bring you trouble, Fusi, to try to get even with him," she warned. "He is too sly for honest people."

The great Iclander smiled. "I cannot forgive what he did to my brothers. He shall suffer for that, Mees Archer. And when I shall make Caleb Gare pay for what he have done he will go where he can do nothing back."

He took them out to his new barn and showed them the addition. When he had walked with them to the beginning of the ridge, he turned back. Lind looked after him, a tremendous hulk of a man.

"Do you suppose he ever will, Mark?" she asked uneasily.

"Kill Caleb? If he gets more reason for it, I shouldn't be surprised," Mark observed.

They walked on across the ridge, and down the north road past Ericksons to the homestead of Joel Brund. In front of the house they saw a horse tied to a hitching-post.

"Somebody's here before us," Lind remarked. She knocked at the door. For some time there was no response. Then they heard some one walking about inside. Where they stood they could not be seen from the window. The door opened a mere crack, then closed again. Lind looked at Mark.

"I guess we'd better go," she said. "It's clear that we're not wanted."

Mark chuckled as they returned to the road. "The simple life isn't so simple, after all," he observed.

At the fork in the road where it took three new directions, they met Joel Brund driving two work-horses.

"Hello, Mr. Brund!" Lind called out.

He drew the horses and glanced down. "How do?" he said.

"It's such a lovely morning, we've been out for a walk already," Lind told him.

"Where have you been, Mr. Brund?"

"To Yellow Post. I bought this wagon this morning from Johanneson."

"It's a fine wagon," Mark said.

"Pretty good, Johanneson sell cheap on Sunday," Joel said shortly. "How is Anton Klovacz coming?"

"Not very well, I'm afraid," Mark said. "He's a sick man."

Joel shifted about on his seat. He seemed to have nothing more to say. Then he clumsily removed his wide straw hat and picked up the reins. The wagon rumbled down the road.

"Poor Joel," Lind murmured. "Think of all that must be going on in his soul that he can't get out, Mark."

"He'll get it out—somehow."

"In work?"

"Perhaps."

They proceeded to the Sandbos, where they had been invited to Sunday dinner.

At the dinner-table Mrs. Sandbo said, "You vass not in, then, to my Dora? Good land, that man! He cannot so much so let her have her friends in for visit. Just for that Cliff Lyndahl he stop by the gate to talk to her von day, he comes in the house and give her the devil. T—t! Such a man!"

Mark and Lind looked at each other. The days went by, and Martin was able to use his arm again. Caleb continued his soft chiding whenever he came into the house.

"Could 'a' got that wagon from Johanneson for half price if I'd had somebody to send down for it," he said in the presence of the entire family at the dinner-table. "I'll have to get you to go for me next time, Charlie. You're dependable."

Martin's face grew red, but he said nothing. During the days of inactivity he had been thinking. He had found himself, and with the finding had come a sense of shame. He resolved to assert himself as a man should as soon as he had all his strength back. There would be a new house in the Spring. But he would wait—until after the harvest.

One day was spent in mowing the field at the Klovacz and carrying the hay to Caleb's land, where it would be stacked after a period of drying. Then they turned to the grain.

JUDITH and Charlie began the cutting and binding. Martin would be strong enough to go to the fields the next week. The work began on a raw, windy day, from which the last vestige of summer seemed to have departed. Judith was inert and dull since the day when she had vented herself upon Ellen, and Caleb was confident concerning her.

She came home to meals every day with apparently no change in her mood. Her eyes were heavy and shadowed, and Amelia was almost unable to waken her in the mornings. Lind tried in vain to speak to her once or twice. She remembered the peculiar expression in the girl's eyes the last night Lind had talked with her in her room, when she had covered her body quickly with her clothing. A thought had come into Lind's mind then that she had later dismissed. Now it returned to her.

Ellen elaborately paid no attention to Judith, but the girl was too heavy in spirit even to know that she was being ignored. The only thing she was conscious of was the eternal vigilance of Caleb.

The weather cleared again, and now came the bright, dry heat of late summer. Lind went down one day to stand outside the fence and watch Jude where she drove up and down the field on the binder. She went on and on monotonously. Her spirit was gone, and all that remained was her great, lasting body.

Lind was startled at the change in her. She saw Sven one evening and told him that she feared Caleb was breaking Judith by his ceaseless watchfulness. Sven sprang up at once on the impulse to go to Caleb and handle him as he saw fit, but Lind persuaded him to wait. Something must surely come up soon to take Caleb away from the farm.

Martin was finally able to go to the field. His shoulder was still sensitive and stiff, but he could no longer remain idle and see Judith going out each morning and coming in each night. But her mood did not change with his coming.

ON a night of high wind Anton Klovacz died. Mark went the next day to Yellow Post to arrange with Johanneson about the burial, and Caleb Gare was notified in a message sent by a half-breed to come to a meeting in the church. The question to be discussed was whether it was ethical to bury a Catholic in a Protestant cemetery.

Mark happened to be on hand when Johanneson sent the message with the half-breed. He waited at Yellow Post until the man returned with the answer. Caleb had promised to be at the church on the morrow, when the weighty question would be gone into. Johanneson assured Mark that he would do his best to bring about a favorable decision, but Caleb Gare was a hard man.

Mark returned to a scene of desolation. Mrs. Sandbo and Lind were there with the children, who were sitting about the kitchen in great-eyed terror. The door to the other room was closed. Behind it lay the body of Anton Klovacz. Mrs. Sandbo had washed and dressed him, telling Lind between her sobs that it was the tenth time that she had "laid out" since she had come to Oeland.

Anton had died in peace. The inspector had come the day before and had gone

Continued on page 90

MEN!

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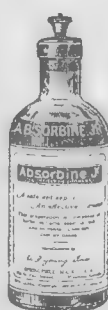
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over the place, and papers were signed which made him sole owner of the land to which he had given the last glow of his spirit.

Lind and Mark went out to talk alone when the latter returned from Yellow Post. "If Caleb Gare holds out, by Heavens, I'll break his neck!" Mark muttered after he had told her of the meeting that was to be held.

"Surely he can't," Lind protested. "He hasn't the power, has he?"

"Well, the church has, I suppose, and he's the church here."

Lind was thoughtful for a moment. "He'll be gone most of the day tomorrow and it'll be a chance for Sven to see Judith. I had better take the children and the girls over to Sandbos now, hadn't I? And do you intend to go to Yellow Post tomorrow afternoon?"

"Yes, I'll see to that. If Caleb won't give his consent it'll have to be the Indian cemetery at the mission. That's far away, but it'll have to be."

"They—they wouldn't let him be buried on his own place, I suppose?"

"These people are superstitious as the devil. No—but I'll certainly make a few facts plain to old Gare if he refuses."

Amelia signaled to Judith three times that evening before she finally turned the horses toward home. Lind met her at the door of the kitchen and saw her face grimed with dust and sweat. As Amelia was outside, Lind ventured to speak to her. "Come up to my room and wash, Judie," she said.

Judith looked at her heavily. "It's no use," she replied, "no use for you to try to fix me up."

"But I have something to tell you," Lind went on in a low tone. "Come on, bring the hot water and use my basin."

Judith picked up the kettle of water and followed Lind. In the room above, Lind helped her undress and found her unreluctant this time to having her body exposed. When she was thoroughly bathed Judith relaxed upon Lind's bed and closed her eyes.

"What do you want to tell me?" she asked. "Oh, Lind, I feel so nice now I guess I must be going to die." She sighed and stroked her smooth sides.

"Wait a minute—where's that silk thing I made you?"

Lind made her slip it on. "Now tell me it," Jude said.

"You are going to meet Sven tomorrow."

"How?" Judith looked at her with startled eyes.

"Don't be frightened, child. Your father will be away all day. Anton Klovacz has died, and he has to go to a meeting about the funeral at Yellow Post tomorrow. Sven will ride around south and meet you at the end of the field, where Amelia won't be able to see you. How's that?"

Judith sat up doubtfully. "Are you sure he's going and that it isn't just a trick? Nothing comes out right, somehow. It was nice of you, though, Lind—to think of it." Lind put her arm about her and kissed her cheek.

THE next day, while the air was still fresh and cool, Caleb left for Yellow Post. Sven, watching covertly, saw him go, and immediately saddled his horse and rode south.

He saw Judith in the southern field, within hailing-distance from the fence. When he realized that she had sighted him he jumped from his horse and lay in the long grass, looking up at the clouds.

She drove the binder to the fence, tied the horses, and crawled under the barbed wire. She knew Sven was hiding somewhere. Before she had time to look around he grabbed her by the ankles and she fell forward upon him. They both laughed boisterously at his little prank, and then Judith burst into tears. He drew her down into his arms, where she lay crying bitterly and unable to speak.

"Judie, Judie, don't cry so," he urged softly, rocking her back and forth as though she were a child. "What's the matter, anyway, with her? Here I come gallopin' to see her the first chance I get, and she cries all over me. Listen, dear Judie, I love you, and I'm goin' to take you away from here real soon. What do you think of that?"

Judith sat up and wiped her eyes. "I just can't stand it any longer, Sven. I'll die," she whispered, her lips quivering.

"Will you come away right now, Judie?"

She looked across the field. Her heart leaped at the thought of going away with Sven. Yet there was that other thing,

Wild Geese

Continued from page 89

that even Sven did not know yet. She must tell him, but perhaps it would be better to wait—until after the harvest. By then Caleb might have forgotten the axe. "Wait until the threshin' is over, Sven," she replied.

"Oh—threshin'—the devil with it!" he exclaimed impatiently. "First it's the hayin' and now it's the threshin'—what do you s'pose I came back for, if it wasn't for you?"

"But he'd only catch us, Sven, and put me in—in jail," Judith pleaded.

"Jail—shucks! They'd put him in, more like!"

But Jude's fear stayed, and they decided to wait until after the threshing.

She pressed close to him once more, and lay still, with a luxurious feeling of rest and comfort, then she slipped under the fence and mounted the binder. Sven sprang to his saddle and waved to her until she was far down the field.

MARK JORDAN was already at Johanneson's store when Caleb arrived there.

Anton Klovacz's horses were tied among the slender birches behind the church up the road, and in the back of the wagon there was a long box made of rough, split poplar logs. In the box lay the body of Anton Klovacz.

Mark was smoking his pipe and leaning back with his elbows upon the counter when Caleb Gare entered. Caleb shot a quick glance at him from beneath his brows, then sauntered leisurely in his direction.

"So you're makin' 'his your business, too, eh?" he said, his eyebrows raised.

Mark kept his temper. "As far as I am able to," he replied.

"H'm—well, like as not—like as not," Caleb mused. He gave vent to a deep sigh, and continued, "Of course—you understand how this is kind o' hard on us members of the church. The responsibility of conductin' affairs lays on us, and we can't shirk it, like. But you ought to know that the sanctity of the church and its grounds has got to be considered. I'm willin' to do all I can, but you see how it is."

Mark's teeth came together in spite of himself. The man's smooth arrogance was maddening. "You'll take care what you say about Anton Klovacz's religion, Caleb Gare," he said evenly. "Make your decision and have it over with. And remember that even now Anton Klovacz isn't begging for anything from you—not even a grave."

Caleb Gare's eyes narrowed.

"You take it upon yourself, young man—you take it upon yourself. I can show you, for all your city smartness, that Anton Klovacz might still be beggin' from me. His land ain't so far from mine but what I could link it up—"

Mark drew himself up, his anger going out of bounds at last. "So that's what you've got your eye on, is it? Well, just take it off. You'll not get an acre of Anton Klovacz's land so long as there is justice in this country!"

The group in the corner of the store were looking toward them. They were most of them easy-going farmers who would not have thought twice about letting Anton Klovacz's body be buried in the cemetery. But they had fallen into the habit of looking to Caleb for leadership in any issue, great or small. Now Mark Jordan's evident animosity toward Caleb amused and gratified them.

Caleb glared up at Mark, his head jutting out menacingly.

"You get out o' here before I make it hot for ye, hear me? Before I tell the whole place what I know about ye—ye slick Aleck. You and that little chit of a schoolma'am—yeah—"

Mark's arm had shot out. His right hand circled Caleb's throat and lifted him clear of the floor, where he held him for a few seconds, dangling. Then, grasping him by the lapels of his coat, Mark fairly hurled him into the group of staring farmers, where he fell sprawling.

White with fury, Mark stood above him. "Take every word of that back, you cur, or I'll break your neck!" he shouted.

The farmers had cleared a space for him, and Caleb pulled himself together. He stood up and carefully dusted his broadcloth coat.

"Don't know as I said anything to

take back," he said with a bland smile. "I think the little schoolma'am is too good for any man. Heh, heh! Time for the meetin' to commence, gentlemen," he said. "Everybody ready? If so, we'll repair to the church."

The amazed farmers looked at one another. Mark strode grimly to the doorway. He looked back. "Never mind the meeting. Anton Klovacz wouldn't rest in ground that Caleb Gare squeezed him into," he said, and was gone.

Caleb looked after him, his eyes glinting under their heavy brows. "Heh, heh! You'll be sorry for that, my boy! You'll be sorry for that."

Mark saw that the Klovacz boy was still sitting on the seat of the wagon. "We'll ride to the mission, son," he said kindly. "They have more room there."

So the two of them rode on the seat of the wagon over the twenty miles to the Catholic mission that lay to the south. It was a long, rough neglected road, and Mark had never in his life known such a mood of loneliness. The boy sat beside him in heavy silence all the way, glancing back once or twice toward the box in the wagon. Occasionally he adjusted the canvas more securely over the box, as the heat became more intense and the way led on without shade.

There was only a narrow sheaf of color in the western sky when they drove the horses up to the front of the mission house. Mark got down and knocked at the door. An aged priest opened it and peered out upon the strangers.

When Mark had told him his story he bade them come in. Then he vanished to another part of the building and returned with a younger priest, who greeted Mark with great kindness.

"It is very sad," he said softly. "We shall have mass for the poor soul in the morning. I will have my men take in the casket. Now you will come with me."

He led them into a warmly lighted room where there was a table set with simple food. "I always have it in readiness for wayfarers," he said, indicating chairs for them to be seated in.

On the morrow, which was the third day after his death, Anton Klovacz was buried in a grave among the Indians. It was a simple ceremony. Mark and Anton's eldest son stood bareheaded beside the grave while the priest chanted the requiem. Then a crude wooden cross with name and date was erected, and Anton Klovacz was left alone.

AT the Gares' things went on just the same. Judith, Martin, and Charlie finished the binding, then began to shock the grain. Caleb watched them from the house.

Something had happened to him. He had come home after the meeting at Yellow Post surly and uncommunicative, and Amelia could see that something was rankling bitterly in his mind. She prepared herself for an avalanche of abuse; these were the signals for its approach.

Two days after Caleb's trip to Yellow Post it came. The children and the teacher had gone to the loft. Amelia was preparing the oatmeal for the next morning's breakfast. Caleb had come in from the field and closed the door gently behind him.

"Your son is a gentleman, Amelia, a fine gentleman," he said, going past her into the inner room.

Amelia sighed. She felt suddenly very tired, as if she had worked a long time for nothing. In spite of everything she had done, it was coming. She made no reply to Caleb's remark.

"Well? Thought you might like to know it," Caleb went on in an injured tone. "Got nothin' to say?"

"No—nothing," Amelia said.

Caleb returned to the kitchen and stood before her, his head thrust out. "You'll probably have somethin' to say when I tell you what the pretty boy done to me."

Amelia looked at him. She paled before his eyes. "What did he do?" she asked faintly.

"Yeah—heh, heh! What did he do?" he laughed gently. "You'd like to know, eh? Well—keep on guessin'."

With that he returned to the other room and began to undress. Amelia heard him laughing softly to himself.

She stood over the stove in the kitchen for a long time, trying to think what it could possibly be that had roused Caleb's direct spite toward Mark. The thought had occurred to her many times that she might go to Mark Jordan and beseech him to leave before any ill befell him through

Caleb. But each time she had realized that this would only hasten his discovery of the truth, for Mark Jordan would never be induced to run away without sound reason. She knew that she was helpless. She would have given anything to know whether Bart Nugent was alive or dead. Caleb spoke casually now and then of having heard from him, but Amelia knew that signified nothing.

Finally she set the pot of porridge at the back of the stove, blew out the lantern in the kitchen, and went into the other room. Caleb had let down the folding bed and was already asleep. Amelia looked at his rough hair standing up at the edge of the quilt. A wave of disgust came over her. Softly she blew out the lamp, picked up the fur rug that lay on the floor, groped in the dark for her shawl, and went outside to the section of the stable which was not locked, and through the dark found her way to a pile of clean straw in a corner. She wrapped the shawl about her and lay down on the straw, covering herself with the fur rug.

ELLEN joined the others in the fields to shock the grain. They worked tremendously, to get it up in time to be dried for the threshing.

It was in Martin's mind a number of times to go to Yellow Post and hire a half-breed to help, without asking Caleb's permission. But before he actually got started, his will failed him, and long habit kept him under Caleb's dominance.

Judith's body failed a little now under the heavy work. But she strove to conceal the falling off in her strength by being the first up in the mornings and by making a great show of swift industry in the fields. Caleb was secretly pleased with her and was convinced that her spirit was broken. But Amelia watched her with growing anxiety, undecieved.

Finally the grain was all in russet-gold shocks drying on the fields. Caleb wound his way among them, examining the wheat and the rye and the barley with minute attention, and deciding upon what land should lie fallow next season. Judith had no way of telling beforehand how long he would be away on these tours, so she dared not go beyond the school-house, if she left the farm gate at all.

The time during which the grain dried on the fields was a trying one for Judith. She did not once see Sven, and the messages that Lind brought from him only served to make her impatience more pointed. Even after the heaviest day she would lie awake for hours thinking of him, feeling the dark pressing down upon her like a weight. She avoided Amelia and her detecting eyes, and went out of her way in order not to encounter Ellen, whose triumphant passivity was galling to her. It seemed to Judith that it gave Ellen some satisfaction to witness her debasement.

The threshing-machine came, with its crew of three men, great, coarse farmers from north of Latt's Slough. They were housed in the new part of the barn, but they ate with the family, and Lind, after making a heroic effort to ignore them at the table, finally gave it up and had her meals, except breakfast, at Sandbos during the three days of their stay. Judith worked with the men and Martin. Caleb had not hired an extra man.

At the end of the first day Lind, coming from school, saw Judith standing against the sun on the top of a load of grain. She was rapidly pitching great forkfuls of grain down into the feeder of the threshing-machine. Martin was working with her.

Lind walked past the load of grain to where the men were working at the other end of the machine. The grain was brought in huge rackfuls from the fields by Judith, Ellen, Martin, and Charlie, and was being threshed a short distance from the stable. Lind sat down on the ground and watched them. Suddenly Judith became aware of her regard. She nodded and half smiled, then went on pitching as steadily as ever.

On the last day of the threshing Caleb went out across the stubble to the standing flax, the only grain left now. A slow-growing, deliberate, delicate thing it was, and a pride to any man who could successfully raise it.

When he had had his fill of delight in looking at the flax, he turned toward home across the empty fields. A thing lay on his mind which discolored his satisfaction with his crops. Mark Jordan had inflicted upon him bodily injury in the presence of the most dignified members of the church. It was a thing that he

could never forgive or forget. He had hidden his humiliation, had brushed the affair lightly away, but he knew the tongues of the countryside would wag for ever with the episode. That he was helpless to retaliate save in one way was not gratifying to him. He desired that the moment of his revelation to Mark Jordan should be one of his own choosing. He felt that he should keep his "trump-card" for some overwhelming offence against himself, that involved Amelia. But he would see that such a consequential thing came about before Mark left for the city.

TWO announcements were posted in Johanneson's store. One was to the effect that fishing was now open in Bjarnasson's lake. Every one read it with a mingling of awe and fear, knowing what it meant. The other gave the particulars of a harvest jubilee that was to be held in Latt's School, and was to take the form of a masquerade.

Charlie brought the news home to the Gares. Caleb took no notice of the harvest jubilee announcement, but his face soured when he heard that the Bjarnassons had at last found what they had sought for a year.

"Could 'a' had fish the year round if I'd 'a' had somebody with a mite o' spunk to send for it," he complained.

When the children were all in bed that night, Caleb sat reading his farm journal under the lamp. Amelia, busy with her knitting, thought of the jubilee and resolved that none of the children should go, since she could not with fairness single Judith out to remain at home.

Caleb looked up. "Figgerin' on sendin' to the mail-order for stuff for this masquerade, eh?" he asked genially.

"No," Amelia answered. "They'll not be going."

Caleb looked at her narrowly. Then a smile relaxed his face. He raised his eyebrows. "'Not goin'? Why not?"

Amelia looked at him and saw his amusement. She realized at once that she had made a mistake. "Oh, well—if you'll let them. I just thought maybe we couldn't afford it."

She dropped her eyes to her work so that he should not see her anxiety.

"Well"—he yawned comfortably—"we'll see. We'll see. Plenty of time yet, eh? And let's go to bed. I'm gettin' old, I guess—gettin' old."

Amelia went to bed and prayed that he would refuse to let them go. She knew in her heart that Judith could not be trusted. There was something beneath her quiet these days that baffled and harassed Amelia. Judith would not think twice if the opportunity came for her to get away free. She prayed Caleb would forbid them to go.

Caleb, turning his face to the wall, laughed to himself.

In the loft above, Judith and Lind talked quietly so that Ellen should not hear. They had turned the lamp low, and were sitting on Lind's bed.

"You must keep on working, Judie, and don't let them suspect for a moment," Lind whispered. "If they let you go to the masquerade you must keep on the road until you get to the Siding. I'll see Sven tomorrow and tell him about it. When it's all over they'll forgive you. Anyway, you must risk it, dear."

Lind looked up at Judith and could have cried at the change in her. Her defiant beauty was gone. The only indication of her old spirit was a certain dogged look in her eyes.

"You are tired, Judie. Go to bed now, and tomorrow I'll talk to Sven," Lind said gently.

Judith rose from the bed. "He'll not let us go to the dance," she murmured indifferently. "It'll have to be some other way."

Then she went to bed with heavy thoughts and fears. They would have to go before the end of the month. She could not bear her secret knowledge any longer.

CALEB said nothing more about the masquerade, but everybody was waiting his final word. Amelia most of all. But she knew that he would keep them all in suspense until the very day of the affair. It was his way. They would have no time for making costumes.

Dismissing school early, Lind rode to Yellow Post on the Sandbos' pony and bought gaudy cottons and ribbons. She and Mark made it an occasion to be together. They went to old John Tobacco

Continued on page 92



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Wild Geese

Continued from page 91

and got an outfit of doeskin and feathers for Mark, and a costume for Lind ornate with beads and feathers.

Riding home in the soft Fall evening they discussed the situation of Judith and Sven. They talked of the Klovacz, and Mark told her that a woman relative of Anton's was coming out to spend the winter with the children. Mark was surprised that Caleb had not already tried some vindictive trick to mollify his injured vanity.

They rode on toward the Sandbos where Sven met them at the gate. Lind quickly told him to prepare for the masquerade on the chance that Caleb would permit Judith to go. Sven was almost beside himself with impatience and indignation at Caleb Gare. He had heard from his former employer in the city, and had had an offer of work. He was ready to go at once, but he finally agreed to wait until Lind brought him further news. Then he went back to the house, his step a little lighter.

Lind looked quickly up at Mark, who stood holding her hands in his own. "It makes me—impatient, too," she whispered to him. Although he knew Mrs. Sandbo was looking out of the window, he stooped quickly and kissed her hair. Then he mounted his horse and rode back to the Klovacz.

Judith was pouring a mixture of butter-milk and feed into the pig-trough when Lind returned. Caleb was in sight beyond the granary so Lind merely waved to Judith and went on into the house. She hurried upstairs and hid the things she had bought at Yellow Post under the bed in her room. When she returned to the kitchen Ellen threw her a curious glance.

"Ellen," said Lind, "aren't you a bit anxious to go to the party?"

Ellen shrugged and continued washing out the milk-can at her feet. "Why should I? I'll go if he says so," she returned. "Can't see as it'll be a lot of fun, anyhow."

Martin came in then. "Don't you want to go to the masquerade, Martin?" Lind asked him.

Martin smiled slowly. "Well—I can't dance," he replied, "but I guess we won't be goin', anyhow. Ain't nothin' been said about it, eh, Ellen?"

"No," said Ellen shortly.

"Well, if you were given permission you'd go, wouldn't you?"

"Guess so," Martin said.

AMELIA took up the remainder of her vegetables. Her tomatoes had ripened beautifully, and there was a great crop. She would preserve them in various ways, and they would do the family for the whole winter. Yes, the winter was coming. Another winter of life under Caleb Gare. No, no—anything but that.

She knew what satisfaction it was giving Caleb to withhold his decision about the jubilee. In the end he would probably let them go.

On the following day Ellen and Martin were sent to Nykerk with a drove of cattle. They went while the morning was still dim and gray and heavy with dew. Ellen slumped forward in her saddle half asleep. Her feet were full of needles in the stirrups. She shook herself and sat upright. They were going through the timber, and the gray glamour of early morning still obscured the brilliance of the foliage.

At Nykerk there was a telegrapher who kept the farmers informed concerning the prices of grains and live stock. From him Martin learned that flax had taken a tremendous leap upward. It was the news that Caleb had been waiting to hear. When Martin announced it to him on their return home, Caleb drew his hand across his moustache.

"Gone up, eh? Well—lots of time for it to go down—lots of time," he said.

But the news was sufficient cause for him to go out to the flax-field that evening with his lantern to look out on the broad wealth of it. It was well that even Amelia did not know the extent of his fortune. It might make her avaricious or turn her head.

Caleb thought of the Bjarnassons. They were well supplied with this world's goods, too. But they could not raise flax like this. It took Caleb Gare to raise flax.

The Bjarnassons—they had at last found the precious remains for which

they had dragged the lake a whole year. A great deal of satisfaction that gave Caleb Gare—a great deal! And Martin, that poor weakling, had not dared take what was his just due. An annoying thought. But it was Martin's fault. He should have compelled Martin to fish.

Mark Jordan, yes, there was something in store for him. Caleb turned back across the stubble with his lantern swinging low along the earth. He chuckled with confidence in his power.

SECRETLY in every spare moment, that week, Lind and Judith worked on the costumes in the privacy of the teacher's room. Judith stitched half-heartedly, dubious as to whether there would ever be any use for the gaudy apparel. Lind was generous enough to make a gown for Ellen without saying a word about it to her. She took Martin into her confidence, however, and fitted a clown suit over his awkward body. He grinned bashfully, and she had the gratification of seeing his face light up with amusement when he beheld himself in the bulky garment.

Judith plodded about, from the pig-pen to the sheep-pasture, from the sheep-pasture to the wood pile, where she stood splitting kindling-wood for Amelia as if that were the thing she wanted most to do.

One day she and Martin and Charlie went to the bush for more wood, and on the way her heart quickened with the hope that somehow she might see Sven, since the neck of timber bought of Fusi Aronson led past the Sandbo farm. But she did not see him, and on the way home her body felt heavy and lifeless.

The door of the stable remained locked. On Friday, the day before the masquerade at Latt's School, Caleb went past the stable and smiled to himself. The incident of the axe had been a piece of good luck, after all. It was time that he should try Judith out, to further convince himself that she was permanently subdued. It was well to know where he stood. Moreover, Amelia was set against Judith's going to the masquerade—he could see that. And it would be well to show Amelia that her will in the matter did not matter.

On Friday evening he announced to the family that the children would go to the jubilee at Latt's School. There was a general start around the table. But Caleb kept his eyes on Amelia, his hand stealthily moving across his chin and moustache. Amelia did not flinch. She smiled across at Martin and said, "You'll have to learn to dance before then, Martin."

Her equanimity disturbed Caleb. He took his lantern out and started across the stubble before darkness set in. The feeling had come upon him suddenly that somehow he was losing his grip. Perhaps after all he had made a mistake. Perhaps it had been Amelia's wish that Judith should go—should have this chance to escape with Sven Sandbo. Well, let her plot! She would remember in due time who was master. He still had control of the secret of Mark Jordan. Let Amelia try her tricks!

LIND rode that evening toward the Klovacz and met Mark in the hollow of the wood trail. He dismounted and put both arms about her where she sat in her saddle, as he liked to do.

"Dear little Lind," he whispered, lifting his face to hers, "every day seems a year."

Lind held him close against her. "Do you know, Mark, I can't shake this feeling that something fearful is about to happen. A loon passed right over the house last night," she told him, and he felt her body shiver against him.

Mark laughed. "It's your worry about Judith that's doing it, dear. We'll be away in a few weeks, now, and this life will seem like a dream. Here—let me help you down. Let's walk. How'd you like to go around that dried lake bottom? It's a weird enough place for your thoughts."

There would be light enough for an hour to walk over the rough land. Lind agreed. "I've only seen it from the top of the south ridge. It looked like the land in the pictures you see of Noah's Ark standing on Mount Ararat after the flood, with the creeping vegetation down below."

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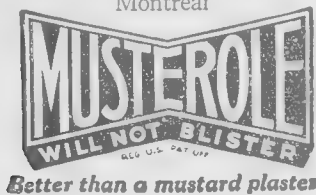
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Wild Geese

Continued from page 92

They walked their horses through the dry timber, where the yellow drift of leaves rustled under foot, and the branches overhead made a brittle sound. When they emerged from the timber they skirted the hayfield of the Gares, where the generous stacks were standing. Then they came to the muskeg beyond which lay the lake bottom, a drab, flat disc with enormous, ugly cracks criss-crossing upon its surface. Grotesque roots and stones still covered with a pale sediment stood out in the wan light. Lind and Mark made their way across the narrow strip of solid land between the lake bottom and the muskeg.

"You'd be swallowed up on either side, Lind," Mark observed, glancing across the treacherous, hair-like reeds of the muskeg and then across the gray lake bottom, that grew darker toward the centre, where it was not so dry.

Southward, across the hollow where the lake had been, lay Caleb Gare's flax field. From where they stood Lind and Mark could see him going away from the field, his squat body leaning forward toward the earth, and outlined against the amber sky.

"Mark," Lind murmured, taking his hand, "he frightens me."

Concluded in the January Issue

What All the World Is Seeking

Continued from page 9

Nothing happened. For this is the difference between a sahib and a mem-sahib. A sahib forgets. Perhaps in two days, perhaps three, he forgets about the flowers in the vases, and the weeds in the beds, and the dust that collects upon a wardrobe top. Whereas a mem-sahib never forgets. With her yesterday is the same as today, and forever.

IT was early in November. All the people who counted had gone to the hills, and the plains steamed and oozed in the sunshine like a wet blanket spread half across the world to dry. Denzil could not get away, and Dorothy would not go. They were thrown a great deal together in the deserted club. They rode together in the grey of the early mornings. For a man alone in the East is like a pelican in the wilderness and an owl in the desert, and Denzil did not want to be it any more.

He thought a great deal about her. In his feelings for her there was nothing of the freshness and delight of the morning. But he liked to know that she was glad to see him, and he liked to know, also, that with unlimited young men about, he was not yet entirely unworthy of a girl's notice.

The straight thing would be, he said, to tell her the whole story. Then wait till he got the divorce business through. He could not do anything about that till he got instructions from Marie, but eventually she would tell him what she wanted him to do. Then, if Dorothy was willing, she could come home, and they would be married there. He did not want to be married in the East. He had married Marie in Bombay. He remembered, inconsequently, the way the sunshine had streamed through the stained-glass windows of the cathedral, onto Marie's soft white dress.

He put her out of his mind, and thought instead of Dorothy. Dorothy, gentle and gracious as she always was, blitting about his verandah, and transforming the barracks it had become into something like a home again.

Longing stirred in his heart.

He saddled the black pony, and rode seven miles across that steaming blanket to the Carver's bungalow.

HE arrived at Sundown, and tethered his pony to the gate. He would take her by surprise. Jack Carver was usually out at that hour, and he was almost sure she would be alone.

But she wasn't. As he approached the verandah he heard voices, raised. He thought at first there was a strange woman with her, for he heard a querulous feminine voice raised in complaint. A voice he did not know.

"I can't stand it any longer, listening to your never-ending grumbles," said the voice, and then, with a little jar of surprise, he realized that it was Dorothy herself. "You grumble from morning to night. Why should I stay here, buried in this ghastly place, slaving for you? You don't appreciate me. I want to lead my own life. I don't see why, because I'm a woman, I should be a sort of domestic slave. I shall get married!"

"And what do you think you'll be then, my dear?" asked the lazy, good-humored voice of her brother.

"That will be quite different."

Jack grunted.

"That's the mistake you women make

You think when you marry life is going to be quite different. Whereas it is only the same old thing over again in another place."

"I should have a house of my own."

"Which you would soon find a sort of prison. I know you modern women. You all want to be young Boadiceas in the home. There's no rest and no reason in you. Don't imagine it's for nothing I've remained a little bachelor, my child."

She said: "Well, anyway, you'd better make arrangements to run your own show. Unless anything unexpected happens, I shall go home in December."

"Unless Martin asks you to marry him, to put it baldly."

Bitterly she said: "I'd marry anyone to get away. To get my freedom."

Jack Carver laughed quite a lot.

"That's the joke of the universe," he said, "and there's no one here to appreciate it but little me."

There was someone else, but he did not come up onto the verandah. He turned and went back to the pony that was tethered to the gate, and mounted it and went home.

He had just seen the joke of the universe himself, and he wanted to enjoy it in peace.

DOROTHY CARVER went home in December to espouse a cause in London. Denzil went up to the hills on special duty. At one time he would have been elated at the prospect of Christmas in the hills, where the grass is very green and the soil is very red, and at morning and evening time the winds blow bitter cold, and a little mist lies on the hills, in good imitation of snow; where at night they light big wood-fires in the clubhouse, and cluster round, and tell in awed tones about the colonel who did the tenth in four.

There were Christmas parties, and dinner parties, and dances. In the club they had erected a vast Christmas tree for children. Some one had picked a piece off one of its branches and set it alight.

How the smell of burning fir trees is the beginning of a magic spell that takes one back to childhood! Close your eyes, and you are a child again, and can remember, with a delight that hurts, cracklers with glittery fringes, and Christmas puddings of other days, and pantomime fairies in their spangled tights, and nights when, in our joy, stars seemed to shine in the nursery ceiling, even as the stars of heaven.

This pungent smell greeted Denzil when he went to the club, and it blinded him with sudden memories, and drove him out into the cold. He could not stand Christmas in Shillong. He would go out somewhere into the district till it was over. For a man may have settled down to a comfortable enough disillusionment all the rest of the year, but Christmas will catch him out. Old memories—old longings. He kept on calling to mind how they had once got a little tree down from the plains for Gerald. Decorated it up with glass balls from the bazaar, and the cheap glitter that natives keep to decorate their funeral garlands with. How pleased the kid had been with that poor imitation of the genuine thing! For he, simple lad, had not yet grown to those years of discretion that set one yearning for the impossible.

Continued on page 94



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B8

What All the World Is Seeking

Continued from page 93

He summoned his servant, and packed his kit, and fled from the smell of burning fir tree, up to the dak-bungalow at Laitlingkot.

The dak-bungalow at Laitlingkot stands so high up in the hills that you feel you are on the lid of the world. There was once a fine idea afoot for making a road through the pass there to Cherrapunji, and they got as far as Laitlingkot when an earthquake came, and gave a loud laugh, and threw the greater part of the little road of men down into the gorge again, and then smiled a smile that diverted the river half a mile, and relapsed into peace again.

So that the road that might have gone to Cherrapunji tails off at Laitlingkot to this day, like the end of a sigh, and there is no more of it. Only a few boulders and a hillock or so that the earthquake left lying about, and a rough bridle-path that runs along the edge of the gorge.

The dak-bungalow stands at the head of the gorge, and the diverted river comes up very close behind it. When you come to Laitlingkot it is wise to bring plenty of stores, because sometimes the river rises when the rain falls heavily, and washes right over the road that men once thought of making to Cherrapunji, and then you are cut off from the world till the river pleases.

But the river seldom rises at Christmas time.

From the dak-bungalow they say you can get one of the finest views in the world, down the gorge when the white mist rises.

Only it hardly ever rises.

Denzil rode down all there was of that road to escape the smell of burning Christmas tree, and jollifications, in the pouring rain. Pouring rain at Christmas was a little unusual, and the natives shook their heads, and looked at the sky, and then looked at the earth rather uneasily, as though earnestly hoping both would behave themselves.

The downpour had been so heavy near Laitlingkot that Denzil had to lead his horse in the last five miles. So that when he arrived at the dak-bungalow it was late at night, and the little, forgotten house was in darkness.

They knocked up the butler. He came dithering over the courtyard like a brown moth on a pane of glass.

"The sahib must enter the room on the left," he said. Denzil grumbled because the room on the right was the room with the view (if ever the mist lifted) and he preferred that.

The butler salaamed and said that the sahib was his father and his mother, and from him alone could all blessings flow, but he could not enter the room on the right because there was already some one there.

Denzil felt annoyed at that, for only a madman, he said, would choose Laitlingkot dak-bungalow for Christmas, and he did not want to spend Christmas with a madman. It was useless continuing the conversation at that hour. For even if the butler had not been deaf it would have been next door to impossible to make him hear anything, what with the howl of the wind down the gorge, and the sound of rain beating on the corrugated iron roof, like a shrapnel attack from aloft.

Denzil went to bed. The old butler with his hurricane lamp blew, like a brown moth upon a pane of glass, back across the courtyard. The rain stopped, and Christmas stars shone palely down onto Shillong, and the broken road that men had once thought of making to Cherrapunji, and the dak-bungalow at the head of the gorge, and all the little dreams and schemes of people. Perhaps that is what amused the old earth, for punctually at midnight the old earth chuckled and heaved.

Now, earthquakes in Japan will bring your house about your ears, and earthquakes in Java are no fun, and not to be treated lightly, but earthquakes in Shillong are no more than a sudden joke, remembered at midnight and chuckled over. You can feel the whole world heave, and shake its shoulders, and rumble with good nature. And the doors jar, and the windows creak and swing open as though a ghostly hand had lifted the latch. The cups and saucers dance, and the cocks crow in agitation.

But before you can collect your senses the whole thing is over. The joke is finished. The shoulders of the world are still.

Denzil went out into the sitting-room with his hurricane lamp to see if any of the windows had become unlatched. He bumped into a lady in purple dressing-gown covered with gold storks. She was endeavoring to open the front door and depart into the night.

"It's all right," he said. "It's over now."

The lady dropped her lantern with a little crash, gave a scream, and stood looking at him. It was Marie.

"I say," he said presently, "this is—rather awkward."

"You!" she breathed.

"How could I know you were coming? I thought you were in England."

"We couldn't either of us possibly know either of us was coming. But what a coincidence!"

"Of course I'll clear out first thing in the morning. But it's deucedly awkward."

She was shivering with cold.

"Do you think you could light a fire?" she asked.

With clumsy, unaccustomed hands he kindled damp sticks to a feeble blaze.

"Is Ricky here?" He indicated the room on the right.

She smiled.

"He is not."

"Then where?"

"God knows," said Marie piously.

He looked at her darkly. Marie had always been a surprise packet. He had never in his life met a woman you could rely on so little. It was more than half her charm.

"I understand you went to join him," he said coldly.

"I went to join him, but I only stayed an hour. You can't expect a woman always to do the thing she goes to do. It was rather amusing. We were discussing a plan of campaign over lunch, and they brought in a grilled steak. Ricky started on the steak. Cursed it up hill and down dale. Explained to me at length the exact effect tough steak had on his inside. Made a mountain out of that steak. And as I sat there the words of the prophet what's-his-name came into my mind: 'There is no new thing under the sun.'"

She held out her hands to the sickly blaze.

"And so," she said, "I went to my room, and packed and went away quietly before ever I had really joined him. Mine is a peculiar case. I am perhaps the only woman in Assam who has run away from two men in one week."

She yawned, and smiled at him sleepily.

"I wanted something new, Denzil. I saw in time that all I was getting was the same thing over again."

"That is the trouble with life," he asserted gravely. "But what have you been doing all this time?"

"Painting pictures. Giving art lessons to Indian princesses. Designing calendars—a mass of Indian temples and lotus-lilies. (They are very popular in Streatham.) You have no idea how many honest pennies there are to be turned if only one sets about it with a will. I have come here to make a picture of this gorge for a rajah who pulled his wife out of it—or else threw her in—I cannot remember which. He can't visit the spot himself—he is too old. But it has happy memories for him, and so he has commissioned me to paint it. That is why I have to stay here. It's my bread and butter. You can easily go on somewhere else, can't you? And nobody need ever know."

"I'll clear out first thing in the morning," he said. "As you say, it would not do if people knew. But I am surprised at what you tell me about Ricky."

"No more surprised than Ricky was. You could have knocked him down with a feather."

"You were always a remarkable woman, Marie. One never knows what you will do next."

She said: "How could one—when I don't?"

He left her sitting over the fire, and went back to his own room. He thought, inconsequently, of Christmas at home. Dawn breaking over the gray fields. Of

the first Christmas bells that would presently ring out, bringing a message that only a few believed, but nobody could do without. Presently they would ring through the old vicarage garden where, under a white moon, long ago he had said to Marie.....

Ye gods, the things a man says in his time!

THEY met at breakfast. Their servants had each appropriated one end of the long table for their respective employers, so that they sat decorously very far apart. It would hardly be civil, thought Denzil, not to enter into conversation simply because the woman had once been his wife. So he said:

"I hope you slept well?"

The servant brought eggs and bacon. Denzil tried the bacon, made a face, and said:

"Tough as leather."

Then he broke off, and colored. Over the length of the table their eyes met, and they laughed.

HE packed up his kit. It was still raining, and he had no idea where he was going. It seemed idiotic to have to go away just because Marie was there. But, of course, she was keen on getting her freedom it was the only thing to do.

"Well, so long," she said, as he stood by the fire warming his hands before putting on his gloves. "Merry Christmas and all the rest of it. I'm sorry to turn you out, but you understand."

"Oh, quite," he put in hurriedly. "Of course."

"You ought to marry again, Denzil. I do hope I haven't put you off matrimony altogether? Under other circumstances, if only people started knowing more about it, it might be quite livable. Haven't you met anyone?"

He said: "I thought for a bit I had met some one. But I learned in time that it would have been just the same old thing over again. One trouble is, as you say, that we are all looking for something that doesn't exist."

She nodded, and then said wistfully: "But what fun it is to go on looking!"

She turned away. "It's a funny old world. Here we are, suddenly thrown together—and we are literally thrown together—at Christmas time. And we give each other a few words of advice, and pass on."

He could not be sure. He half thought her voice trembled. He thought, "She'll be lonesome, perched up here on top of the world."

"Why didn't you stay in Shillong for Christmas?" he said roughly. "You'd have had some fun."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I was going to, and then— Oh, I don't know. There was a Christmas tree in the club, and one thing and another."

She looked past him, out into the rain. "You must go," she said. "It wouldn't look at all well if anyone found us like this."

He slowly rode away from the bungalow. He did not want to go. He wanted to stay and talk to her. With all her faults, Marie was a woman you could talk to, and how rare they are! If only she had given him some sign, the smallest sign that she was sorry. He wanted her back. All men and women are much of a muchness. The chances of either of them doing any better than each other are practically nil.

He must be a nastier sort of fellow than he had ever dreamed, for it was clear she did not want him. She preferred to go muddling on, painting bad pictures for sentimental rajahs.

All she had done was to say he must go.

So he went.

LEFT to herself, Marie got out her painting things, whistling very loudly and very merrily. She did not know what she was whistling until she came to think of it, and then she discovered it was:

Where a Mother laid her Baby

In a manger for His bed.

She began to cry.

By the side of the rickety table she cried and cried, because you may travel to the end of the world, and try to forget it all, but Christmas will find you out with memories, and old longings, and the snatch of a tune.

She cried for all these things, but mainly because all men are much of a muchness, and she had not found that out in time. She would have liked to tell Denzil so, but a woman has her pride. It was a poor business to come creeping back after that brave departure. Besides, if he had wanted her—

She never heard the pony's feet on the soggy path. She never heard the door open. All she heard was Denzil's voice saying with awful glee:

"Sorry. The river has risen right over the road, so I can't go."

NOW they say that such a thing had never happened at Christmas time on the Cherrapunji road—no, not for forty years.

What Does It Matter?

Continued from page 7

HOME early after all—only midnight. Well, she knew. She knew—the phrase came to her: "Well, I know where I get off."

Owen said, as they stepped inside their own front door: "Had a good time, my dear?"

And she answered: "Lovely. I wish it were just beginning all over again. Thank you, dear. I'll go straight up. You'll lock the door?"

Her world was gray as ashes. She was a lost woman—lost in the really hopeless kind of way. None thought her charming any more, and indeed she was not charming. She was as she looked in the long mirrors at the Royal Red.

She walked up-stairs, heavy, tired. She had no money to have massage and manicures and buy frocks that she couldn't make at home; and "Cousin Emma" was a fraud. And—

Look in at the children's room, quietly, since she was early—yet not so early that they would be still awake, and not so late that they might have waked again as they easily would, at Christmas time. She opened the door quietly and stole in.

She switched on the light

But they were awake! Waiting for her! "We've been to sleep, and waked up again," they excused themselves.

She sat on Henry's bed.

"Dot said, 'Let's stay awake till she comes in, and see her again.'"

"And he wanted to, too."

"Take off the cloak, Mummy."

And suddenly she slipped it off, smiling—and triumph lit her.

"Oh, 'tand up!" cried Dot.

At this time of night! They should be asleep! She stood up. She glanced stealthily about, and saw that the little servant had distributed the treasures, and she saw a huge parcel addressed to herself pushed half under an eiderdown and she knew that it contained the egg-cup, and she saw the children staring at her, blind with love and pride.

"You are like de Fairy Queen," thrilled Dot.

"You are the Sleeping Beauty come awake," said Henry in dreamy rapture.

So she looked into their eyes and saw herself there—forever and ever, woman or ghost—the most beautiful thing in the world.



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CANADIAN PACIFIC



The Old And The New

Continued from page 11

Later she heard the children come out of school, and as their glad voices died away up the hill, darkness began to settle. She knew the voice of every child, as she had known their voices for fifty-two years past; then it became suddenly dark in the little room, and the windows began to rattle as the fierce upland storm smote them.

Maggie came in and made the fire up, while the old lady seated there lived again through the sunshine and storms of her long tenancy. To her it was just a procession of little faces, each one of which had some kind of an immortal shrine in her soul—little people whom she had fed with gentle, motherly care and for the joy of feeding life's little sons and daughters. God had not asked much of her; just that simple daily task, and now she found a quiet pride in the knowledge that she had fulfilled it well. For what more honorable could our Supreme Pilot ask any woman than that she faithfully tend the children of her sisters?

So the darkness gathered, and the storm raged, till at length the door of the little room creaked on its hinges, and a figure stood at the entrance. He paused in the shadowy way, his face aglow in the firelight, looking behind him for his little sister— wee Ronald and Jessie McKay.

"What brings ye here at this hour, my ain we chick-a-biddies?" said the old lady. "Is it that the hill is ower stormy for ye the night, and so ye came back tae yin wha ye ken will fend for ye?"

Little Ronald ran up to her, and placed his small cold hands upon her cheeks.

"My ain dear mither," he said, and his soft moist lips met hers. "D'ye no hear the wind, mither, calling ye and little

Jessie and me? It's no sae far ower the brae, and the night we've come for ye. We couldn'a leave ye tae gang alane— Jessie and me."

And as he spoke she saw the sunshine and the joy and the little-boy mischief in his eyes, and so she rose and followed those whom for fifty-two years she had served.

WHEN the men came home, Maggie sat at the kitchen table, staring blankly into space.

"Yer mither's dead!" she told them. "But I canna understand! I heard her speaking, as she speaks tae her ain dear weans, and I went in tae see who was wi' her, and sure as God's alive, I saw her go oot at the door and into the snow wi' a wean on either side o' her, under her shawl, mothering them tae her, as she aye did. Yet when I went back tae the room there she was by the fire—as ye'll find her the noo. Yer mither!" added Maggie, dissolving into sobs.

Next morning the schoolmaster and the U.F. minister met in the village street, and began to shake their heads at each other while still fifty yards apart.

"Why does God allow such women to have children," said the schoolmaster. "If she were not an idle, shiftless body, she might have footed it o'er the brae to meet the bairns on such a night! Both wee things found stark on the hill, with their arms about each other!"

But the minister had few words. "And the old lady, too!" he said at length. "A wonderful woman, whose name will live in these hills as a mother of many. Strange that they should be called together on such a night—the old and the new!"

The Unwanted Letter

Continued from page 13

FOR the second time that day Bradburn heard a knock at his door. This time it was fumbling and then urgent. When he opened it, the wind lashed in sprays of fine snow. The form of a large man tottered a moment and save for Bradburn's supporting hand would have fallen. It was Louis Gauthier, the postmaster. For many minutes he lay on the bed, coughs heaving his frame. "Where is your horse?" Bradburn asked. "I don't know. The snow got blinding and I got out to look for the trail. I guess I went too far, and when I came back the horse was gone."

When he and Felisse had warmed and given him nourishment, Bradburn asked: "Where were you going on a day like this, man?"

"I was coming here, lad. I brought you a letter. It bothered me till I had to come. I ain't been feeling very good. It's my pleurisy and—it's Christmas, you know. I thought it might be important."

Bradburn found the old man's hand and grasped it. "Thank you, but you know I don't want any letters."

"It isn't what we want is always best for us. You'll read it now I've brought it and lost my old horse? The missus said you was a hard man. I said maybe you was on the outside, but that a fellow that treated his horses like you did had something good in him."

Felisse's eyes were wild with excitement. He grasped a knife in his hand. "I'll open it for you Mister Bradburn."

Bradburn held the letter in his hand. On it was his brother's handwriting. He had sworn never to read a letter from his brother, but as he looked at the hurt face of the old man and the expectant one of the child, he unfolded the letter. He read: Dear Gerald:

I am going to try once more and have faith that this will reach you. I am to be married to Helen Mathers three weeks from tonight, before leaving for China as a medical missionary. We cannot leave you in your delusion and Miriam in her unhappiness.

Believe me before God, what you read is the truth. When I looked up and saw your face after I had kissed Miriam that night I knew you had seen us and misunderstood, but I was too disgusted with your jealousy to find you and explain just then. When I looked for you, you

had gone. I was congratulating Miriam and telling her how glad I was to have a sister. I asked her if I might kiss her as such. I did not understand your feelings then. Since, I have come to love a good woman.

When last I saw Miriam, five months ago, she was going west to teach school. She had traced you to the address I am sending this letter. Remember Gerald, she is proud and has suffered as much as yourself. You must not expect too much

There was another page, but Gerald Bradburn stumbled to the chair where Felisse had sat and dropped the letter on the table. The room was vague—his body seemed to part from him. For many minutes only the heavy breathing and coughing of the old man broke the stillness of the cabin.

Bradburn became conscious of a small comforting hand around his neck and stroking his hair. He read the page of the letter again. As he raised his eyes they met the open copy book on the table. He grasped the book and drew his fingers along the writing on the first line. He turned as if electrified and, grasping the child at his side until the black eyes were wild with fright and pain: "Felisse, what is your teacher's name?"

"Miss—Miss—Teacher."

Louis Gauthier rose on his elbow.

"Miss Miriam Winthrop."

Bradburn bent his head reverently for a moment. "Thank God, it is true. Help me to atone for my sin. Felisse, I am sorry I hurt you. I hope I can repay you, sonny. Tell me, where is Miss Winthrop today?"

"Gee, she's come about Arnaud now. Old man Delorme has taken her there to catch a train for Winnipeg."

Bradburn looked at the clock. "Boy, I can make it with the fast team." He grasped Gauthier's hand in farewell, but he bent nearer to him and felt his pulse. His eyes relinquished their look of joy for one of fear—disappointment and then resolve. He stood very erect. "Gauthier, you are a sick man; I am going for your wife and the doctor," he said.

When Bradburn had reached the main road there lay the way to Arnaud and the way to St. Pierre. The small voice which he had nurtured so well spoke again. "Never mind the old man—he's

nothing to you. You want to go to the girl." The other Bradburn answered: "Good Will towards men—I will have faith."

He urged his horses on. The sound of sleigh bells reached his ears from behind but through the screen of nature's all white dress he could not see old man Delorme's cutter and team going down the trail he had just made from his cabin, or the face of the dark-eyed girl beside Delorme—a face which bore much the same expression as his own.

"Thank God, I am doing for some one, something good that is hard," and he urged his horses on into the white blanket ahead

The Sudden Ray

Continued from page 14

beginning, so it ever will be. You may hunt the wood through for that White Tree—you will never find it."

But human nature does change, for it learns. A mind that has learned a lesson is very different from the same mind in its earlier stage of ignorance. It is natural for human nature to change, or we should still be savages dragging our prey to our caves—we should never have chipped a flint, or chopped a log, or made a sled, or invented a wagon. Change of attitude, of habit, of design, of opinion, of ideal, all these have been achieved by human nature.

Nor has our change from savagery to a fairly advanced stage on the road to complete civilization been brought about by continuous progress or at anything like a uniform pace. We have changed by leaps and bounds, sometimes as vast as they were swift, with halting intervals, often long, but sometimes short and growing shorter.

On the edge of the forest, the outlying brush has already been cleared away: tribes that for centuries hated and fought each other have united in close-knit nations. The way in to the unseen Tree of international peace is open. Some day, any day now, a heaven-sent leader will call us to the spot with a voice that all the waiting world can hear. He will tear aside the last thin screen of dead wood—and a bright ray of light will shine in, revealing that great White Tree as no dreamy apparition, but a solid and substantial reality to be had for the taking.

We shall make short work then of the upas growth of national prejudices and interests which have concealed it for so long, and, once it stands out clear in our midst, we shall never lose it again.

A Dutiful Son

A settlement worker was speaking of the relaxed moral standards that she found among the people in her district in New York—owing, she thought, to the upsetting conditions of the war period. "One boy I knew," she said, "was recently sent to the reform school, and a neighbor was trying to console the lad's mother."

"Yes," said the mother, "it is a shame. He was such a good boy, too. Every thing he stole he used to bring right home to me."

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

Spirit of Christmas, you who come
When Bethlehem's star shines in the sky,

Bringing a thrill to every home,
A glow to every eye;
Spirit of Christmas, stay with us
All the long year through,
For every day and every hour
We have such need of you.

Each year you come—and ah! you go—
When holidays are done.
Sweet spirit, when we need you so
From weary sun to sun.
We need you in the sowing time
Helping needy neighbors,
We need you in the reaping time
Interchanging labors.

We need the glow you always bring
About your angel wings,
That makes hearts thrill and voices ring
When doing kindly things.
Then, Christmas Spirit, leave us not
This birthday time so dear,
And earth will be a heavenly spot,
Christ's kingdom drawing near.

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Shortly before Christmas

"Shortly before Christmas, on the coldest day of the winter, my daughter, who was staying with her sister and three weeks' old baby, ran into my house crying: 'Mother, the house is on fire and M— does not know it.' . . . And I sprang for the Pyrene, ran across to a neighbor's house, secured a ladder and scrambled up to the roof—applied the chemical. . . . A neighbor, seeing our predicament, grabbed her Pyrene from her car and rushed up the ladder to help me—together we extinguished the fire."

(From Mrs. G. S. Freestone's letter to the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.)

What gift could be more suitable for your family or friends than a fire-killing, life-saving Pyrene?

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Always keep a bottle of
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MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

Study of Music is Highly Educational

Continued from page 39

But you may say there will be no position for girls. Let me draw your attention to one I have before me. Here is a picture of an orchestra of 2,400 boys and girls under the direction of Miss Jennie L. Jones, Principal Supervisor of Music in the schools of Los Angeles, who has five other teachers under her. Miss Jones plays the clarinet efficiently, and is very enthusiastic about band and orchestra music. Is there a mother who would not feel a thrill of pride if her daughter could fill a position like that? And there are hundreds of others.

Valuable Training

There is no sound argument that can be produced to deny the fact that music is a valuable training.

In conclusion, let us consider an argument very often heard in opposition to this training. We did not have those things thirty years ago; therefore, we do not require them now. The person who makes statements of this kind is not doing much thinking. Through the invention and development of machinery and business methods, a man can produce today in eight hours the same results that would require twelve to fourteen hours thirty years ago. The result, then, we have six to eight hours on our hands. What have you done to prepare wholesome entertainment for your young people? I will leave that thought with you.

The young are anxious to learn. I am willing to give them the best I possess, but we are handicapped by lack of equipment.

Music and Walking

To sing, hum, whistle or generally adumbrate music is at once the distinction and the pride, the duty and the pleasure of walkers . . . the most moderately and modestly musical of men become on a walk encyclopedic in their range of melody and Protean in their variety of tone-color. There is surely some natural kinship between walking and music; the musical terms—*andante*, movement, accompaniment—are full of suggestive metaphor; and the sacred symbol of both arts is the wooden stick which marks the stride of the walker and pulsates to the heartbeats of the orchestra.

The most obvious ground for this kinship is rhythm. The simple beat of the foot on the ground, while the natural swing of the body above it, suggests inevitably the beat of the musical bar. It is difficult to walk for long under the sway of the regular "one, two, one, two," without witting a melody to it; it is even more difficult to hear a melody played or sung when walking without dropping instinctively into its rhythm. A London crowd, the most apathetic of masses, begins to march in unison when a barrel organ strikes up "The Soldiers of the Queen" or the Intermezzo of Mascagni or some other item from the repertory of mechanical music; and if ever you wish to deride, condemn, tramp on and . . . triumph over a tune (which happens to all of us sometimes), there is nothing more satisfying than to walk past the band or gramophone from whence it issues at a step cutting clean across its rhythm.

Piano Accompaniment Playing

It is curious how little attention is paid even by good teachers of the piano to accompaniment-playing. It is one of those things often taken for granted; a fair performer is supposed to be able to read an ordinary accompaniment at sight.

And yet how few good accompanists there are! That is why many soloists have been advised when once they get a good accompanist, to "keep in" with him. It is said that a singer once tried to charge Handel with having spoiled his rendering of a certain number and remarked that if Handel didn't accompany him better he would jump over on the harpsichord where the player sat, and smash it.

Said Handel: "Let me know ven you vill do dot, and I vill advertise id. I am sure more beoble vill come to see you shump as vill come to hear you sing."

He didn't jump.



A Coleman Lamp for Christmas

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A Woman Robinson Crusoe of the Far North

Continued from page 12

girl of eleven or twelve years old, would have put in for the prize also, had not one of his wives made him ashamed of it, by telling him that he had already more wives than he could properly attend. This piece of satire, however true, proved fatal to the poor girl who dared to make so open a declaration; for the great man, Matonabee, who would willingly have been thought equal to eight or ten men in every respect, took it as such an affront, that he fell on her with both hands and feet, and bruised her to such a degree, that after lingering some time she died."

HEARNE has left no further record of what happened to that most remarkable young Indian woman. The paragraph which has just been quoted is the last mention of her in his book. Did she become the wife, or one of the wives, of the Indians who came out victor over "near half a score" other contestants in the tournament on the evening of that January day a hundred and fifty-four years ago on which some of the Indians of Hearne's party who were out hunting saw the track of a strange snowshoe, which they followed to her "little hut" in the frozen wilderness, where they found her sitting alone?

Did she travel with the party back to Fort Prince of Wales, or did she escape again into a life solitude? We have no way of knowing any more about her. The mention of Matonabee, however, suggests that perhaps one more extract from Hearne's book may be here quoted. Matonabee was a bold and forceful Chippewyan Indian, ten years older than Hearne, who in 1772 was in his twenty-eighth year, a quiet and observant young man. Hearne was the historian and surveyor on the expedition, but Matonabee was leader, under the instructions of Moses Norton, the rough and energetic Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Prince of Wales, whom Hearne succeeded as Governor in 1775. Throughout Hearne's narrative Matonabee is constantly the leading figure; and there is fuller, more understanding account of the character of a North American Indian than Hearne has given of Matonabee, to whose courage and resolution and sound judgment in emergencies he testifies many times, while giving us a completely rounded presentation of Matonabee's character and doings. He records, for example, an incident which occurred on May 28, 1771, some seven months before the discovery of the young Indian woman:

"In the night one of Matonabee's wives and another woman eloped. It was supposed they went off to the Eastward, in order to meet their former husbands, from whom they had been some time before taken by force. This affair made more noise and bustle than I could have supposed; and Matonabee seemed entirely disconcerted, and quite inconsolable for the loss of his wife. She was certainly by far the handsomest of his flock, of a moderate size, and had a

fair complexion; she apparently possessed a mild temper, and had very engaging manners. In fact, she seemed to have every good quality that could be expected in a Northern Indian woman, and that could render her an agreeable companion to an inhabitant of this part of the world. She had not, however, appeared happy in her late situation; and chose rather to be the sole wife of a sprightly young fellow of no note (though very capable of maintaining her), than to have the seventh or eighth share of the affection of the greatest man in the country. I am sorry to mention an incident which happened while we were building the canoes, and which by no means does honor to Matonabee. It is no less a crime than that of having stabbed the husband of the above-mentioned girl in three places, and had it not been for timely assistance would certainly have murdered him, for no other reason than because the poor man had spoken disrespectfully of Matonabee for having taken his wife away by force. The cool deliberation with which Matonabee committed this bloody action convinced me it had been a long premeditated design; for he no sooner heard of the man's arrival than he opened one of his wives' bundles, and with the greatest composure took out a new, long box-handled knife, went into the man's tent, and without any preface whatever took him by the collar and began to execute his horrid design. The poor man, anticipating his danger, fell on his face, and called for assistance; but before any could be had he received three wounds in his back. Fortunately for him, they all happened on the shoulder-blade, so that his life was spared. When Matonabee returned to his tent, after committing this horrid deed, he sat down as composedly as if nothing had happened, called for water to wash his bloody hands and knife, smoked his pipe as usual, seemed perfectly at ease, and asked if I did not think he had done right?"

Whatever may have been the outcome of the wrestling tournament on the evening of January 11, 1772, it may well be wondered what the ultimate fate was of the young woman who was the prize contended for, with a man of Matonabee's disposition and methods in command of the party. She was a primitive savage, of course, as Matonabee was. But does not Hearne's narrative give proof that she had some qualities that would do honor to a highly civilized woman? It would be extravagant, no doubt, to apply to her Wordsworth's lines—

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command.
But we can, at any rate, apply to her those other lines from the same poem—
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
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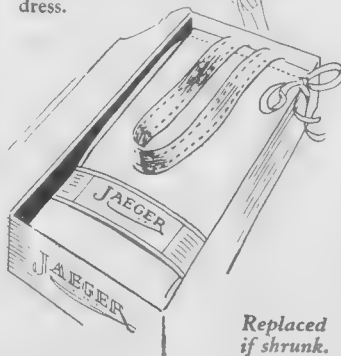
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Teaching in a Hutterite Colony

By R. B. Powell

I HAD read and heard about Hutterites before I began teaching in one of the colonies, but had never seen one or even the picture of one. I had rather a hazy idea of what a Hutterite should look like; still I never conceived that they could be human the same as ourselves. I thought of them as something mysterious and far distant from mankind in general. This vague conception was rudely shattered by personal contact. The first revelation I received was that they were human; thought and acted very much as we do, but were considering life too serious an affair for inhabitants of Canada of the twentieth century. The second, that they were all wrong according to our ideas, but we as much astray by their outlook upon life.

It was a cold afternoon in January when I made my first trip to the Colony to take up the duties of a teacher in a Hutterite community. I was unable to obtain any information from Sam and Joe as they drove me out from town, for they kept up a lively conversation in German, which I was not able to understand. So I could only guess what was in store for me and console myself by thinking of my contract, which only called for six months' service.

At last, after driving ten miles in a democrat, we arrived at the top of the hill that gave us a view of the Colony. I thought I was in a dream, for surely that was a foreign country ahead, while behind us stretched the prairies of Alberta.

The dusk, which was creeping over the land, allowed me to discern four long dwelling houses, a large hip-roof barn and a dozen or so smaller buildings scattered throughout the settlement. The school, distinguished by its many windows, was located about fifty yards from the main collection of buildings. A hundred yards further on, was a cottage, which I later discovered was to be my home for two and a half years.

I had little time to reconcile myself before we drove through the Colony and in front of the teacherage. After a little delay, one of the men from the Colony came with a bunch of keys and admitted me to my new home.

I had about five minutes to myself and baggage before I was receiving visitors. There were Hutterites of all descriptions, young and old, male and female, at least seventy of them crowded into the doorway, around the windows and into the small kitchen.

For the first ten minutes they were content in "taking my measure" and whispering among themselves. Then the questions: "How old are you? Are you married? Have you a sweetheart? Is your mother dead? Is your father alive? Where is your home?"

Question gave inspiration to question until by ten o'clock I could only make a feeble reply of "I don't know" to each fresh interrogative. Fortunately, about the time I thought I would collapse from mental fatigue, a newcomer arrived and drove the rest home.

I later found that this was Andrew, the Colony preacher. He was a small, docile sort of individual with a likeable disposition, although over-burdened with keeping up every tradition and custom among the more restless of his flock. He dressed in the regular attire with a black sheepskin hat, a short, tight-fitting smock, large baggy trousers and stout serviceable shoes.

Andrew stayed for a few minutes and then with a hearty "Good-night, teacher" returned to his home.

I was now left alone with my thoughts and a dread of what the next day would bring forth. If all were true that I had heard about these people, I could well expect an exciting time trying to make Canadians out of Hutterites.

The next morning, seven o'clock found me trying to coax the fire to burn in the range. This successfully accomplished, I started to unpack my luggage. I had all my wardrobe stowed away in the closet and placed my gramophone and boxing-gloves on the table, when a number of young men, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, paid me a morning visit. The gramophone caught their attention at once.

"Is the singing machine yours?" they asked.

Satisfied that it was, they wanted me to play them a few records, which I did. The morning, being quiet the music could be heard over at the main part of the Colony. So it was not long before the little gramophone had a large and appreciative audience.

I had played about a dozen records when Andrew rushed into the residence, evidently highly excited. But as he did not address me and spoke in German, I kept on cranking the innocent music-box. I looked up from my occupation to find that Andrew and I were alone in the cottage. He allowed me to play a few more records for his special benefit, then broke in upon my complacency with his baritone, not in music, but in reprimand.

"Teacher, that is against our religion," he remarked. I glanced around the room to ascertain what it was that happened to be so evil. But unable to detect it, asked the natural question, "What?"

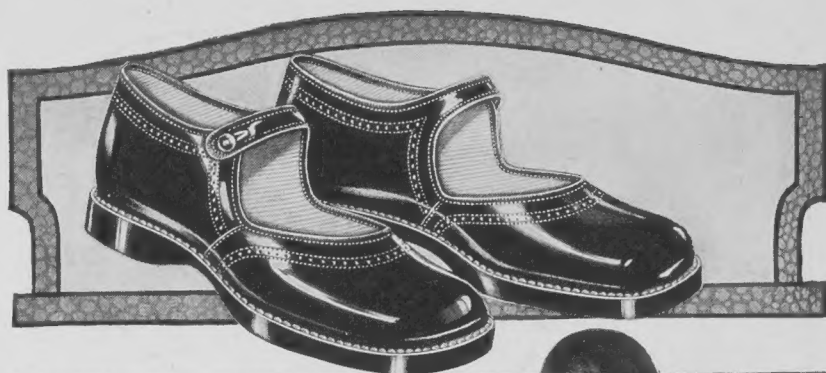
He pointed emphatically at the poor little instrument lustily singing "Home Sweet Home." Light began to dawn on the subject, so I shut off the music.

"You mean that it is contrary to your religious views to play a gramophone?" I enquired.

"Yes, that is the devil's work, we don't want you to let the boys and girls hear it played," he informed me.

I later discovered that all forms of instrumental music and all songs, other than hymns, are strictly forbidden by the Colony leaders. So I could conceive where times were going to be quiet for me without the music-box as comforter during the lonely hours. For that reason I made no rash promises of putting it under lock and key.

Continued on page 100



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Teaching in a Hutterite Colony

Continued from page 99

After the excitement was over and I had received my first reprimand from a Hutterite preacher, I discovered that I was hungry. So I set about to prepare my breakfast while Andrew departed in peace. It was not long, however, before my young friends returned.

They trailed in, one after the other, until the seating capacity and standing-room were taken. They had thought up a new line of questions while they had been away, so I was occupied for a considerable time in the question-and-answer game. One of them noticed my boxing-gloves.

"What do you do wid dem mitts?" he enquired.

I informed him they were boxing-gloves, which gave him no intelligence on the matter. So I laced a pair on his hands and the other pair on a big stalwart lad and told them to hit as hard as they could.

I can truthfully say that I have never seen as much energy wasted in so short a time as they expended trying to hit one another. Fortunately, neither hit where he aimed, or as hard as he tried. After they had tired themselves to the point of exhaustion, we helped them discard the gloves.

From that time on, a boxing match took place in the little kitchen every evening. It was some time before they discovered the correct method of boxing that brings the satisfaction of hearing an opponent say "Ouch!" They were forbidden by the preacher to engage in this manly art, but under cover of darkness they would come over to the residence to have a good time. Our sport was often interrupted by the coming of Andrew, which would result in a hasty discarding of gloves and their being concealed under the couch.

I was in doubt as to the kind of school I would have in which to teach. But great was my surprise to find that it was better furnished than the majority of rural schools. The supervision of the Hutterite schools is in the care of an official trustee, usually an inspector of schools, appointed by the Department of Education. The Hutterites have no school boards of their own, or the privilege of a voice in the conduct of their schools.

The schools were forced on the Hutterites during the Great War. Complaints had been sent to the Department of Education that German schools were being held by these people to the exclusion of the English. This brought immediate results. An A.P.P. was sent out to gather up samples of the text-books used and have them sent to the Department of Education for inspection. However, the books revealed no propaganda adverse to Canada, but the incident showed the need of English schools, conducted by Canadian teachers. These were speedily supplied.

The first teachers in the colonies taught under great difficulties, as they had no proper place in which to carry out their work. One teacher was compelled to hold school in the community dining-room. This state of affairs, however, only lasted a short time for, at the beginning of the new term, fully furnished schools were ready for use. The school-houses were built by the colonies as places of worship, but on the Department plans of a modern school, so they could be used for both purposes. The buildings are owned by the colonies, but equipped by the school districts. So, on the score of equipment I had no worry.

My next concern was the raw material from which I was expected to produce loyal Canadians. The first review suggested real work. The children all looked alike except that they presented the appearance of two classes—old men, and old women.

The boys parted their hair in the middle, it being long enough to hide the most of their ears. They wore small tight-fitting smocks, large trousers which reached to their ankles, and monstrous shoes.

The girls all had handkerchiefs securely tied around their heads and knotted under the chin. It is seldom that a non-member of the colony sees them without this head-gear. They wear very tight-fitting waists, while the skirts have many pleats, which cause them to occupy

more space than they are entitled to. Both the boys and girls wear hideous pale blue or brilliant red stockings in the winter. In summer men, women and children cast off their stockings and go barefooted. The adults wear low shoes to protect their feet from rough surfaces.

The Hutterites believe in "Spare the rod and spoil the child," which is reflected in the child's attitude in school. I tried methods of teaching by kindness, but soon discovered that nothing but the use of a strong strap would keep me from seeking a new position. I have found from other teachers in the colonies that this is prevalent in all these schools. The children have a great tendency to evade the truth, whether it is to their advantage or otherwise. Another peculiar thing about the children is, they are either superior in their studies or else impossible as students. There appears to be no happy medium. It is a wonder that the children learn anything, considering the length of time they spend in the school house each day. Before English school in the morning and again after school in the evening, the colony teacher teaches the fundamentals of German and their religion. It means that the children receive as high as nine and ten hours a day in the summer and nearly all day Saturday, at their books. Naturally they are over-taught and sadly lack sufficient time for recreation.

This condition should be rectified, for, if it continues, these people, instead of remaining a strong, robust class, will develop into a nervous, unhealthy group. It would be better to add a few years to the length of time in making them into loyal Canadians, than to weaken them both mentally and physically. Maybe the children will overcome the injuries to their health, by lack of sunshine and fresh air after they leave school. But it is doubtful if they will ever develop into men and women they would otherwise have been if given more freedom in the great outdoors. So, some means should be found whereby these children will be given more time in the open air.

Three years ago the child did not start school until he came to the English school at the age of six. But since then, the colony leaders have decided that the child should be taught to read and write in German before he did in English. So colony kindergartens were built.

All children now start school at four years of age, so that when they come to the English teacher they are steeped in all things German. Some one may ask: "What difference does it make, they will always live in colonies."

That is just what should be stopped. We need to realize that there are nearly two thousand of these people in Southern Alberta alone, and steadily increasing in numbers. If these people can be Canadianized they will make fine citizens; if not, they are useless to our country except as producers of a product which at present is over-produced.

The German teacher considers that it is his duty to oversee the children at all times. Even during English school hours he feels that he is responsible for the children and their welfare. He will come into the school and sit for half a day, listening to what is taught to make sure that everything is in order with their religious ideas. Then, after school he will offer suggestions as to what should and should not be taught. Usually he is thanked for his advice and the suggestions speedily forgotten by the teacher.

The first year I was in the colony, the preacher acted as head-boss and school teacher. Since then a special head-boss and two preachers instead of one have been elected for these offices.

There was intense excitement during the election of men to these new posts. The married men from all the colonies met and cast votes for those they considered suitable for the offices. In the case of the preachers, a number of men were nominated, then their names were written on separate pieces of paper. These were all placed in a hat and shuffled, after which one slip was drawn out. The man whose name was written on the slip was appointed by God as a preacher for life.

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The first preacher and head-boss attend to all the financial matters and the business transactions. Anything that is of unusual importance is brought before the council of married men, which is held after the evening service. It is also at this time that the head-boss appoints the man and boy whose turn it is to go to town for supplies on the morrow.

Every married man has his special work to do and have charge of; these positions range from carpenter to pig-boss, a dozen or more in all. No unmarried man is allowed to be a boss. His only chance of rising from the ranks is through the tempestuous seas of matrimony.

The meals are all served at the community table. The men eat at the long table on one side of the large dining-room and the women on the other. After the adults have eaten, the children troop in and eat theirs. The families take turns in preparing the meals, the work being supervised by a head cook. She, it is, that decides on the different course for the meals.

The Hutterites make all of their own shoes, clothes and harness. Their wagon boxes are constructed by the colony carpenter; machine repairs are looked after by the blacksmith; in fact, every possible piece of work is done within the colony.

A boy is supposed to take up the work of a man at the age of fourteen. He is given a team of horses to work and tend, then he is expected to take his place in the field with the young men. It is then

that he also eats at the adults' table. He continues as a field laborer until he is married, then the team is passed on to another and he becomes a boss and works around the settlement; only doing work in the fields during the spare moments.

A feeling of discontent has spread itself among the young men of the colonies during the last two years. They are beginning to see the way Canadians live and crave for some diversion from the close life of the colonies. A few of them have left for the outside world, but have found that their life in the colonies has lessened their chances of making their way outside. So most of them have been compelled to return, although a few are still away and determined to live their own lives.

The two years and a half I was with them I noticed a decided change for the better. They are beginning to broaden out in their ideas and becoming more receptive to our ways. They are also using far better methods in their business dealings than formerly.

In time, if the Hutterites remain in Canada, they will become citizens; this, however, will not take place for many years, possibly a couple of generations.

The younger people are demanding more education and a wider experience in life. They see that they are living a meagre existence and wish to be on a par with the regular Canadian youth. When this time comes the colonies will break up and each family will live an independent life, unhampered by their present mediaeval conceptions and restrictions.

all the people who came and went at that farmhouse. After the snow fell however there were only a few people came and everyone was so busy and so cold. Bruin had a place in the stable where he slept that was warm, but he missed his apples and bottles of pop. One day when the sun shone and he was taking his daily exercise round his pole, he saw Tommy's father carrying over his shoulder a big green fire tree. It reminded poor Bruin of home and he set up a doleful howl, for down inside his wild heart was an ache he didn't understand. Tommy heard the noise and ran out in the yard, "Daddy!" he shouted, "I believe Tiny likes the Christmas tree, won't you bring it over for him to smell?" The next thing Tiny knew he was sniffing at pine branches and such a longing rose in his heart for his home in the forest that he howled more than ever. When the stars rose on the second night after this, Tommy and his father came out together into the yard, and Tommy was begging for something. "Please, daddy, let Bruin see it, it's his own kind of tree, please daddy." The big man looked down and smiled, and finally said, "All right sonny, we will this once because its Christmas, but mother and the girls won't like it much, you'd better go and tell them so they will clear out." The next thing Tiny Bruin knew he was being led through a door into a room that was very warm and smelled of good things to eat. In the corner was a wonderful thing, the tree from his own forest, but such a sight! It was covered with lights and glistened from top to bottom. Queer bright colored parcels hung from the branches and it was such a picture as no little bear has ever seen before. Tiny had no words to tell what he thought so he growled a few times much to Tommy's delight, and when Tommy reached up and pulled down a parcel and gave it into the clumsy paws it took hardly a second for the exploring red tongue to find out that his gift was a honey comb. Tommy's mother and sisters were by this time getting tired of waiting for Mr. Bear to go, so Tommy's father led him away and chained him up in the barn. Perhaps Tommy's father was excited or perhaps he had a little star dust in his eyes, but he did not fasten the chain very securely and Tiny Bruin, prowling in a circle found suddenly that he could go farther than usual. It did not take him long to reach the door, and as the top half was partly open he climbed through and stood out in the yard, a free bear. His long nose went up sniffing the snowy air, his broad feet spread out on the snowy ground, his chain annoyed him, but he didn't hesitate, off he started towards the bar horizon where he was sure he would find his home and his own forest. Long snowy days and long cold snowy nights Bruin ambled along. At first he passed farm yards like his own, and he even killed an occasional chicken and stole frozen bread, but after awhile he left farm houses behind and came to small woods, and they grew larger and thicker as he travelled, until one day he knew that he was back again in the great forests and away from man. As he travelled he had met other animals, but they were all afraid of him because of the chain that clanked behind him, so he determined that he would get rid of that chain and then he would have friends again.

One day he met a fox, "Oh ho, Mr. Fox," said he, "would you like to help me get rid of this chain and I will tell you a great secret." Mr. Fox didn't want to help Bruin, but he loved secrets so he got a stone and hammered away and made great dents in the chain, but it didn't come off. "Oh bother, I can't get your old chain off, but tell me the secret." "No," said Bruin, "I must get this chain off first." Mr. Fox gave him a spiteful nip and hurried away. The same thing happened with all the other animals but by degrees the chain was getting very thin, and Bruin hadn't told his secret. One day as he travelled the end of the chain caught round a big tree trunk and snapped, and Bruin sat down and howled for joy, for his chain was off and he had not told anyone his secret. That night, however, as he slept cosily in a hollow

nights he travelled, stopping when his captors camped, and eating wild berries again, and occasionally having a feast of meat. After some days he lost his fear of the men and would let them play with him as if he were a great woolly puppy. Days passed, and after awhile out of the woods came a great snorting iron thing that belched forth smoke and flame, and rang a bell and blew a whistle. Poor Tiny was far more frightened than he had been of the men, but although he was strong he finally found himself enclosed in a huge wooden place, still chained, and with no trees overhead, no grass underfoot, no water (except in a tin near him, and he was afraid of that), and all the time he tossed and rolled and pitched, and even snapped at the kind men he knew, when they occasionally came to see him. He didn't know how long a time passed but at last his moving home stood still, and someone came into the car, and led him away. He felt very hungry and cross and sick and he spent no time in looking round him in the darkness when he once more felt grass under his paws, but settled down on the good solid ground to sleep. The sun rose the next morning as it had done in his old forest home and he found himself in a farm yard. A house stood near him, great red barns behind him. Over his head was a tree, and he was chained to a post. Birds called from the trees and house top, hens clucked in the yard, but kept well out of range of his heavy paw, a horse neighed and presently out into the yard came his first man friend. With a pan of water in his hand, and an apple, he approached close to Tiny, and when he found him quiet he turned and called into the house, "Tommy, Tommy," and a small excited boy who had been peering out of the door ran as quickly as his fat legs would carry him. "Here's Tiny Bruin Tommy," said his father. "He's cross just now because he has been miserable on the train, so don't go too near him, but after awhile you will be able to play with him." Tommy watched him with big fascinated eyes, and it was not long before the two had become great friends. Tiny Bruin always knew that Tommy would have a treat for him. Sometimes it was a small white square thing that was sweet like wild honey, and rolled down a little bear's throat so nicely; sometimes it was a big rosy apple, or some peanuts, and sometimes it was a bottle of sweet tasting stuff that Mr. Bruin soon learned to tip up and drink.

Summer passed, and autumn came, and Tiny Bruin was very friendly with

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Continued on page 102

Something to Learn Velvet Shoes

Let us walk in the white snow,
In a soundless space;
With footsteps quiet and slow,
At a tranquil pace,
Under veils of white lace.

I shall go shod in silk,
And you in wool,
White as a white cow's milk,
More beautiful
Than the breast of a gull.

We shall walk through the still town,
In a windless peace;
We shall step upon white down,
Upon silver fleece,
Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes
Wherever we go.
Silence will fall like dews
On white silence below.
We shall walk in the snow.

—Elinor Wylie.

(Read this little poem very softly and see if you can't make it sound like walking in velvet shoes or shod in silk. This comes from a beautiful little book of poems called "Silver Pennies.")

DEAR Cosy Cornerites:
On this gray snowy winter day, I want to make you see holly and hear sleigh bells by just saying to you from the bottom of my heart, "Merry Christmas." We have a lot to make Christmas merry. To begin with there is the snow. Can you imagine Christmas without the glitter of snow and the feeling of frost in the air? Sleigh bells and reindeers don't go with oranges and flowers and sunshine do they? Then there is the cosiness of being indoors after playing or walking in the winter outdoors. There is the mystery of all the presents you are getting ready in odd corners. There is the smell of good things cooking. There is the love that you feel in your heart for other people and there is the love they feel for you, and above and beyond all there is the memory of that first Christmas nearly 2,000 years ago when "shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground" and the little baby was born and laid in the manger among the cattle, and the angels sang for joy and the wise men brought gifts. And from that night so many years ago in that far country comes the love that fills the world and that makes people so kind to each other. In all your happiness, and fun and joy don't forget, right down in your heart, that Christmas time is not just a celebration of fun and good times, but a remembering of that long ago night when Christ was born in Bethlehem.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY
CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.

The Animals' First Christmas Party

Continued from page 101

tree, deciding that very soon he was going to curl up and sleep right through the winter he was awakened by a yapping, and a howling and a squeaking, and there sitting round his tree were all the animals who had helped to take his chain off. Some of them looked very fierce and all of them growled at once, "Tell us the secret," for animals are just as curious as human boys and girls. Tiny Bruin, he was still only a baby, looked frightened, and finally he said, "I will only tell you if you will promise that we can have a party, and there will be no biting or fighting."

With one voice they all promised, and then Tiny Bruin told his wonderful secret, "There is a tree that has honey growing on it, and sparkling things and lights, and it grows in this wood." All the animals growled loudly for they didn't think so much of this secret for they were not as fond of honey as Tiny was. However, they all started out without more ado to find the tree. Very, very soon they found a fir tree, but it had no lights on it or honey. Then Tiny had a brilliant idea, and told them that too, and soon they were all so busy working that they forgot to fight. The birds (several of whom had tried pecking at Bruin's chain) brought bright red rose haws and bits of bitter-sweet and stuck

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

them on the branches; the squirrels went to their storehouses and brought nuts and stuck them in; the fox brought a beautiful dead partridge that made all the little birds shiver; the rabbits brought moss and funny little roots that tasted to them like the best candy; Tiny Bruin himself laid part of a wild bee's comb on the tree, but he kept his eye on it all the time. Then along came Mr. Deer, and he had quite a gift, an old pair of horns that he had shed and tufts of fur that the birds eyed. From their storehouses in the ground and the trees each little animal and bird brought what he loved best and put it on the tree, and when it was all finished that was the funniest Christmas tree you ever saw. The funniest thing of all was that each pair of bright eyes watched the thing they had brought. Then Tiny

Fernseed

(The following is a "Waterfall Fairy" story that we did not have room to print last month)

ONCE upon a time lived a widow and her only son, in a small cabin beside a large wood. Their living they made by gathering dry sticks and selling them for kindling to the people who lived in the city some distance away. They had to travel on foot with the sticks tied on their backs, which they did, every evening. In this way a living was managed.

Now, there lived a man and his wife with their son a short distance from the widow, who were very selfish people, until at last they bought a donkey and a cart, loaded them with stick and sent their son into the city. When he arrived

peeped at you many a time." Straightway the fairy waved her wand, changing them both into two springs of clear water. The springs made waterfalls, one small, one large, and they soon made a deep pool.

Now, the fairy planted ferns around the pool, saying as she did so, "I shall protect this pool from wilful feet." So when the fairy hears footsteps in the forest she gathers a handful of fernseed to throw into the eyes of the stranger. Then she leads him to these waterfalls and lets them drink from the pool. After the fairy takes him away she blows the fernseed from his eyes, letting him go refreshed and strengthened.

As for the widow and her son, why their contented spirits stay near always. It is they who warn the weary traveller to take care not to step into the pool.

And the three neighbors, well, they became so greedy that the fairy changed them into three rocks, and sent them rolling under woodpiles. When the rocks hear the children coming to fetch in the wood they always roll to another woodpile, until they became worn so smooth and round the fairy took pity on them. She placed them at the bottom of the pool where you may see them with many more like them. This is why the waterfalls sing, because they are happy to have overcome their enemies.

Song

A fairy of forgotten dreams,
Away in the land of sleep.
I see you in moonlight beams,
Beside a pool so deep.

Pool of peaceful rest,
Its source of waterfall.
In shimmering shadows drest,
Guarded by trees so tall.

Upon its steeply banks,
Grows the wondrous fern.
As a tiny tree it ranks,
Height it cannot learn.

Oh, little fall, your tiny splash
Sends a sturdy wave,
With wet spray a dash,
Fernseed to enslave.

Fairy linger as a wish,
Clings to those we love.
Gentle wind—music swish,
Like hope in branches above.
—By Ida Merryweaver.

Still Going Strong

After a night of frequently interrupted sleep, a certain young interne had to come down, still sleepy, to his hospital ward. The first patient was a stout old Irishman. According to the Christian Register, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley is the authority for the account of what took place.

"How goes it?" inquired the young doctor.

"Faith, it's me breathin', doctor. Oi can't get me breath at all, at all."

"Why, your pulse is normal. Let me examine the lung action," replied the interne, kneeling beside the cot and laying his head on the ample chest. "Now, let's hear you talk," he continued, closing his eyes and listening.

"What'll oi be sayin', doctor?"
"Oh, say anything! Count one, two, three and up," murmured the interne drowsily.

"Wan, two, three, four, foive, six," began the patient.

When the young doctor, with a start, opened his eyes, the Irishman was counting huskily, "Tin hundred and sixty-nine, tin hundred and sivinty, tin hundred and sivinty-wan."

Resourceful Willie

"If a banana cost three cents," said the teacher, what will a dozen cost?"

Willie hesitated, then gave it up.

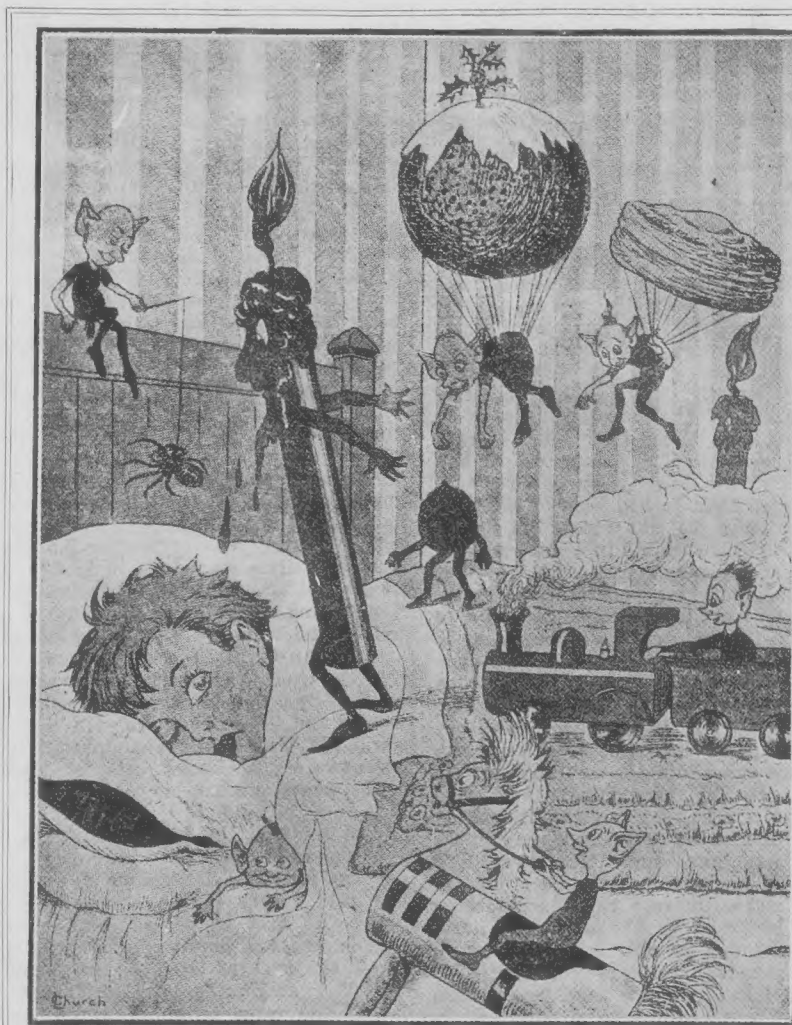
"Well, do you suppose you could do the sum if we were to play at keeping shop?"

Willie thought he could and consented to enter the make-believe market and address the shopman:

"Have you any good bananas today?"

"Some fine ones at three cents apiece," was the reply.

"I'll take a dozen, if you please," said Willie, digging into his pocket for imaginary cash. "And how much'll that be?"



Something to Do

There is always a dull time after Christmas dinner when you don't feel inclined to play, it is too noisy for you to read, and you don't know what to do. How would it be if you spent a little while studying this fearful nightmare that followed a Christmas dinner, and then on Saturday or Sunday after Christmas you wrote a story of this picture, and mailed it in to the Children's Cosy Corner? See what you can find in this picture and write an interesting story about it, and there will be a prize of a box of candy for the best story, and a gold button for the second best. All these stories should be in before January 1st, and the prize winners will be announced in February. Think how good a box of candy will taste in February!

Bruin as master of ceremonies took all the things off the tree solemnly and solemnly gave them back to their owners, and they just as solemnly took them back to their holes and dens, all but the deer's horns and no one wanted them so there they hang to this day and you may find them if you look. Tiny Bruin made such a name for himself with his wonderful idea about a tree and a party that he was made the king of the animals and he forgot all about Tommy and his father and became very fierce, so that one day when he was old and cross, and hunters came into his woods and shot him, they only knew he had been someone's tame bear because on his hind foot was a part of the chain that was the real reason of the animal's first Christmas party.

at the city early in the evening with his sticks to sell so very much cheaper than the widow could afford to sell them, all the people bought from him. When the widow came shortly afterwards her sticks were refused.

The widow and her son finding their living snatched from them in this way, quickly packed a few belongings, then wandered off into the woods.

Living on wild berries, having only the dew for drink, the boy complained for a full drink of water. His mother became very worried as they sat themselves down on the roots of a giant tree. "How do I know which direction to take to find water," said she. At her words a fairy sprang into view. "I am the fairy of the forest," said the fairy. "I know all your troubles for I